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THE

METROPOLITAN

THIRD READER:

Carefully arranged, in Prose and Verse,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

By a Member of the Order of the Holy Cross.

Cum permissu Superiorum.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THIS series originally comprised four Progressive Readers. A Fifth, or Oratorical Reader, was soon after added; but as many teachers complained that the Third Reader was too far in advance of the Second, an Intermediate Reader has been prepared, and is now published, to follow after the Second. The Third Reader has also been carefully revised, and, where it was possible to do so, shorter and more simple words have been substituted for larger and more difficult ones. These changes will, it is hoped, make the Metropolitan series entirely complete.

Having had some experience in the education of youth, and having examined most of the Readers published, we noticed that, with the single exception of the Christian Brothers' series, all the others are better adapted for pagan than Christian schools. They are made expressly for mixed schools, where Protestant and Catholic, Jew and pagan, may read out of the same book, without discovering that there is such a thing as religion in the world.

Dr. Brownson, in his Review for July, has so well described what Readers should and should not be, that we will be pardoned for quoting him, as he expresses far more clearly than we can what we would wish to say :

"Instructions in natural history or natural science, as chemistry, mineralogy, geology, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, or bugs, may be very interesting, but they form no part of education, and tend far more to materialize the mind than to elevate it to God, and to store it with moral and religious principles, which may one day fructify, and form a character of moral and true religious worth. A book may contain much useful instruction on nouns, adjectives, verbs, adverbs, participles, and other parts of speech, very proper in a grammar-book, but quite out of place in a reading-book ; but all these lessons belong to the department of special instruction, and either have no bearing on education proper, or tend to give to education a dry, utilitarian, and materialistic character. . . . . The aim of the reading-book is not instruction, save in the single art of reading, but education, the development or cultivation in the mind and in the heart of those great principles which are the basis of all religion."

We have endeavored to make these Readers as attractive in every way as any series published ; while from a Catholic point of view, we can conscientiously claim for them some degree of merit.

The style in which the publishers have got up the other books of this series is very creditable to them ; but in this third book they have surpassed themselves. It is embellished with numerous engravings, many of them very fine, and far superior to what is generally seen in school-books.

THE COMPILER.

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I have given the names of some authors; but in arranging this Reader, my object was to secure pieces suitable for children who were commencing to read rather fluently. Many of them are fugitive. I sought rather to make it pleasant and instructive, than to cull from particular authors.

THE THIRD READER.

PART FIRST.

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF READING.

All that articulate language can effect to influence others, is dependent upon the voice addressed to the ear. A skilful management of it is, consequently, of the highest importance.

Distinct articulation forms the foundation of good reading. To acquire this, the voice should be frequently exercised upon the elementary sounds of the language, both simple and combined, and classes of words containing sounds liable to be perverted or suppressed in utterance, should be forcibly and accurately pronounced.

Elementary Vocal Sounds.

Vowel Sounds.

a	as in	ape.	o	as in	old.
a	"	arm.	o	"	do.
a	"	ball.	o	"	ox.
a	"	mat.	u	"	use.
e	"	eve.	u	"	tub.
e	"	end.	u	"	full.
i	"	ice.	oi	"	voice.
i	"	it.	ou	"	sound.

Consonant Sounds.

b*	as in	bag.	r	as is	rain.
d	"	dun.	v	"	vane.
g	"	gate.	w	"	war.
j	"	jam.	y	"	yes.
l	"	love.	z	"	zeal.
m	"	moment.	ng	"	song.
n	"	not.	th	"	there.

ASPIRATE SOUNDS.

The aspirate consonant is distinguished from the vocal in its enunciation: the former is pronounced with a full emission of breath; the latter, by a murmuring sound of the voice.

Exercises in the Aspirate Consonants.

f	as in	fate.	h	as in	hate.	k	as in	key.
p	"	pin.	s	"	sign.	t	"	tell.
ch	"	charm.	sh	"	shade.	th	"	thanks.

Avoid the suppression of a syllable; as,

cab'n	for	cabin.	des'late	for	desolate.
partic'lar	"	particular.	mem'ry	"	memory.

Avoid the omission of any sound properly belonging to a word; as,

seein'	for	seeing.	swif'ly	for	swiftly.
wa'mer	"	warmer.	'appy	"	happy.
gover'ment	"	government.	b'isness	"	buisness.

Avoid the substitution of one sound for another; as,

wil-ler	for	wil-low.	tem-per-it	for	tem-per-ate.
win-der	"	window.	com-prom-mise	"	com-pro-mise.
sep-e-rate	"	sep-a-rate.	hol-ler	"	hollow.

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* The common defect in the articulation of *b*, is a want of force in compressing and opening the mouth.

EMPHASIS AND ACCENT.

Emphasis and Accent both indicate some special stress of the voice. Emphasis is that stress of the voice by which one or more words of a sentence are distinguished above the rest. It is used to designate the important words of a sentence, without any direct reference to other words.—Example:

Be we *men*,
And suffer such dishonor? *Men*, and wash not
The stain away in *blood!*

Emphasis is also used in contrasting one word or clause with another; as,

Religion raises men *above* themselves. *Irreligion* sinks them *beneath* brutes.

To determine the emphatic words of a sentence, the reader must be governed wholly by the *Sentiment* to be expressed. The idea is sometimes entertained, that emphasis is expressed by *loudness* of tone. But it should be borne in mind that the most *intense* emphasis may often be effectively expressed even by a whisper.

ACCENT.

Accent is that stress of voice by which one *syllable* of a word is made more prominent than the others.

The accented syllable is sometimes designated thus (′); as, in′terdict. Words of more than two syllables generally have two or more of them accented. The more forcible stress is called the primary accent, and the less forcible the secondary accent; as, mul′ti pli ca″tion, com′pre hend″.

Note.—The change of accent on the same word often changes its meaning; as

ob′ject, ultimate purpose.	ob ject′, to oppose.
con′duct, behavior.	con duct′, to lead.

INFLECTIONS OR MODULATIONS

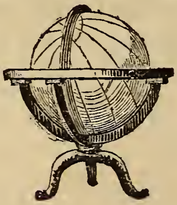
are those variations of the voice heard in speaking or reading, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires. A correct modulation of the voice is one of the most important things to be taught to children. Without it they cannot become good readers. If the voice is kept for any length of time in one continuous key or pitch, the reader and the hearers equally become weary. Whenever a habit of reading or speaking in a *nasal*, *shrill*, *harsh*, or *rough* tone of voice is contracted by the pupil, no pains should be spared in eradicating it, and in securing a clear, full, round, and flexible tone. Three degrees of variations are usually recognized in reading—the high, middle, and low.

The low is that which falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *sublimity*, *awe*, and *reverence.*

The middle pitch is what is usually employed in common conversation, and in expressing *unimpassioned thought*, and *moderate emotion.*

The high pitch is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *joyous* and *elevated feelings.*

The great object of every reader should be, first, to read so as to be fully and easily understood by all who hear him ; and next, to read with grace and force, so as to please and move his hearers.



1. Baptism.

O-rig′i-nal, first, primitive.
Mar′tyr-dom, death in testimony of the true faith.
Suf-fi′ci-ent, enough.
Va-lid′i-ty, legal force.
Reg′is-ter-ed, recorded.

Our Saviour baptized by St. John.

THE first of the Sacraments which we receive is baptism. It was instituted by our Lord to free us from original sin, and also from actual sin committed before we receive it. Baptism makes us children of God and of his holy Church; and it is the most necessary of all the Sacraments, because, unless we receive it, we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

2. There are commonly reckoned three kinds of baptism: first, by water; second, that of the spirit; and third, of blood. The first only is properly a sacrament, and it is conferred by pouring water on the head of the person to be baptized, repeating at the same time these words: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

3. The baptism of the spirit takes place when a person has a true sorrow for his sins, and an ardent desire to receive baptism, but is placed in such a position that it is impossible for him to receive the sacrament. By this desire original and actual sin is forgiven. The baptism of blood is that which takes place when a person suffers martyrdom for the faith. Hence the Holy Innocents, put to death by the order of Herod, when that wicked king sought to kill our Lord, are esteemed as martyrs, and as being baptized in their blood.

4. At what particular time during the life of our divine Lord baptism was instituted is not exactly known. Some holy Fathers think it was instituted when Christ was baptized by St. John; others, when He said, unless a man be born of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. It is certain, however, that the obligation began with the beginning of Christianity.

5. Baptism is conferred in three ways. First, by immersion, that is, by plunging the person under the water. Secondly, by infusion, or pouring the water on the person to be baptized; and thirdly, by aspersion or sprinkling. The practice now is, to pour the water three times on the person about to be baptized, using the words, "I baptize thee, &c.," which we mentioned before. The pouring of the water *once* is sufficient, as to making the sacrament valid; and it is not actually necessary to make the sign of the cross while pouring the water, though it is usually done.

6. The ceremonies made use of in conferring the sacrament of baptism are impressive and instructive. The priest breathes upon the infant or other person to be baptized, to

signify spiritual life. It is used also to drive away the devil, by the Holy Ghost, who is called the Spirit of God. The person is signed with the sign of the cross, to signify that he is made a soldier of Christ. Salt is put into his mouth, which is an emblem of prudence, and signifies that grace is given to preserve the soul incorrupt.

7. The priest applies spittle to the person's ears and nostrils, in imitation of Christ, who used that ceremony in curing the deaf and dumb. The anointing the head denotes the dignity of Christianity; the anointing the shoulders, that he may be strengthened to carry his cross; the breast, that his heart may concur willingly in all the duties of a Christian; the white garment in which the person is clothed signifies innocence; and the lighted candle the light of faith with which he is endowed.

8. When children are baptized, they have also a godfather and godmother, whose duty it is to instruct the child in the duties of its religion, in case of the death or neglect of parents to do it. The office of godfather or godmother is an important one, and should not be undertaken without due consideration of its duties.

9. At baptism, the devil and all his works are solemnly renounced; a promise is recorded on the altar to bear the white robe of innocence without stain of sin before the throne of God. Children, have you kept this promise?

2. The Smile of Innocence.

Tran′sient, passing, fleeting.
Ma′ni-ac, a madman.
Pen′sive, thoughtful.
Plac′id, quiet.
En-rol′, to register.
Me′te-or, a luminous, transient body, floating in the atmosphere.
In′no-cence, freedom from guilt.

1. THERE is a smile of bitter scorn,
   Which curls the lip, which lights the eye;
There is a smile in beauty's morn
   Just rising o'er the midnight sky.

2. There is a smile of youthful joy,
   When hope's bright star's the transient guest;
There is a smile of placid age,
   Like sunset on the billow's breast.

3. There is a smile, the maniac's smile,
   Which lights the void that reason leaves,
And, like the sunshine through a cloud,
   Throws shadows o'er the song she weaves.

4. There is a smile of love, of hope,
Which shines a meteor through life's gloom;
And there's a smile, Religion's smile,
Which lights the weary to the tomb.

5. It is the smile of innocence,
Of sleeping infancy's light dream;
Like lightning on a summer's eve,
It sheds a soft, a pensive gleam.

6. It dances round the dimpled cheek,
And tells of happiness within;
It smiles what it can never speak—
A human heart devoid of sin.

3. Kind Words.

Men'tal, relating to the mind.	Wrath'ful, furious, raging.
Mo-rose', sour of temper.	Un-pleas'ant, offensive.

Do not say *ment'l* for *mental; 'complish* or *uccomplish* for *accomplish russolve* for *resolve ; perduce* for *produce.*

THEY never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own souls. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make the blaze more fierce.

2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words make them hot, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems unpleasant to give kind words a chance among them.

3. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in man's soul. And a beautiful image it is.

4. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. If we have not yet begun to use kind words in abundance as they ought to be used, we should resolve to do so immediately.

◆

4. The Brothers.

SA'CRED, holy.	UN-TROUB'LED, not troubled.

Sound *e* correctly. Do not say *sacrud* for *sacred; ware* for *were.* Avoid a singing tone in reading poetry.

1. WE ARE BUT TWO—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night:
We are but two—oh, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

2. Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

3. We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rock'd,
Round the same hearth we played.

4. Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe:
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

5. WE ARE BUT TWO—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

◆

5. BEWARE OF IMPATIENCE.

DE-LI′CIOUS	excellent to the taste.
MIS′E-RY	wretchedness; woe.
ANX′IOUS	with trouble of mind.
IM-PORT′ANCE	consequence.
AD-VISED′	to have given advice.
PLUNGED	thrust in.
BE-WARE′	to take care.
POI′SON	what is noxious to life or health.

THERE'S many a pleasure in life which we might possess, were it not for our impatience. Young people, especially, miss a great deal of happiness, because they cannot wait till the proper time.

2. A man once gave a fine pear to his little boy, saying to him, "The pear is green now, my boy, but lay it by for a week, and it will then be ripe, and very delicious."

"But," said the child, "I want to eat it now, father."

"I tell you it is not ripe yet," said the father. "It will not taste good; and, besides, it will make you sick."

3. "No, it won't, father; I know it won't, it looks so good. Do let me eat it!"

After a little more teasing, the father consented, and the child ate the pear. The consequence was, that the next day he was taken sick, and came very near dying. Now, all this happened because the child was impatient.

4. He could not wait, and so, you see, the pear, that might have been very pleasant and harmless, was the occasion of severe illness. Thus it is that impatience, in a thousand instances, leads children, and pretty old ones too, to convert sources of happiness into actual mischief and misery.

5. There were some boys once, who lived near a pond; and when winter came, they were very anxious to have it freeze over, so that they could slide and skate upon the ice. At last, there came a very cold night, and in the morning the

boys went to the pond to see if the ice would bear them. Their father came by at that moment, and seeing that it was hardly thick enough, told the boys that it was not safe yet, and advised them to wait another day before they ventured upon it.

6. But the boys were in a great hurry to enjoy the pleasure of sliding and skating. So they walked out upon the ice; but pretty soon it went crack—crack—crack! and down they were all plunged into the water! It was not very deep, so they got out, though they were very wet, and came near drowning; and all because they could not wait.

7. Now these things, though they may seem to be trifles, are full of instruction. They teach us to beware of impatience, to wait till the fruit is ripe; they teach us that the cup of pleasure, seized before the proper time, is turned into poison. They show us the importance of patience.

6. The Two Ways.

Rhine, the principal river in Germany.
Con′science, internal or self-knowledge.
Calm′ness, quietness.
Mourned, sorrowed.
Raven, a species of black bird.
Rust′ling, slight noise.
Mis′e-ry, wretchedness.
Par′a-ble, a fable; a similitude.

In a village on the Rhine, a schoolmaster was one day teaching in his school, and the sons and daughters of the villagers sat around listening with pleasure, for his teaching was full of interest. He was speaking of the good and bad conscience, and of the still voice of the heart.

2. After he had finished speaking, he asked his pupils: "Who among you is able to tell me a parable on this subject?" One of the boys stood forth and said, "I think I can tell a parable, but I do not know whether it be right."

"Speak in your own words," answered the master. And the boy began: "I compare the calmness of a good conscience and the unhappiness of an evil one, to two ways on which I walked once.

3. "When the enemy passed through our village, the soldiers carried off by force my dear father and our horse. When my father did not come back, my mother and all of us wept and mourned bitterly, and she sent me to the town to inquire for my father. I went; but late at night I came back sorrowfully, for I had not found my father. It was a dark night in autumn.

4. "The wind roared and howled in the oaks and firs, and between the rocks; the night-ravens and owls were shrieking and hooting; and I thought in my soul how we had lost my father, and of the misery of my mother when she should see me return alone. A strange trembling seized me in the dreary night, and each rustling leaf terrified me. Then I thought to myself,—such must be the feelings of a man's heart who has a bad conscience."

5. "My children," said the master, "would you like to walk in the darkness of night, seeking in vain for your dear father, and hearing naught but the roar of the storm, and the screams of the beasts of prey?"

6. "Oh! no," exclaimed all the children, shuddering.

Then the boy resumed his tale and said, "Another time I went the same way with my sister; we had been fetching many nice things from town for a feast, which our father was secretly preparing for our mother, to surprise her the next day.

7. "It was late when we returned; but it was in spring; the sky was bright and clear, and all was so calm, that we could hear the gentle murmur of the rivulet by the way, and on all sides the nightingales were singing. I was walking hand in hand with my sister; but we were so delighted that we hardly liked to speak; then our good father came to meet us. Now I thought again by myself,—such must be the state of the man who has done much good."

8. When the boy had finished his tale, the master looked kindly at the children, and they all said together, "Yes, we will become good men!"

7. COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG.

WEB, net′work.
TROU′BLE, care.
CHEER′FUL, pleasant.
HAS′TY, impetuous; with eagerness.
MOURN, to grieve.
BUB′BLE, a small bladder of water.
TRI′FLE, a matter of no importance.
RE-VENGE′, returning evil for evil.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one—

> Troubles do not last forever,
> The darkest day will pass away.

2. If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

> Never despair when fog's in the air,
> A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

3. Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a fire that will end in smoke and darkness: but that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away.

4. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

5. If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

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8. ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER THROUGH THE WOOD.

1. THE green leaves as we pass
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest-grass
Grows green and silken where the wood-paths wind—
Alas! for thee, sweet mother! thou art blind!

2. And nature is all bright;
And the faint gray and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
And evening's purple light

Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas! sweet mother! for thy clouded eye.

3. The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up,
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencil'd passing well,
And the swift birds on glorious pinions flee—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou canst not see!

4. And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends

Low to thine ear with duty unforgot—
Alas! sweet mother! that thou seest them not!

5. But thou canst *hear!* and love
May richly on a human tone be pour'd,
And the least cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while!

6. Yes, thou canst hear! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven and earth and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—
With but one sense the soul may overflow.

9. The Honest Shepherd Boy.

Shep′herd, one who has the care of sheep.
Fru′gal, saving of expenses.
Crook, bend, a shepherd's staff.
Gait, manner of walking.
Jour-ney's end, place to be reached.
De-pict′ed, portrayed.
Ca-pac′i-ty, the power of receiving and containing.

I AM going to tell you something which happened in England. It is about a shepherd boy, named John Borrow. It was a cold, wintry morning when John left his home, as usual, to tend the sheep of farmer Jones. In one hand John carried his frugal meal, and in the other he held a shepherd's crook. He walked briskly along, whistling as he went—now tossing with his feet the still untrodden snow, and, once in a while, running back to slide where his own feet had made a way. Had you looked into the bright, sunny face of John Borrow, you would not have been surprised at his cheerful gait. His countenance bore the impress of a happy disposition, and a warm, confiding heart.

2. John had been carefully brought up by his only surviving parent—a poor mother; he was her only son, and though she had many little daughters to share her maternal care, still she seemed to think that her first-born, the one who was to be the stay and support of the family, needed the most of her watchful love.

3. Hitherto John had not disappointed her—he was beloved by all for his open, frank manners, and his generous, honest heart; and he promised fair to become all that his mother had so earnestly prayed he might be.

4. But while I have been telling you a little about our young friend, he, in spite of his playing a little by the way, has reached his journey's end. He first deposits his dinner in the trunk of an old oak, which always serves him for a closet; and then he begins to feed the poor sheep, who do not seem to enjoy the cold weather so much as himself.

5. John manages to spend a very happy day alone in the meadows with his sheep and his dog. Sometimes he tries how Pepper likes snow-balling; sometimes he runs up to the windmill, not far off, to see if he can get any other little boys to come and play with him. This morning, however, he had a little more business to do than usual; he had to take the sheep to another fold, where they would be more sheltered from the

wind. And just as he is in the act of driving them through the large field-gate, he sees farmer Jones coming towards him.

6. "John," exclaimed the farmer, as he came up to the other side of the gate, "have you seen my pocket-book about anywhere? I was round here about half an hour ago, and must have dropped it."

"No, sir; I have not seen any thing of it, but I'll look about, if you like."

7. "That's a man, John. Be quick, for it's got money in it, and I don't at all wish to lose it. We will hunt together."

Whereupon they parted company, one going one way, and the other another, with their eyes on the ground, searching for the missing treasure.

Presently John heard Mr. Jones calling him in a loud voice from the other side of the field.

8. John, thinking the book was found, came running with great eagerness; but, as he drew near the old oak where farmer Jones stood, he was taken somewhat aback to see the look of anger depicted on his master's face; and still more was he surprised when he saw the missing book lying open by the side of his own dinner, and Mr. Jones pointing to it.

"Well, sir, what does this mean?" exclaimed the indignant farmer. "I thought you told me you did not know where it was?"

9. John, whose amazement at the strange circumstance was very great, and whose sense of honor was no less so, felt the color mount to his cheeks, as he replied:

"Yes, sir, and I spoke the truth."

"Then, how do you account for my finding it open in the trunk of an oak, close to your dinner?"

"That I cannot say; this, only, I know: that I did not put it there."

10. But Mr. Jones would not be convinced—the fact seemed to him so clear and so self-evident; for John acknowledged he had not seen any one else about there that morning; so, after scolding the poor boy very severely, he dismissed him on the spot from his employment.

11. It is easier to imagine than describe the feelings of poor

John, as he slowly found his way home that evening. To be deprived of the means of assisting his dear mother was bad enough; but to be suspected of lying and stealing, was, to simple, honest John, almost too hard to bear. He consoled himself, however, with the thought—"MOTHER will believe me."

12. Yes, and his mother did believe him, and told him not to feel angry with farmer Jones, for appearances were certainly against him, and he did not know him as well as she did. "Besides," she added, "truth must come out some time or other."

And so it did, though it was months afterwards; and I will tell you how.

13. John had long been seeking another situation, but no one would take him, on account of the apparent blot on his character. This cost John many a tear and many a sigh, but he trusted that God would right him, and he was not discouraged.

14. One day he went to see a gentleman who had inquired for a lad to work in his garden. As usual, John told his story just as it was, and his face brightened as the gentleman said, "Then that must have been your dog I saw with a book in his mouth. I was riding through the field you mention, one day, some months since, and I saw a dog with a book in his mouth, run and put his head in the trunk of an old oak."

15. John clapped his hands for joy, exclaiming: "I knew the truth would come out. Then Pepper—poor Pepper! it was his kindness to me that caused all the trouble; he thought it was mine, and he took it to where I always keep my dinner, and then, I suppose, in dropping it into the hole, it came open."

16. John lost no time in acquainting farmer Jones with what he had heard. He was very sorry for his suspicions, and wanted to take him back; but John, who saw some chance of promotion in the gentleman's garden, declined the favor.

17. John remained some time with his new master as garden-boy, but he became so great a favorite, both among the family and servants, that he was afterwards taken into the

house, where he remained as the trusted and valued servant of his kind master, until his death. He never married—in order that he might be better able to support his widowed mother and his four sisters.

See, my dear children, how true it is, that all things work together for good to those who love God.

10. The Wonders of a Salt Mine.

Mine, a pit from which minerals are dug.
Ca′ble, a large, strong rope.
Mi′ner, one who works in a mine.
Cav′ern, an opening under ground.
Vault, a continued arch, a cellar.
I′ci-cles, a hanging mass of ice.
In-hab′it-ant, a person who resides in a place.
Com′posed, formed.

In a country of Europe called Poland, there is the largest salt mine in the world. It is quite a little town, into which there are eight openings, six in the fields, and two in a town called Cracow, near which the mine is situated. At the top of each of these openings is a large wheel with a cable, by which persons are let down, and sometimes as many as forty persons descend together. They are carried slowly down a narrow, dark well, to the depth of 600 feet, and as soon as the first person touches the ground, he steps from the rope, and the rest do the same in turn.

2. The place where they land is quite dark, but the miners strike a light, by means of which strangers are led through a number of winding ways, all sloping lower and lower, till they come to some ladders, by which they descend again to an immense depth.

3. At the bottom of the ladders the visitors enter a small, dark cavern, apparently walled up on all sides. The guide now puts out his lamp as if by accident, and catching the visitor by the hand, drags him through a narrow cleft into the

body of the mine, where there bursts upon his sight a view, the brightness and beauty of which is scarcely to be imagined.

4. It is a spacious plain, containing a little world underground, with horses, carriages, and roads, displaying all the bustle of business. This town is wholly cut out of one vast bed of salt, and the space is filled with lofty arched vaults, supported by pillars of salt, so that the building seems composed of the purest crystals.

5. Lights are constantly burning, and the blaze of them reflecting from every part of the mine, gives a more splendid sight than any human works above ground could exhibit. The salt is, in some places, tinged with all the colors of precious stones, blue, yellow, purple, red, and green; and there are entire columns wholly composed of brilliant masses of such colors.

6. From the roofs of the arches, in many parts, the salt hangs in the form of icicles, presenting all the colors of the rainbow.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and their families, some single, and others in clusters like villages. The inhabitants have very little intercourse with the world above ground, and many hundreds are born and end their lives there.

7. A stream of fresh water runs through the mine, so that the inhabitants have no occasion for a supply from above: and above all, the Almighty Creator of all these wonders is not forgotten; they have hollowed out a beautiful chapel, in which the Adorable Sacrifice is offered; the altar, crucifix, ornaments of the chapel, with statues of our Blessed Lady and several saints, are all of the same beautiful material.

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11. The Starry Heavens.

Fir′ma-ment,	the heavens.
Pro-claim′,	announce.
Plan′et,	a celestial body revolving about the sun.
Ra′di-ant,	bright.
Ter-res′tri-al,	relating to the earth.
Rea′son,	the faculty of judging.
Glo′ri-ous,	illustrious.

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2. Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4. While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5. What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

12. Carelessness.

Qual′i-ty, an attribute.
Sloven′li-ness, untidiness; carelessness.
Yield′ing, giving up.
Frag′ment, a small portion.
A-void′ed, shunned.
Sur-prise′, wonder suddenly excited.

MARY BELL was a little girl who, though she had many good qualities, was also, like most persons, possessed of some very bad ones. One of her worst faults was her negligence and carelessness, which showed itself in many matters, and especially in her dress.

2. She was affectionate, kind-hearted, and good-natured; always ready to assist others, even when by so doing she stood in the way of her own pleasure. But, alas! her slovenliness,

"Like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities."

3. This trait in Mary's character gave her mother a great deal of trouble. She did not want her little girl to be vain of dress, which is very foolish as well as wicked, but she wished to see her neat and careful. Mary sometimes suffered much inconvenience from her carelessness. She would often, when preparing for a walk or ride, waste half an hour in looking for a missing glove or stocking, and when found, the article was generally so much out of repair, as hardly to be worn with decency.

4. But she had got the habit of throwing her things about, and letting them go unmended, and it seemed impossible to break her of it. So true it is that children should be very careful how they form habits that may cling to them through life, and, if bad, cause them much trouble.

5. About half a mile from Mrs. Bell's there lived a very nice old woman, who had formerly been a housekeeper in the family, and who was very fond indeed of little Mary. Mary, in return, loved Mrs. Brown, as the old woman was called, and was always delighted to be the bearer of the little delicacies which her mother often sent to her.

6. One Saturday morning Mrs. Bell called Mary to her, and told her that as she had been a good girl, and learned all her tasks that week very well, she might go over and spend the day with Mrs. Brown, adding, that when she was dressed, she would find a pitcher of broth on the dining-table, which she wished her to take with her. Mary was delighted with the permission, and ran up-stairs as fast as possible to get ready.

7. As usual, half the articles she wanted to wear were missing, and no two in the same place, so that a long time was consumed in looking for them. One of her shoes was in her bedroom, but where the other had gone was a mystery which no one in the house could solve. The servants were called from their work to know if they had seen it, but none of them knew any thing about it.

8. After wasting a long time in this way, Mary happened to recollect that the night before she had pulled it off, on account of its hurting her, and thrown it under the parlor lounge,

where it was found. The string was out; but being by this time in a great hurry, Mary concluded it would stay on without one, and put it on as it was. In changing her dress, she noticed a small rent in the skirt, which her mother had told her of some days before, but which she had forgotten to mend.

9. "Never mind," thought she, "it will not be noticed, and I can sew it up when I come home." One glove was in her pocket, and the other, after some search, she found in her reticule. These required mending also, but were thrust on without it. The string of her bonnet was ripped off, and being in too much haste to fasten it properly, she merely stuck a pin in it, hoping that this would answer the purpose. Being at last ready, Mary took the pitcher, which was a very handsome one, and started on her journey.

10. It was a lovely day, and she went on for some distance in the greatest glee, although her shoe kept slipping up and down in a most troublesome manner. She was thinking how much pleased Mrs. Brown would be to see her, and get the nice broth, when, in crossing a stile, the corner of one of the steps caught in the rent in her dress, and tore a hole in the thin lawn nearly a quarter of a yard wide.

11. Poor Mary could have cried heartily at seeing her pretty frock spoiled, but remembering that crying would not repair the injury, she forced back her tears, and pinned it up as well as she could. After having done this, she took up her pitcher and went on, though not quite so gayly as before, for she was afraid of receiving a scolding from her mother; and she felt that she deserved one for not having mended her dress, as she was told to do.

12. Her troubles had hardly begun; for she had not gone much further when the pin came out of her bonnet-string, and a gust of wind carried away her bonnet, and sent it flying across the field. Mary set down her pitcher and ran after it as fast as she could; but every time she got near to it, another puff of wind would take it far out of her reach, until at last it was blown into a sort of marshy place at the bottom of the field.

13. In her efforts to regain it, her foot sank deep into the

soft, yielding earth, and when she got it out, the shoe which had no string to keep it on was left behind. Poor Mary was almost heart-broken at the loss of her shoe; and her bonnet—which was floating in a mud-puddle—was a mere mass of wet ribbons and dirty straw. She stood crying for some time, when happening to remember the pitcher which she had left at the end of the field, she started to look for it.

14. The stones and sticks were so painful to her bare little foot, that she was almost lame before she reached the spot. Here, alas! another misfortune awaited her. A dog happening to come along during her absence had smelled the soup, and tried hard to get it. In so doing he had knocked the pitcher over against a stone, and there it lay, broken in a dozen pieces. This was too much for Mary.

15. She sat down on the ground by the fragments, and cried as though her little heart would break. Poor child! she was in a sad dilemma indeed. She could not go to Mrs. Brown's in this plight—without her bonnet, with but one shoe, her hair tangled and matted, and her frock soiled and torn; and she was afraid, if she went home, her mother would be offended at the results of her carelessness. She thought how easily all this could have been avoided by a little care and a few stitches.

16. She was still sitting sobbing, when she heard a voice behind her exclaim in a tone of surprise, "Mary, is it possible! Why, what *can* you be doing here?" Mary turned, and saw through her tears her father's face looking kindly but in surprise upon her. As well as her sobs would permit, she told him the events of the morning exactly as they had occurred.

17. "Well, Mary," said her father, when she had finished, "I am sorry to see you in so much trouble; but your mother has often warned you of the effects which must result from your extreme carelessness; but dry your eyes now, and come home with me; this is no place for you." "Oh! papa, how can I? Ma will be so angry with me for losing my bonnet and shoe, and breaking her pitcher."

18. "Never mind, my poor child; come with me, and I do

not think your mother will punish you, if she sees how sorry you are for your carelessness; come!"

Mrs. Bell was surprised at Mary's appearance; but when she heard her story, and saw how distressed she really was, she did not scold her, but merely told her she hoped her morning's adventures would teach her to be more careful in future.

19. I am happy to be able to tell my little readers, that Mary has learned wisdom by experience, and is now all that her parents can desire.

13. Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith.

Su-preme′, highest and greatest.
Pa′gan, a heathen, an idolator.
In-sti-tu′tion, system established.
Doc-u′ments, important papers.
De-part′ment, division for the performance of certain duties.

THE object of this Congregation is to spread the Christian Religion over the whole world. Before our Lord Jesus Christ ascended into Heaven, He said to St. Peter and the other Apostles, "Go teach all nations." The Pope, who is the successor of St. Peter, is the Supreme Pontiff, or Chief Bishop of the Catholic world. He is the one from whom the missionary receives his commission to preach the gospel to pagan nations.

2. One of the chief objects of the Pope is to send missionary priests to the farthest parts of the earth, and to direct, assist, and support them while they labor for the salvation of souls—for the Pope is the head pastor or shepherd over the flock of Christ, and his heart yearns to bring the poor pagans into the one fold. In this holy work, he is assisted by the Sacred College of Cardinals, a portion of which form what is called the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda, which means the Sacred Congregation for the spreading of the Faith. To

this Congregation is committed the management of the Catholic missions.

3. This society was first commenced by Pope Gregory the Fifteenth, in 1622. He formed it, and supplied it with funds for its support His successor, Urban the Eighth, favored the Congregation, and set apart large sums of money for its success.

4. So much good has been done by the Propaganda that many pious lay persons have given large donations to help the good missionaries, for they wished to have a share in the merits of those who, forsaking their homes, peril their lives to preach the gospel of Christ to the poor heathen nations.

5. The managers of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda receive letters from the missionaries all over the world. Those letters are very interesting, and edifying. They contain accounts of the zeal and sufferings, and very often the martyrdom, both of the missionaries and converts in pagan countries. Perhaps you have read the account of the martyrdom of the good, religious, and many others, who were killed in China in 1870 by their pagan persecutors.

The Holy Father has all the letters and other important documents that relate to the Propaganda carefully preserved.

6. There is a printing establishment connected with the institution, which is considered the most valuable in the world. It is furnished with types or characters of forty-eight different languages, by means of which the Holy Scriptures, works of instruction, and other books, may be printed in that number of languages. This is a great help in the labor of spreading the gospel among foreign nations.

7. But the most important department of this Congregation is the College of the Propaganda, as it is usually called. This famous school was founded by Pope Urban the Eighth, in 1827, and may be justly considered as the seminary of the universal Church. The design of this school is to educate, for the priesthood, young men from all the nations of the earth.

8. Here may be found Chinese, Greeks, Arabians, Ethiopians, Syrians, Bulgarians, Turks, Italians, French, Belgians, English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Dutch, Germans, Spaniards,

Portuguese, Poles, Russians, with the inhabitants of various other portions of the globe—representing, in all, between forty and fifty tribes and nations of the earth.

9. These are taught free of charge, all the branches of sacred and profane learning, and thus prepared, when raised to the holy order of priesthood, to enter upon the duties of the mission in their native countries, or bear the light of Christ's gospel to pagan nations.

10. Every year within the octave of the Epiphany, it is usual for the students of this College to celebrate the festival by a solemn academical exhibition. A Latin prose composition is first read, followed by poetry written in the various languages. In 1841 the compositions and speeches read on the occasion, were in forty-four different languages.

11. In this great variety of languages, we may see that the Catholic Church is universal, that is, spread over all nations; and in this gathering of the youth of all nations and languages into one school for the purpose of learning one Faith, under the one chief Pastor, we see the unity of the Catholic Church, that Church which our Lord founded for the purpose of teaching all nations.

12. The priests of the Catholic Church are never afraid to brave all the dangers and privations they must suffer when living among savages and barbarians, and they willingly leave all the enjoyments of civilized life to labor for the salvation of souls.

13. Those trained in the College of the Propaganda are well prepared to perform this charitable work; no difference in language or custom can hinder them from being understood by those among whom they labor, for they are enabled to speak to the various tribes of the earth in their native tongue, and in this manner they can easily teach them the divine truths of the Gospel.

14. Live for Something.

Em-ploy′ment, occupation.
Self′ish, regarding one's own interest solely.
Op-pressed′, burdened.
Sym′pa-thy, compassion, fellow-feeling.
Wea′ry, fatigued.
Foun′tain, a jet of water

1. LIVE for something; be not idle—
   Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
   Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary.
   Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
   Active be, then, while you may.

2. Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
   Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
   With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
   Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
   Gladden well the darken'd hearth.

3. Hearts there are oppress'd and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give and thy reward shall be—
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head;
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

15. PREDOMINANT PASSIONS.

MAS'TER-Y	control, superior influence.
UN-REA'SON-A-BLE	without reason.
RE-COM-MEND'ED	advised.
HAUGH'TI-NESS	an overbearing manner.
DIS-GUST'ING	exciting dislike, odious, hateful.
CON'TEMPT	act of despising.

IT is not usual, that in young persons, whose characters have not taken any settled form, any vice should have gained so decided an ascendency, as to enable themselves or others to discern clearly the nature of their prevailing passion. Generally speaking, they should be more anxious to correct all their faults, than to find out the chief among them; as that is not easily seen until they are placed amid the busy scenes of the world.

2. Still, as they cannot be made acquainted too early with the wretched effects of vice, it would be advisable for them to examine their consciences now and then lest any evil propensity may take root in their hearts, thereby become the principle of their actions, and frustrate the ends proposed in Christian education.

3. This prevailing passion of most persons is *Pride*, which never fails to produce not only thoughts of pride and vanity, but also such haughtiness of manner and self-importance, as to render them really disgusting and ridiculous.

4. Constantly endeavoring to attract attention, and become

the sole object of attention, they spare no pains to outdo others, to set themselves off, and by their conceited airs, their forwardness, their confidence in their own opinion, and neglect or contempt of that timid, gentle, retiring manner, so amiable and so attractive, especially in youth, they defeat their own purpose, and become as contemptible as they aim at being the contrary.

5. Many are so little sensible of the awful duties imposed by Christian *charity*, as to be ever ready to blame, criticise, and condemn all who come under their notice, and this is one of the most dangerous propensities, as the occasions for manifesting it occur very often, and frequently lead to mortal sin. Persons who are thus badly disposed, talk continually of the faults of others, which they are always inclined to exaggerate, though often those defects exist only in the detractor's embittered imagination, which represents others in so unfavorable a point of view, as to subject their actions to the most unkind censure.

6. To this may be added a fondness for sarcasm, which criticises and turns every thing and every person into ridicule, sparing neither superiors, friends, enemies, nor even the most sacred characters, such as clergymen. This disposition never fails to make numerous enemies; and, though sometimes encouraged by laughter and smiles of approval, yet it nevertheless is generally as hated as it is hateful.

7. Those whose temper is violent and unrestrained, cannot be ignorant that *anger* is their prevailing passion—their frequent, unreasonable, and impetuous sallies of anger, on the slightest occasions, render intercourse with them as unsafe as it would be with a maniac. Such dreadful and mournful consequences have followed from even one fit of passion, as to render any family truly unhappy, who may possess a member with a violent temper.

8. Those who feel inclined to this passion, should, while young, use all their efforts to overcome so dangerous a disposition. Reason, affection for their family, proper regard for all those with whom they may be connected, and, above all, religion, furnish powerful motives and means for reducing any

temper, however violent, to the standard of Christian meekness. The chief among those means is prayer, and the next, perhaps the most effectual, is complete silence under all emotions of anger.

9. There are many other persons who, though they do not rank among the passionate, are nevertheless the pests of society,—particularly of domestic society. Their prevailing passion is a certain *ill-humor*, *fretfulness*, *peevishness*, and *discontent*, which pervades their words, manners, and even looks; and it is usually brought into action by such mere trifles, as leave no chance of peace to those who live in the house with them.

10. Children and servants are not the only butts of their spleen; but even their best friends, their superiors themselves, are not always secure from their ill-tempered sallies and their incessant complaints. In a word, their sourness, their dissatisfied, discontented manner, effectually embitters every society, and throws a gloom over the most innocent amusements. As this luckless disposition is peculiarly that of women, young persons cannot be too earnestly recommended to combat in youth any tendency thereto, lest they become, when older, the greatest torment of that society they are certainly intended to bless and adorn.

11. *Sloth*, which is the prevailing passion of many persons, is also one of those vices most difficult to correct. It shows itself by habitual indolence, and such negligence and apathy, that no duty, however serious, can rouse a person of this character to exertion. Days, weeks, and even years, pass over without any account of how they have passed; for though the indolent form many projects of amendment, yet those projects are never executed, because their postponement is the effect of sloth.

12. Any time but the present appears calculated for the discharge of duty, precisely because the most heroic efforts in prospect cost less than a single actual exertion. Thence it follows, that spiritual duties are so long neglected and deferred, that the torpor, which in youth could easily have been broken off, gains such a mastery that it becomes almost un-

conquerable, and at length reduces the soul to that dreadful state commonly called tepidity, which is only another word for sloth in spiritual matters.

13. Then it is that every social and personal duty is abandoned; children, servants, affairs, spiritual and temporal, order, cleanliness, every thing is neglected, and permitted to run into such disorder and confusion, as to render the persons degraded by this vice, no less a disgrace to themselves than to their friends and to society. In a word, there is no passion which leads more certainly to misery hereafter; for, after all, the inanimate victim of sloth, who has lived without energy, without sentiment, almost without a soul, will at last be thoroughly roused by death, whose approach is terrible indeed to those who lead a useless, inactive, idle, and, therefore, a most sinful life.

14. Those whose prevailing passion is *deceit*, are frequently not considered dangerous characters, until they have given many persons cause to repent having had any intercourse with them. Their manners are generally as seductive as their motives are base and interested. They are usually distinguished by a total disregard for truth; a base system of appearing to coincide with every one, the better to gain that confidence which they only intend to abuse; deceptive expressions—continual cunning and deceit—with so great an opposition to candor and plain-dealing, as to adopt a thousand underhand means for carrying on their most simple and ordinary transactions, thereby engaging themselves and others in a labyrinth of difficulties, and spending their whole lives in trouble, in dissimulation, and deceit.

15. Even apart from religion, the natural desire we all have for happiness and security, should be motives enough for using efforts to counteract every tendency to this mean vice. It proves in general, sooner or later, its own punishment; for, notwithstanding the deep-laid schemes, the cunning and artifices of those who seem to live for the purpose of deceiving their fellow-creatures, yet the depravity and meanness of their motives in all their actions, are seen through much clearer and more frequently than they are aware. Besides, one lie or trick

often requires many more to give it a show of truth, and to invent these their mind must be constantly on the rack; but as their craft is generally discovered, they are exposed to such contempt and distrust as to deprive them of all credit.

16. Even when by chance they intend to deal fairly and openly, they are carefully shunned, because a long habit of deceiving has so indelibly stamped their character with the stigma of insincerity and knavery, as to render truth and falsehood equally disbelieved from their lips. In a word, they are sure to be, in the close of life, so hated, despised, and distrusted, as to become outcasts in society, a burden to themselves, and almost as degraded and unhappy, even in this life, as they deserve to be.

16. Predominant Passions—*continued.*

Re-pug′nance, feeling of dislike.
Ob′sta-cle, that which hinders.

THE capital fault of some persons is excessive, ungovernable *curiosity*, a vice which is a certain road to many sins, especially in youth. It should, however, be observed, that there are two kinds of curiosity, one allowable, and even commendable, the other dangerous and sinful. They may be easily distinguished, one from the other, by their different effects. That species of curiosity which is innocent and desirable, especially in young persons, consists in a laudable desire of useful information; this thirst after knowledge, when well regulated, produces emulation, application to study, patience and perseverance in difficulties, good employment of time, and a love for the society and conversation of the learned.

2. The vice of curiosity, on the contrary, is the bane of useful acquirement, because it consists chiefly in an eager desire to hear and see every trifling event that takes place, and gives persons so much to do with the concerns of others, as to leave them no time to attend to their own. Curious persons are always on the look-out for what is termed news; and as that levity and shallowness of mind which produces misguided curiosity, creates also a taste for unnecessary talk, they are never so well satisfied as when they have discovered a number of incidents to circulate among their friends and acquaintance.

3. Their inquisitive air,—their prying and intrusive manners,—their incessant questions,—their eager impatience to be informed of every incident that takes place, and minute inquiries into the affairs of others, would lead to the idea that they were commissioned to investigate the origin, ancestors, names, tempers, fortunes, and faults of every person that comes in their way. Even the secrets of families, which curiosity itself should respect, are by no means sacred to the inquisitive, nor are even the most trivial domestic occurrences below their notice.

4. On the contrary, to gain such information, they do not hesitate descending so low as to question children and servants; thereby giving occasion to numberless crimes against charity, often against truth. Another propensity of curious persons is a desire to hear and see precisely those things which they have been told were dangerous, and to read every species of publication which they have ever been told to avoid, or know to be at all unsafe. This contemptible disposition can only be rectified by many years' strict attention to the short rule of never interfering in what does not concern us, except when charity or duty dictates the contrary.

5. There are few persons, even among the best Christians, who have not had, sometimes, to regret *offending with the tongue;* but the faults committed and mischiefs occasioned by those whose unbridled passion for *talk* is their predominant failing, can scarcely be estimated. This bad habit is chiefly observed in persons of weak heads, vacant minds, and shallow understandings, who appear wholly incapable of one instant's serious reflection, and know not what it is to think two minutes, even before they undertake to decide upon important matters. Those who talk always, cannot hope always to talk sense, and hence their least material faults are absurd, random opinions, giddy, inconsistent expressions, and frequent faults against politeness and good-breeding; for we see that your great talkers never allow others to deliver an opinion, or finish any sentence without helping them out.

6. Their laughable and disgusting egotism, perpetual relations of their own worthless adventures, ideas, or opinions, which they are too frivolous to perceive are interesting only in their own eyes; their system of laughing, whispering, and ridiculing, generally mark out great talkers as persons of little or no intellect, though they often do not want sense, if they could but prevail on themselves to be silent, and reflect ever so little on the necessity of making use of that gift.

7. But those, however, are the least serious faults produced by excessive *love of talk.* Sins against charity, breaches of confidence, discovery of the secrets of others, indiscreet communication of their own affairs and those of their families to acquaintances, strangers, even to servants; remarks on the defects of others, breaches of truth, habitual exaggeration, loss of time, dissipation and levity, are all the infallible consequences of a passion for talking; besides the dreadful evils which unguarded repetition of stories has been known to produce in society, by disuniting the members of families, irritating and disgusting friends, breeding disturbances, &c.: evils which are much easier occasioned than removed.

8. Could those useless beings, whose occupation is talk, foresee the mischief they may occasion, even by one word, which often escapes their tongue and memory at the same

time, how bitterly they would regret the dearly-bought pleasure of talking! how carefully would they study the virtue of silence and prudent restraint! and thus spare themselves the regret of having unfeelingly published faults too true to be contradicted, and stories too mischievous in their effects to be easily remedied; thus inflicting wounds they cannot afterwards heal.

9. There are some persons who possess many amiable qualities, yet destroy the effect of them all by one predominant failing, a fund of *caprice* and *inconstancy*. Those persons rarely succeed in gaining one sincere friend; on the contrary, they seldom fail to disgust those whom they had at first attracted, because they frequently receive with marked reserve one day, those whom they treated with kindness the day before. On one occasion these changeable beings will scarce allow others to join in a conversation—the next, they will not by a single word manifest a desire to please.

10. Their projects or undertakings are as variable as their ideas, and are never pursued with such steadiness as would encourage any rational persons to join in them; nor can it ever be conjectured, from the projects of one day or hour, what those of the next may be. They eagerly seek one moment after those objects which the next they despise; and are one day dissolved in vain joy, another oppressed with melancholy. But what is infinitely worse than all is, that this irrational capriciousness, besides rendering them the jest of others, and a burden to themselves, materially endangers their eternal salvation.

11. Their ideas and feelings on spiritual matters are just as variable as on all other occasions; their plans of amendment and regularity, though frequently entered on with ardor, are as frequently abandoned; consequently there can be no persons so little likely to gain a crown, which is promised only to perseverance.

12. *Selfishness* is a common failing, and a peculiarly unamiable one, when it predominates in a character. Those persons who make *self* their idol, are from morning till night occupied in providing for their own peculiar gratification and pleasure, and in taking measures for warding off from them-

selves every thing in the shape of trouble, inconvenience, provocation, &c.; thus they become almost the sole objects of their own thoughts, solicitudes, and exertions.

13. They generally manifest their predominant failing to the least attentive observer, by an habitual inattention or indifference when the gratification of others is in question, by an unfeeling indifference to the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, and by being the last to make an exertion for their relief. They seem almost incapable of taking part in the pains or pleasures of others; every species of misfortune or gratification pleases or grieves them, precisely only in as much as they perceive it is likely to affect them personally.

14. A propensity to *excessive attachments* is a fault which too frequently prevails in some warm, impetuous characters. Those persons are distinguished by a rash, hasty selection of favorites in every society; by an overflow of marked attentions to the objects of their predilection, whose interests they espouse, whose very faults they attempt to justify, whose opinions they support whether right or wrong, and whose cause they defend often at the expense of good sense, charity, moderation, and even common justice.

15. Woe to the person, whether superior or inferior, who ventures to dissent from them in opinion concerning the objects of their admiration; *that* alone exposes them to aversion and censure. The friendship or affection of such characters does not deserve to be valued, for it results not from discernment of merit, but blind prejudice; besides, they are remarkable for annoying those whom they think proper to rank among their favorites, both by expecting to engross their whole attention or confidence, and resenting every mark of kindness they may think proper to show to others. However, as their affections are in general as short-lived as they are ardent, no one person is likely to be tormented long with the title of their friend.

16. The foregoing are the chief among those passions to which the majority of mankind are subject. There are also a variety of other shapes, in which the capital sins generally prevail in the different characters. It would not be easy to mention them all, but you will not find it difficult, aided by the

grace of God, to discover your capital enemy, provided you ardently beg that grace and light, and are sincerely desirous to overcome it to the utmost of your power.

17. The following marks by which you may discern your ruling passion, are pointed out by St. Chrysostom, and may assist your examination on this important point: 1st. Your prevailing passion is that propensity, disposition, or failing, which is the ordinary cause of your faults and sins. 2d. It is that which chiefly disturbs the peace of your soul, and occasions you most remorse and uneasy reflections. 3d. That of which you are obliged to accuse yourself most frequently in confession.

18. 4th. That which gives occasion to the greatest conflicts in your soul, and which you feel most repugnance to overcome. 5th. That which usually influences all your thoughts, intentions, or projects, and which is the chief motive of all your actions; that, in a word, which is most untractable and deeply rooted in your heart; for if, when wounded on that point, you feel sensibly hurt, it is an evident mark that there is your prevailing passion, your capital enemy, the greatest obstacle to God's grace, and to your eternal salvation.

17. My Boy Absalom.

Pulse,	the motion of the blood.
Tress'es,	knots or curls of hair.
Reed,	a hollow, knotted stalk, a pipe.
Pall,	a covering thrown over the dead.

1. ALAS! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!
My proud boy, Absalom!

2. "Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

3. "But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

4. "And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed is waiting to be broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

5. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

6. He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

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18. The Scholar's Vision.

Vis′ion	supernatural appearance.
Cen′tu-ry	a hundred years.
Stu-pid′i-ty	extreme dulness.
Tur′bu-lent	tumultuous, disorderly.
Sup-port′ed	aided, assisted.
Con-ceal′ing	hiding.

AMONG the students of the University of Padua during the early part of the thirteenth century, there was a scholar by the name of Albert de Groot, a native of Lawingen, a town of Swabia, now fallen into decay. Albert was remarkable for his stupidity and the dulness of his intellect, and was at once the object of ridicule to his companions, and the victim of his teachers.

2. In addition to his mental defects, he was timid and shy, and without any powers of speech to defend himself against

the taunts and jeers of his schoolmates. Even his diminutive size for one of his age, being then fifteen years old, did not escape the keenness of their satire.

3. Albert was not insensible to their raillery, and more than once would have listened to the temptation of despair, had it not been for the care of his virtuous mother, the ardent piety with which she had inspired his youthful mind, and his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

4. If he felt it hard to endure the jeers and ridicule of his companions, yet, when he considered that he had neither readiness, memory, nor intelligence, he thought within himself that probably he deserved all their reproaches; and that the career of science, which he so ardently desired, was not his vocation.

5. Deeply influenced by this conviction, at the age of sixteen, he applied for admission into the Dominican Order, thinking that if he did not shine among the brilliant men who were its glory, yet at least he might the better save his soul. The General of the Order, who was of his own country, gave him a kind welcome, and received him into the convent to complete his studies.

6. But, alas! he found in the cloister the same sorrows he had sought to avoid. His slow wit and dull intellect could take in nothing, or express nothing; and though he found more charity among the novices than among the turbulent students of the university, yet he saw clearly that he was looked upon as the lowest in the house.

7. His piety and humility for a long time supported him; his courage did not fail; he looked forward with hope to the day when his perseverance should surmount all obstacles and break the bonds which held him captive. He took the habit, and became a monk; but still his backwardness as a scholar continued.

8. After two years of patience, he began to be thoroughly discouraged; he thought he had been mistaken; that perhaps he had yielded to an impulse of pride in entering an order whose mission it was to preach to the people, and to proclaim to the world the faith of Christ; and which, consequently, ought to be distinguished for science as well as for virtue;

and considering that he should never be able to master either logic or eloquence, he resolved to fly from the convent.

9. Concealing the matter from every human being, he confided the subject of his departure to the Blessed Virgin, his comforter in all his trials. On the night fixed for his departure he prayed longer than usual, then, after waiting till all the convent was asleep, he went from his cell, gained without noise the walls of the garden, and fixed a ladder against them. But before he ascended, he knelt again and prayed to God not to condemn the step he was taking, for that nevertheless he would serve him, and belong to him, and to him alone.

10. As he was about to rise, he beheld four majestic ladies advancing towards him. They were surrounded by a heavenly radiance, while their dignity, tempered with sweetness and serenity, inspired him with confidence and respect. Two of them placed themselves before the ladder, as if to prevent him from ascending.

11. The third drawing near, asked him kindly why he thus departed, and how he could desert his convent and throw himself without a guide into the dangers of a wicked world. Albert, without rising from the ground, pleaded as an excuse his obstinate stupidity, which resisted all the efforts of his perseverance.

12. "It is," said the lady, "because you seek in the mere human strength of your own intellect, the light which comes only from God. Behold your Mother," pointing to the fourth lady, "your amiable protectress, who loves you tenderly; ask her for the gift of knowledge; implore her with confidence; our intercession shall second you."

13. The scholar recognized in the fourth lady the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, and bending his face to the ground, he asked her in all the fervor of his heart for the light of science, as heretofore he had only prayed for the graces which tended to salvation.

14. "Science, my son," answered the amiable Virgin, "is full of dangers; but your prayer shall not be rejected. In philosophy, which you so much desire, beware of pride; let not your heart be puffed up. Long shall you possess the gift

of science; and I promise you, as a reward of your piety, that its light shall be withdrawn from you the moment it becomes dangerous to you."

15. The vision disappeared, but Albert remained for an hour on his knees thanking God, and pouring forth the most fervent devotions to the Queen of Angels, who had so kindly interposed in his behalf. He then removed the ladder and retired to his cell.

16. The next morning the whole convent was amazed at the astonishing change that had come over Albert; in his classes he surprised both the teachers and scholars. His former heaviness had given way to the liveliest and most subtle intelligence; he understood every thing; the most difficult problems were solved with a clearness that astonished all.

17. No one, however, was aware of the vision, for the humble scholar kept it a secret. So rapidly did he advance in his studies, especially in philosophy, that in one year he passed all his companions, and even eclipsed his teachers. His piety and humility increased with his learning, and he ever remained inaccessible to the seductions of the world and vain glory.

18. The scholar, who obtained this so wonderful gift of knowledge, as the reward of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was the celebrated *Albertus Magnus*, who was so distinguished during the thirteenth century. For fifty years he astonished all Europe by the vastness of his learning and the profoundness of his teaching.

19. Whenever he spoke, crowds gathered to hear him; and his discourse always produced the most salutary results: yet up to the age of seventy-five, he had never experienced the slightest movement of vanity.

20. It happened, however, on a certain occasion as he was preaching at Cologne, and seeing the immense audience electrified at his discourse, he lifted his head with an air of dignity, and was about to indulge in a thought of self-admiration, when he stopped suddenly in the middle of a learned sentence, and descended from the pulpit without being able to finish it. He had lost his memory

21. The Holy Virgin, through whose intercession he had obtained the gift of knowledge, appeared to him and deprived him of it at the moment when it was about to become dangerous to him. He fell back into the state of dullness which he had deplored at Padua. He understood the warning, and devoted all his thoughts to prepare himself for a holy death, which took place two years after, on the 15th of November, 1282.

22. Let children learn from this example, to place their studies under the patronage of the Queen of Heaven, and receive with the gift of knowledge, those virtues which will render them ornaments of society, and worthy candidates for heaven.

19. Birth of our Saviour.

Cen'sus, numbering.
Naz'a-reth, the village in which our Saviour lived.
Beth'le-hem, the village in which our Saviour was born.
Ma'gi, wise men of the East.
Ad-mis'sion, admittance.
Pur'chased, bought.
Mes-si'ah, name given to our Saviour

Read deliberately, and pause to take breath and compress your lips. Give *t* its proper sound. Do not say *putchus* for *purchase; Messiar* for *Messiah.*

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR having commanded a census to be taken of all the population of the empire, Joseph and Mary went from Nazareth to Bethlehem, whence their family had its origin. There it was that, in the year of the world 4004, the Son of God came into the world, at the dead hour of night and in a poor stable, the poverty of Joseph being too great to pay for admission to an inn.

2. His birth was speedily announced by the angels to some shepherds who were watching their flocks by night. "*Glory to God*" sang the heavenly messengers, making known the joyful tidings, "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!*"

3. Eight days after his birth he was circumcised, and on

that same day the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, conformably to the command which they had received from God by an angel, gave him the name of *Jesus*, which signifies Saviour, because he came to save all men, and to deliver them from sin and hell.

4. To the name of *Jesus* has been added that of *Christ*, which means *sacred* or *anointed*, not that he was visibly consecrated by hands, but by reason of his hypostatical union with the Father.

We also call Jesus Christ *Our Lord*, because he has a particular claim on all Christians, whom he has redeemed and purchased at the price of his blood.

5. A few days after Jesus was circumcised, he was recognized as God and as king by three Magi, who, guided by a star, came from the East to adore him. Having reached Jerusalem, they lost sight of the star, and went about inquiring for the new-born king of the Jews.

6. The doctors of the law, being questioned by Herod, king of Galilee, made answer that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem. Herod, being alarmed by this announcement, and already meditating the death of the divine infant, engaged the Magi to return and acquaint him with the place where the child was to be found, falsely saying that he, too, would wish to adore him.

7. The Magi, resuming their journey, found the child, to whom they presented gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh; but being warned by an angel that Herod only sought to kill the infant, they returned by another way to their own country.

8. Forty days after the birth of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph took him to the temple, to present him to God, according to the custom of the Jews, he being the first-born. The Blessed Virgin at the same time fulfilled the law of purification, and offered what the law ordained, that is to say, a lamb for her son, and for herself, a pair of doves, being the gifts usually made by the poor—what examples of humility, and of obedience to the law!

9. Herod, seeing that the Magi returned no more, conceived the design of putting to death all children under two years

of age, whom he could find in Bethlehem or its vicinity, hoping thus to make sure of destroying the Saviour. But St. Joseph, apprised of this design by an angel, fled into Egypt with Jesus and Mary, where he remained till after the death of that barbarous prince.

10. He then returned to Juaea, and again took up his abode in Nazareth of Galilee; hence Jesus was called, through contempt, *the Nazarene.*

The gospel tells us that at the age of twelve years Jesus was taken to Jerusalem to celebrate the festival of the Pasch, according to the custom of the Jews, when he remained behind in the temple unperceived by his parents.

11. When they found that he was not with them, they sought him in vain for a whole day, whereupon they returned to Jerusalem, where they found him in the temple, seated amid the doctors, listening to them and proposing to them questions in a manner so astonishing that all who heard him were surprised by his wisdom and his answers.

12. At the age of thirty years, Jesus Christ was baptized by St. John the Baptist in the river Jordan; at which time the Holy Ghost descended upon him in the form of a dove, and the eternal Father declared from the highest heavens that Jesus Christ was indeed his beloved Son.

13. Soon after this, Jesus Christ was conducted by the Holy Ghost into the desert, where he fasted forty days. It is in honor and in remembrance of this fast of Jesus Christ that the Church has instituted the fast of Lent.

Our Lord at that time permitted himself to be tempted by the devil, in order to teach us not to fear temptation, and also the manner in which we must resist it, so as to render it even profitable to our souls.

14. EXAMPLE. A certain mother whose piety was as great as her faith was enlightened, recommended to her children to pass no day without asking the child Jesus for his blessing. "When," said she, "you are at your morning and evening prayers, picture to yourself the Blessed Virgin, carrying in her arms the infant Jesus.

15. "Bow down respectfully before her, and say with all

possible fervor; 'O Mary! deign to extend over me the hand of thy divine Son, so that being blessed by him, I may avoid the evil which is displeasing to him, and practise the good which is agreeable to him; that I may imitate him in his obedience and in all his other virtues, so that I may become worthy of possessing him with thee in heaven!'"

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20. A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

REF'EC-TO-RY, a dining-room in convents and monasteries.	FA-MIL'IAR, intimate, well-known.
GE-RON'O-MITE, a monk.	EC'STA-SY, rapture, trance.
DIS-CERNED', descried, seen.	VA'CANT, empty.

1. IT was a holy usage to record
Upon each refectory's side or end
The last mysterious supper of our Lord,
That meanest appetites might upward tend.

2. Within a convent-palace of old Spain,—
Rich with the gifts and monuments of kings,—
Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
The sov'reign glory of those wondrous things.

3. A painter of far fame, in deep delight,
Dwelt on each beauty he so well discern'd;
While, in low tones, a gray Geronomite
This answer to his ecstasy returned:

4. "Stranger! I have received my daily meal
In this good company now threescore years;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, canst hardly feel
How time these lifeless images endears.

5. "Lifeless! ah, no, while in my heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,

Familiar places vacant round our board,
And still *that* silent supper lasting on!

6. "While I review my youth,—what I was then,—
What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all,—
It seems as if *these* were the living men,
And *we* the color'd shadows on the wall."

21. Anecdotes of Dogs.

Keen′ness, sharpness.
Lit′er-a-ture, learning, acquaintance with books.
Sa-gac′i-ty, quick discernment in animals.
Civ′il-ized, reclaimed from barbarism.
Do-mes-ti-ca′tion, the act of making tame.
Em-phat′ic, forcible.

THE dog stands to man in the relation both of a valuable servant and an engaging companion. In many employments, especially those of shepherds and herdsmen, he performs services of great importance, such as could not be supplied without him. In those sports of the field, such as hunting and shooting, which many persons pursue with such eagerness, the assistance of the dog is essential to success.

2. By the keenness of scent he discovers the game, and by his swiftness of foot he runs it down. There is no period of time recorded by history in which we do not find the dog the friend and the servant of man; nor is there any literature which does not contain some tribute to his faithfulness and sagacity.

3. The savage, roaming over the pathless wilderness, and dependent upon the animals in the forest and the fish in the streams for his daily food; and the civilized man, dwelling in a comfortable house in a town or village, agree in the attachment they feel for their four-footed friends. Many men of great eminence in literature and science have been remarkable for their fondness for dogs; and more than one poet has sung the praises of particular specimens of the race.

4. Sir Walter Scott was strongly attached to them, and had one or more of them about him at all times during his life. In one of his works he thus speaks of them: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, has invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury.

5. "He has a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

6. A long course of domestication, and peculiar modes of training and rearing, have divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties; many of which show marked difference in size and appearance. The savage bulldog seems hardly to belong to the same race as the delicate lapdog, that sleeps on the rug, and is washed and combed by its fair mistress almost as carefully as an infant.

7. The swift and slim greyhound looks very little like the sturdy and square-built mastiff. But there are certain traits of character, which, in a greater or less degree, are common

to all the kinds. Sagacity, docility, gratitude, a capacity to receive instruction, and attachment to his master's person, are qualities which belong to the whole race. Many anecdotes are to be found in books which prove the virtues and intelligence of the dog, from which we have made a selection for the entertainment of our young readers.

8. Many instances have been recorded in which persons have been saved from drowning by dogs, especially by those of the Newfoundland breed, which have a natural love of the water. A vessel was once driven on the beach by a storm in the county of Kent, in England. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance.

9. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him.

10. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and forthwith seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and of resolution almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved.

11. A person, while rowing a boat, pushed his Newfoundland dog into the stream. The animal followed the boat for some time, till probably finding himself fatigued, he endeavored to get into it by placing his feet on the side. His owner repeatedly pushed the dog away; and in one of his efforts to do so, he lost his balance and fell into the river, and would probably have been drowned, had not the affectionate and generous animal immediately seized and held him above water till assistance arrived from the shore.

12. A boatman once plunged into the water to swim with another man for a wager. His Newfoundland dog, mistaking

the purpose and supposing that his master was in danger, plunged after him, and dragged him to the shore by his hair, to the great diversion of the spectators.

13. Nor are the good offices of dogs to man displayed only on the water. A young man in the north of England, while he was tending his father's sheep, had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was three miles from home, in an unfrequented spot, where no one was likely to approach; evening was fast approaching, and he was in great pain from the fracture. In this dreadful condition, he folded one of his gloves in a pocket handkerchief, fastened it around the dog's neck, and then ordered him home in an emphatic tone of voice.

14. The dog, convinced that something was wrong, ran home with the utmost speed, and scratched with great violence at the door of the house for admittance. The parents of the young man were greatly alarmed at his appearance, especially when they had examined the handkerchief and its contents. Instantly concluding that some accident had befallen their son, they did not delay a moment to go in search of him. The dog anxiously led the way, and conducted the agitated parents to the spot, where their suffering son was lying. Happily, he was removed just at the close of day, and the necessary assistance being procured, he soon recovered.

15. On one of the roads leading from Switzerland to Italy, called the Pass of St. Bernard, is a convent situated at more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the winter time, when the cold is intense and the snows are deep, travellers are exposed to great danger; and the inmates of the convent, when storms are raging, are in the habit of going abroad to assist such wayfarers as may need their services.

16. They are accompanied by their dogs, a noble breed of animals, who are called by the name of the convent where they are kept. They carry food and cordials fastened at their necks, and are able to pass over snow-wreaths too light to bear the weight of a man. They are aided by the acuteness of their scent in finding the unfortunate persons who have been buried in the snow, and many men have owed their lives to the timely succor afforded by these four-footed friends of men.

17. One of them, which served the convent for twelve years, is said to have been instrumental in saving the lives of forty individuals. He once found a little boy, who had become benumbed by the cold, and fallen down upon a wreath of snow. By licking his hands and face, and by his caresses, he induced the little fellow to get upon his back, and cling with his arms around his neck; and in this way he brought him in triumph to the convent.

18. This incident forms the subject of a well-known picture. When this dog died, his skin was stuffed and deposited in the museum at Berne; and the little vial in which he carried a cordial draught for the exhausted traveller still hangs about his neck. How many men have there been, endowed with reason and speech, whose lives were less useful than that of this noble dog!

22. The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Ram′part	the wall of a fortress.
Mar′tial	military.
Ran′dom	done without aim, left to chance.
Reck	care, mind.

Do not say *ubbraid* for *upbraid.*

1. NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;

And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

◆

23. I TRY TO BE GOOD.

Vex-a′tion, cause of trouble.
Dif′fi-cul-ties, obstacles in one's way.
Warn′ing, previous notice, a caution.
Ob′sti-na-cy, perverseness.

I TRY to be good," said Emily, "but I have so many vexations, that I find it difficult to do as I wish; for whenever I feel pleased and happy, something will happen to give me a heavy heart." "But, child," said her mother, "you should rise above these little trifles; a sincerely virtuous endeavor, proceeding from right principles, enables one to overcome little difficulties. It was but last evening I was reading a story on this very subject.

2. "It was the confession of a man who had severe struggles with a bad temper. He said that when he was a little child

he was noted for obstinacy, one of the worst faults of man or child. He had an indulgent mother, who kindly softened his unhappy hours by devising various ways for his amusement: 'But,' said he, 'if she did not succeed in the plan, I was sure to wear a sullen face.'

3. "But, to teach him how unjust and insensible he was to that kindness, his mother was taken ill, and died. It was then he felt how much he owed to her; and bitter was his grief that he could not, by future acts of love, repair the unhappiness he had caused her. But now that her warning voice could not reach him, he was left to go on more unrestrained: 'And,' said he, 'until I began to see this trait of obstinacy displayed in my own children, I never began in earnest to correct it in myself.'

4. "Let this, Emily, be your warning," said her devoted mother. "The little trials of life were designed to answer the same purpose in children, that heavier trials are to older people; and just in proportion as we bear them now, shall we be fitted to endure life's future discipline. It is not a small matter, if an evil temper is permitted to be indulged under every disappointment.

5. "Do you remember, Emily, that ugly-shaped tree, that you desired the gardener to remove the other day, because it grew so very crooked; and you remember that he told you the reason of its being so ill-shaped, was because it was not pruned as it grew up."

6. "Yes, mother," said the smiling girl; "and just so it will be with me: if I do not watch over my evil temper now, —I suppose you mean to say,—that like that tree, I shall be deformed in mind, which you always told me was a much greater blemish than a deformed body. I will endeavor to-morrow to be cheerful all day." "And if you desire to be good," added her mother "the virtuous attempt will be attended with success."

24. The Green Mossy Bank.

In′fan-cy	the first period of life.
Wan′der	to rove, to ramble.
Stream	running water.
Spray	water driven by the wind.
But′ter-cup	a small yellow flower.

1. Oh, my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy banks where the buttercups grew,
Where the bright silver fountain eternally play'd,
First laughing in sunshine, then sighing in shade.
There in my childhood, I've wander'd in play,
Flinging up the cool drops in a shower of spray,
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew,
As I play'd on the bank where the buttercups grew.

2. How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipp'd in the wave!

And then each pale lily that slept on the stream,
Rose and fell with the wave as if stirr'd by a dream.
While my home 'mid the vine-leaves rose soft on my view,
As I play'd on the bank where the buttercups grew.

3. The beautiful things ! how I watch'd them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold.
Oh ! never a spot since those days have I seen,
With leaves of such freshness and flowers of such sheen ;
How glad was my spirit, for then there was nought,
To burden its wing, save some beautiful thought,
Breaking up from its depths with each wild wind that blew
O'er the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew

The paths I have trod, I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the gladness that look'd from my face,
As I cool'd my warm lip in that fountain of love,
With a spirit as gentle as that of a dove.
Could I wander again where my forehead was starr'd,
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unmarr'd ;
And calm as a child, in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

25. On the Baptismal Vows.

Re-nounced′, rejected.
Af-firm′a-tive, ratifying.
Rat′i-fi-ed, confirmed.
Fi-del′i-ty, faithfulness.
Con′stant-ly, without ceasing.
Pro-fes′sion, avowal.
A-pos′ta-sy, renouncing one's faith or solemn promises.
Pre′cepts, commandments.
Thral′dom, bondage.
Vi′o-late, to transgress, to break.

Give each vowel its sound. Do not say *'postasy* for *apostasy ; fuddelity* for *fidelity ; incessuntly* for *incessantly.*

When presented to the Church to receive holy baptism, we were asked if we believed in God, if we would live according to the precepts of the gospel, and if we renounced with all our heart the devil and his pomps, the world and its maxims; and it was only when a formal and affirmative answer had been returned, that we were admitted among the children of God.

2. It was, therefore, in the face of heaven and earth, in the presence of God and his holy angels, that we promised to obey the law of Christ, and to practise it in its fullest extent.

3. It is true we had not the use of reason at the time of our baptism; but it was for us and in our name that these promises were made; we have since ratified them as often as we made a public profession of Christianity; we also confirmed them every day by making on ourselves the sign of the cross, by reciting the Lord's prayer, assisting at the holy sacrifice of the mass, and by receiving the sacraments.

4. We are not, therefore, our own property, but belong to God,—our soul, our body, and all are his. To follow the maxims of the world, to seek after its vanities, to love the pomps of the devil, to be ashamed of the gospel, would be to renounce the character of a Christian, violate our engagements, trample on the blood of Jesus Christ, outrage the Holy Ghost, and shamefully expel him from our hearts.

5. Let us, then, never forget that these vows are written in the book of life, that God has account of them in heaven, and that we shall be judged by them at the hour of death. On our fidelity in fulfilling them depends our salvation and our eternal destiny.

6. In order to keep them in our minds we ought often to renew them, and constantly to thank the Lord for having snatched us from the thraldom of the Evil One, and called us to the kingdom of his Son.

7. We read in the history of the Church that a holy deacon, named Murrita, having answered at the sacred font for a young man named Elpiphodorus, had the misfortune to see him become an apostate and a persecutor of the Christians.

8. One day, when he was publicly tormenting some Christians in the midst of an immense crowd, the holy deacon suddenly appeared; he had preserved the white robe wherewith Elpiphodorus had been covered at his baptism, and presenting

it to him, he cried in a loud voice: "Behold the witness of thine apostasy; this will bear testimony against thee at the judgment-seat of God.

9. "Look upon this white garment wherewith I clothed thee at the sacred font; it will call for vengeance upon thee, and it shall be changed into a robe of fire to burn thee for all eternity." The spectators were moved to tears by this address, and Elpiphodorus withdrew, covered with confusion.

26. The Litany.

Sub′tle, cunning.
Se-pul′chral, relating to the tomb.
To Lurk, to lie in wait.
Lit′a-ny, a solemn form of prayer.

Read this lesson slowly and pronounce the consonants distinctly.

1. By thy birth and early years;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy victory, in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Jesus! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany

2. By the sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By thy bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode;
By the troubled sigh that told
Treason lurk'd within thy fold—
Jesus! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3. By thine hour of dark despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Cross and passion, pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice—
Jesus! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power from death to save—
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To thy throne in heaven restored;
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

27. THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

DIS-CI'PLE, a follower, a learner
MYS'TE-RY, something unexplained.
COW'ARD-ICE, habitual timidity.
CHEST, the breast.
IM-PORT'ANT, momentous.

Do not say *perfession* for *profession; ben* or *bean* for *been* (bin); *thor faith* for *their faith; an uccomplish* for *and accomplish; with the sistunce of the mos soly* for *with the assistance of the Most Holy.*

TO make profession of our faith is one of our most essential duties, for Jesus Christ will not recognize as his disciples those who have been ashamed of belonging to him, and shrank from declaring their faith openly.

2. One of the best means of showing that we are Christians, glorying in that title, is to make religiously upon ourselves the august sign of the cross.

3. There are two ways of making the sign of the cross: the first is by making a cross with the thumb on the forehead, mouth, and bosom; it is thus that the priest makes it during the mass, when he begins to read the gospels, and all the faithful should do the same.

4. We make the sign of the cross on the forehead, to show that we are Christians, and not ashamed to act as such; on the mouth, to testify that we are ever ready to make profession of believing in God and in Jesus Christ; and on the breast, to show that we love the cross of Christ, and heartily believe what we profess.

5. The second method of making the sign of the cross is by placing the right hand on the forehead, then on the chest, then on the left shoulder, and afterwards on the right, saying, " In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

6. When making the sign of the cross we profess the unity of God by saying these words *In the name*, in the singular number ; the Trinity of persons, by naming each in turn ; the mystery of the Incarnation and that of the Redemption by making the form of the cross on which the Son of God made man died for us ; and the mystery of grace, by carrying the hand from the left side, which is the figure of sin, to the right, which represents the grace merited for us by Christ.

7. The words "In the name of the Father," signify again : "I am going to perform this action by order of the Most Holy Trinity ; I will obey it faithfully, and accomplish its will ; I do this in honor of the Blessed Trinity, desiring to render it all the homage of which I am capable.

8. "I am about to perform this action with the assistance of the Most Holy Trinity ; acknowledging that I can do nothing without the strength which comes from the Father, the grace which the Son has merited for me, and the light which proceeds from the Holy Ghost."

9. We should not fail to make the sign of the cross at least morning and evening, before and after meals, at the beginning and end of our prayers, and when setting about any important action ; it is a great means of drawing down upon ourselves and our undertakings the blessing of God.

10. We should also make it, at least in our hearts, when we find ourselves exposed to danger or temptation, to the end that we may be delivered therefrom, and preserved from offending God.

11. A young girl blushed while making the sign of the cross on an occasion when it was usual to make it, and that because a stranger was present. This was noticed by a certain pious person, who soon made her ashamed of her cowardice, and want of love for Jesus Christ.

12. "What!" said he, "Jesus was not ashamed to die on

the cross to redeem you, yet you blush to form on yourself the august sign of your redemption!" He added, "I hope that in future you will glory in belonging to your adorable Master. May the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost bless you, through the passion and death of Our Lord Jesus Christ!"

28. The Three Friends.

Trust, confidence, reliance.
Pris′on, a jail.
Wor′thy, deserving.
Heed, care, attention.

TRUST no friend whom you have not tried. There are more of them at the festive board than at the prison door.

2. A man had three friends; two of them he loved much, but for the third he cared little, though he was well worthy of his affection. This man was once summoned before the judge and strongly accused of a crime of which he was really innocent. "Who among you," said he, "will go with me, and give evidence in my behalf? For I have been accused without cause, and the king is angry."

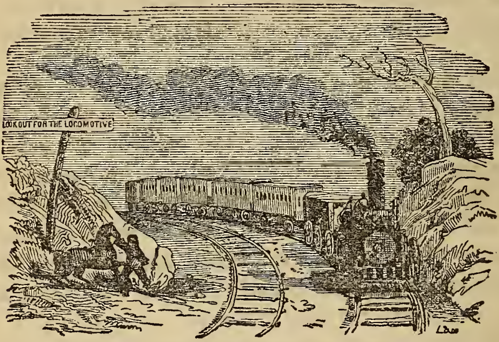
3. The first of his friends excused himself immediately; saying that he could not go with him on account of other business. The second accompanied him to the door of the hall of justice; there he turned round and went back, through fear of the angry judge. The third, on whom he had least depended, went in, spoke for him, and testified so fully to his innocence, that the judge dismissed him unharmed.

4. Man has three friends in this world, How do they behave in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment?

5. The gold, the friend he loves best, leaves him first, and does not go with him. His relations and friends attend him to the gate of the grave, and return to their homes. The third, of whom in life he took least heed, is represented by his good works. They attend him to the throne of the Judge; they go before him, plead for him, and find mercy and grace for him.

29. Song of the Railroad.

Brake,	a place overgrown with fern, a thicket.
Aq′ue-duct,	a channel for carrying water, supported by some structure.
Mar′gin,	the water's edge, the shore.
Mould,	fine, soft earth.
Goal,	the point set to arrive at, the end of the journey.
Ex-pan′sion,	the state of being expanded or stretched out.
Cease′less,	without a stop or pause.


LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE

1. THROUGH the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with screech and roar!
Splashing! flashing!
Crashing! dashing!

2. Over ridges,
Gullies, bridges!
By the bubbling rill,
And mill—
Highways, byways,
Hollow hill—

Jumping—bumping—
Rocking—roaring
Like forty thousand giants snoring!
By the lonely hut and mansion,
By the ocean's wide expansion—
Where the factory chimneys smoke,
Where the foundry bellows croak—
Dash along!
Slash along!
Crash along!
Flash along!
On! on! with a jump,
And a bump,
And a roll!
Hies the fire-fiend to its destined goal!

3. Over moor and over bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog;
Every instant something new,
No sooner seen than lost to view;
Now a tavern—now a steeple—
Now a crowd of gaping people—
Now a hollow—now a ridge—
Now a crossway—now a bridge—
Grumble, stumble,
Rumble, tumble—
Church and steeple,
Gaping people—
Quick as thought are lost to view!
Every thing that eye can survey,
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy!
Each passenger is thump'd and shaken,
As physic is when to be taken.

4. By the foundry, past the forge,
Through the plain, and mountain gorge,
Where cathedral rears its head,
Where repose the silent dead!

Monuments amid the grass
Flit like spectres as you pass!
If to hail a friend inclined—
Whisk! whirr! ka—swash!—he's left behind!
Rumble, tumble, all the day,
Thus we pass the hours away.

30. Victorinus.

Pro-fi′cien-cy, advancement, improvement gained.
Rhet′o-ric, the science of oratory.
Ex-as′per-ate, to vex, to provoke.
Ad-min′is-ter-ed, managed, supplied.

Do not say *pernounced* for *pronounced; perfession* for *profession; respec for the sancty of the place*, for *respect for the sanctity of the place.*

VICTORINUS, a celebrated orator, had been professor of rhetoric at Rome; he had passed his life in the study of the liberal sciences, and had attained a great proficiency in all of them. He had read, examined, and explained almost all the writings of the ancient philosophers, and had had the honor of instructing all the most distinguished of the Roman senators.

2. He had, in fine, followed his profession so successfully, that a statue had been erected to his honor in a public square of Rome, a distinction then considered the highest that man could attain. Yet he was still a pagan, an adorer of idols; and not only that, but he employed all his eloquence in persuading others to adore them as he did.

3. What extraordinary grace did it require to touch and convert such a heart! Behold the means which God employed in doing so. Victorinus began to read the Holy Scriptures, and having for some time applied himself to that study, together with other books that explained the Christian religion, he said one day to St. Simplician: "I have something to tell you which will interest you very much: I am a Christian"—

"I do not believe a word of it," replied the Saint, "nor shall I believe you, until I see you in the church where the faithful are wont to assemble."

4. "What then," exclaimed Victorinus, "is it only within the inclosure of four walls that one is a Christian?" So it went on for some time, as often as Victorinus protested that he was a Christian, Simplician made him the same reply, and the other always put it off with a laugh and a jest.

5. The truth was, that he feared to exasperate his pagan friends, as their anger and opposition would be sure to crush him, if once called forth, and this risk he could not bring himself to incur.

6. But after a time courage and generosity were given him from above because of his close application to the study of religion, and the docility with which he opened his heart to its truths, and he became convinced that it would be an enormous crime to blush for believing the mysteries of Jesus Christ, while appearing to glory in the sacrilegious superstitions of paganism.

7. No sooner did he obtain this conviction than he hastened to tell St. Simplician, at a time, too, when that holy man was least expecting him: "Let us go to the church," said he, "I am resolved to *show* myself a Christian, nor content myself longer with being one in heart." Simplician, transported with joy, immediately took him to the church, and had his name entered on the list of those who demanded baptism.

8. All the city of Rome was struck with admiration and astonishment; and the hearts of the faithful were filled with joy, because of the celebrity and high reputation of that great man. At length the happy day arrived when he was to make his profession of faith, in order to be baptized.

9. It was then the custom in the Roman church to make this profession in a regular formula of words which the catechumen learned by heart, and pronounced aloud before all the people. The priests, through respect, would have waived this custom, and permitted Victorinus to make his profession in private, a privilege which was sometimes granted to timid persons; but Victorinus declined, declaring that he would pro-

claim aloud, in presence of the whole assembly, his belief in those doctrines which were to guide him to endless happiness.

10. No sooner had he appeared in the tribune than a sudden transport of joy seized all hearts, and his name was echoed aloud from mouth to mouth, and although each one restrained his joyful emotion through respect for the sanctity of the place and the sacrament about to be administered, yet all around was heard the murmured exclamation: *It is Victorinus! It is Victorinus!*

11. But every sound was speedily hushed, in order to permit him to speak; whereupon, he with holy fervor, repeated in a clear, distinct voice, his belief in the truths which form the basis of our faith. Willingly would the people have taken him and carried him around in triumph, for every heart overflowed with the joy of beholding him a Christian.

12. This splendid conversion had great consequences, and when St. Augustine was informed of it by St. Simplician, he acknowledged that he felt strongly moved to follow the example of Victorinus; this intention he soon after carried into execution under the ministry of St. Ambrose, to whom St. Simplician had been a father from his baptism.

31. Guardian Angels.

Sub-ser′vi-ent, serviceable.
Way′ward, unruly, perverse.
Em′a-nat-ing, issuing, or flowing from.

Do not say *moles* for *moulds.*

1. OH! he may brave life's dangers,
    In hope and not in dread,
Whose mother's prayers are lighting
    A halo round his head.
For wheresoe'er he wander,
    Through this cold world and dark,
There white-wing'd angels follow,
    To guard life's wayward bark.

2. Go, let the scoffer call it
    A shadow and a dream,

Those meek, subservient spirits,
Are nearer than we deem.
Think not they visit only
The bright, enraptured eye,
Of some pure sainted martyr,
Prepared and glad to die;

Or that the poet's fancy,
Or the painter's magic skill,
Creates a dream of beauty,
And moulds a work at will.

3. They live, they wander round us,
Soft resting on the cloud,
Although to human vision,
The sight be disallow'd.
They are to the Almighty
What rays are to the sun,
An emanating essence,
From the great supernal One.
4. They bend for prayers to listen,
They weep to witness crimes,
They watch for holy moments,
Good thoughts, repentant times;
They cheer the meek and humble,
They heal the broken heart,
They teach the wavering spirit
From earthly ties to part.
5. Unseen they dwell among us,
As when they watch below,
In spiritual anguish,
The sepulchre of woe.
And when we pray, though feeble
Our orisons may be,
They then are our companions,
Who pray eternally.

32. The Resurrection of the Body.

Moul′der, to rot.
Es-tab′lish-ed, fixed.
Re-sus′ci-tate, to bring to life.
Om-nip′o-tence, unlimited power.
Im-pas′si-ble, not subject to suffering.
In-con-ceiv′a-ble, not to be conceived.
Cor-rup′tion, decay.

Give *o* its proper sound. Do not say *conserlation* for *consolation; t'gether* for *together ; t'create* for *to create.*

IT is an article of faith that our body shall one day rise again. All men shall die, and they shall rise again with the same bodies they had in this life. The body, laid in the earth, shall go through the process of corruption, and moulder into dust; but what changes soever it may have undergone, its ashes shall one day be gathered together and reanimated by the breath of God. Life is but a dream, and death a sleep; but the resurrection will be the beginning of a life which shall never end.

2. "The day will come," said Jesus Christ, "when all who are in the grave shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they who have done good works, shall rise and live forever; but they who have done evil shall rise to be condemned." "In a moment," says St. Paul, "in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the last trumpet, the dead shall arise to die no more."

3. That resurrection shall be general; all shall arise, the great and the small, the just and the wicked, they who have lived before us from the beginning of the world, they who are now on the earth, they who shall come after us, all shall die, and rise again at the last day with the same bodies they had in this life.

4. It is God who will work this prodigy by his Omnipotence. As he has drawn all things from nothing by his will alone, so shall he with as much ease, gather together our scattered members, and reunite them with our souls. It is not more difficult for the Almighty to reanimate our bodies than it was for him to create them. Nay, we have under our eyes, every year, a figure of this resurrection.

5. Are not the trees, as it were, dead during the winter, and do they not appear to resuscitate in the spring? The grain and other seed which is cast into the earth, decays therein, only to come forth again fairer than at first: it is the same with our body; which, like a seed, is laid in the earth for a season, to come forth again full of life.

6. The bodies of the just shall not then be solid, heavy, and corruptible, as they now are; but they shall shine like the sun, and shall be free from all sorts of pain and inconvenience, full of strength and agility, such as was the body of our Lord after his resurrection.

7. The just, who are his children, sanctified by his grace,

united and made one with him by faith, shall also rise like unto himself; Jesus Christ shall transform their mean and abject bodies, and render them like unto to his own—glorious and impassible.

8. The body, which has had its share in the good done by the soul while they were joined together, shall be a sharer also in its happiness. The wicked shall, indeed, rise again, but their bodies shall have none of these glorious qualities; they shall arise, but only to be given up to torments endless in their duration, and inconceivable in their greatness.

9. "All the multitude of those who sleep in the dust of the earth," says one of the prophets, "shall awake, some for life eternal, and others for endless ignominy and disgrace."

What a spectacle shall then meet our eyes! what sentiments will arise in our hearts, when we hear the sound of the trumpet, and when that dreadful voice shall echo over the earth, "Arise, ye dead! and come to judgment!"—when we shall see all mankind assemble, without any other distinction than that made by their own works!

10. In the reign of Antiochus, the seven young Machabees and their mother generously suffered the most cruel torments rather than violate the law of God, because they hoped in the resurrection. The first had his tongue cut out and the skin torn off his head, and he being still alive he was cast into a caldron over a huge fire. The second, when expiring, said to the king: "You now put us to death; but the Ruler of the world shall one day raise us up to life everlasting."

11. The third said with confidence: "I have received these members from Heaven, but I now hold them as nothing in defence of the laws of God, because I hope that they shall be one day restored to me." The fourth spoke in these terms: "It is better for us to be slain for obeying God, than to preserve our lives by disobeying him; we hope that in the resurrection, God will render glorious these bodies which we received from him."

12. The others manifested similar courage and fortitude. Nevertheless, the youngest still remained; and Antiochus tried to shake his purpose by caresses and the hope of reward; he

also sent him to his mother, hoping that she would persuade him to sacrifice to the idols

13. But that generous mother said to her son: "Look up to heaven! raise thine eyes to God, who hath created all things, and thou shalt not fear these torments, but will follow thy brethren to death!" Antiochus, more than ever enraged, poured out all his wrath on the boy, and caused the mother to undergo the same torments as her sons.

33. A Story of a Monk.

Monk, a member of a religious community of men.
Clois'ter, a convent or monastery inhabited by nuns or monks.
Ab'bot, the head of a community of monks.
Stu'di-ous, given to books or learning.
Chron'i-cle, to record, to write down.
Cru'ci-fix, an image of our Saviour's body fastened to a cross.

MANY years ago, there dwelt in a cloister a monk named Urban, who was remarkable for an earnest and devout frame of mind beyond his fellows, and was therefore intrusted with the key of the convent library. He was a careful guardian of its contents, and, besides, a studious reader of its learned and sacred volumes. One day he read in the Epistles of St. Peter the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and this saying seemed impossible in his eyes, so that he spent many an hour in musing over it.

2. Then one morning it happened that the monk descended from the library into the cloister garden, and there he saw a little bird perched on the bough of a tree, singing sweetly, like a nightingale. The bird did not move as the monk approached her, till he came quite close, and then she flew to another bough, and again another, as the monk pursued her. Still singing the same sweet song, the nightingale flew on; and the monk, entranced by the sound, followed her out of the garden into the wide world.

3. At last he stopped, and turned back to the cloister; but every thing seemed changed to him. Every thing had become larger, more beautiful, and older,—the buildings, the garden; and in the place of the low, humble cloister church, a lofty minster with three towers reared its head to the sky. This seemed very strange to the monk, indeed marvellous; but he walked on to the cloister gate and timidly rang the bell. A porter entirely unknown to him answered his summons, and drew back in amazement when he saw the monk.

4. The latter went in, and wandered through the church, gazing with astonishment on memorial stones which he never remembered to have seen before. Presently the brethren of the cloister entered the church; but all retreated when they saw the strange figure of the monk. The abbot only (but not his abbot) stopped, and stretching a crucifix before him, exclaimed, "In the name of Christ, who art thou, spirit or mortal? And what dost thou seek here, coming from the dead among us, the living?"

5. The monk, trembling and tottering like an old man, cast his eyes to the ground, and for the first time became aware that a long silvery beard descended from his chin over his girdle, to which was still suspended the key of the library. To the monks around the stranger seemed some marvellous

appearance; and, with a mixture of awe and admiration, they led him to the chair of the abbot. There he gave to a young monk the key of the library, who opened it, and brought out a chronicle wherein it was written, that three hundred years ago the monk Urban had disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone.

6. "Ah, bird of the forest, was it then thy song?" said the monk Urban, with a sigh. "I followed thee for scarce three minutes, listening to thy notes, and yet three hundred years have passed away! Thou hast sung to me the song of eternity which I could never before learn. Now I know it; and, dust myself, I pray to God kneeling in the dust." With these words he sank to the ground, and his spirit ascended to heaven.

34. The Dilatory Scholar.

To Lin′ger, to delay, to be dilatory.
To Pro-test′, to declare.
Satch′el, a little bag used by schoolboys.
At′las, a book of maps.

Pronounce distinctly. Do not say *breakin* for *breaking; nothin* for *nothing; playin* for *playing.*

1. OH! where is my hat? it is taken away,
   And my shoestrings are all in a knot!
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
   Though I've hunted in every spot.

2. My slate and my pencil nowhere can be found,
   Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are all scatter'd around,
   And hop about just like a flea.

3. Do, Rachel, just look for my atlas up-stairs;
   My Virgil is somewhere there, too;
And, sister, brush down these troublesome hairs,—
   And, brother, just fasten my shoe.

4. And, mother, beg father to write an excuse;
But stop—he will only say "No,"
And go on with a smile and keep reading the news,
While every thing bothers me so.

5. My satchel is heavy and ready to fall;
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball,—
There's no playing for such a poor chap!

6. The town-clock will strike in a minute, I fear;
Then away to the foot I must sink:—
There, look at my history, tumbled down here!
And my algebra cover'd with ink!

35. Spanish Evening Hymn.

WEA'RY, tired, fatigued. WATCH-FIRE, a fire used as a signal.

Sound the aspirated *h*. Do not say *sailor zim* for *sailor's hymn; from iz* for *from his; fountun sealing* for *fount unsealing.*

1. MOTHER! now let prayer and music,
Meet in love on earth and sea!
Now, sweet mother! may the weary,
Turn from this cold world to thee!

2. From the wide and restless waters,
Hear the sailor's hymn arise;
From his watch-fire 'mid the mountains,
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries!

3. Yet, when thus full hearts find voices,
If o'erburden'd souls there be,
Dark and silent in their anguish,
Aid those captives, set them free!

4. Touch them, every fount unsealing,
Where the frozen tears lie deep;
Thou, the mother of all sorrows,
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

36. CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary."—*Matthew* xiv. 24.

BIL'LOWS, waves.	RIGHT'E-OUS, just, upright.
BREATH'LESS, out of breath.	MAN'DATES, commands.

Pronounce each *word* distinctly. Do not say *rollin 'igh an' dark* for *rolling high and dark.*

1. FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

2. And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

3. And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

4. And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous fall asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

5. Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh ! send thy spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood !

6. Thou that didst bow the billow's pride !
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak, to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say—" Peace, be still !"

37. Holiday Children.

Christ'mas, the day our Saviour was born.
Mu-se'um, a collection of curiosities.
Coax'ing-ly, flatteringly.
Scutch'eon, the ground on which a coat of arms is painted.

ONE of the most pleasing sights at this festive season, is the group of boys and girls returned from school. Go where you will, a cluster of their joyous, chubby faces presents themselves to our notice. In the streets, or elsewhere, our elbows are constantly assailed by some eager urchin whose eyes just peep beneath to get a nearer view.

2. I am more delighted in watching the vivacious workings of their ingenuous countenances at these Christmas shows, than at the sights themselves.

3. From the first joyous huzzas, and loud-blown horns which announce their arrival, to the faint attempts at similar mirth on their return, I am interested in these youngsters.

4. Observe the line of chaises with their swarm-like loads hurrying to tender and exulting parents, the sickly to be cher-

ished, the strong to be amused; in a few mornings you shall see them, new clothes, warm gloves, gathering around their mother at every toy-shop, claiming the promised bat, hoop, top, or marbles; mark her kind smile at their ecstasies; her prudent shake of the head at their numerous demands; her gradual yielding as they coaxingly drag her in; her patience with their whims and clamor while they turn and toss over the playthings, as now a sword, and now a hoop is their choice, and, like their elders, the possession of *one* bauble does but make them sigh for another.

5. View the fond father, his pet little girl by the hand, his boys walking before, on whom his proud eye rests, while ambitious views float over his mind for them, and make him but half attentive to their repeated inquiries; while at the museum or the picture-gallery, his explanations are interrupted by the rapture of discovering that his children are already well acquainted with the different subjects exhibited.

6. At no season of the year are their holidays so replete with pleasures; the expected Christmas-box from grand-papa and grand-mamma; plum-pudding and snap-dragon, with blindman's buff and forfeits; perhaps to witness a juvenile play rehearsed and ranted; galantee-show and drawing for twelfth-cake; besides Christmas gambols in abundance, new and old.

7. Even the poor charity-boy at this season feels a transient glow of cheerfulness, as with pale blue face, frost-nipped hands, and thin, scant clothes, from door to door he timidly displays the unblotted scutcheon of his graphic talents, and feels that the pence bestowed are his *own*, and that for once in his life he may taste the often-desired tart, or spin a top which no one can snatch from him in capricious tyranny.

PART SECOND.

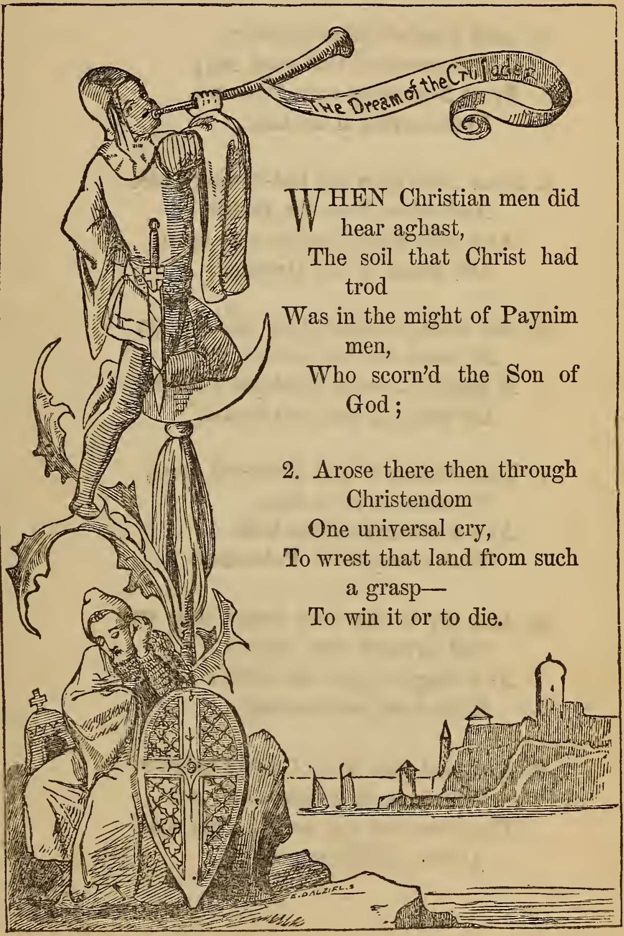
A WORD TO TEACHERS.

We have deemed it best to discontinue the spelling and defining lessons at the commencement of the articles, but we cannot too strongly recommend all teachers to devote a portion of every day to the orthography and definition of a certain number of words contained in the reading lesson.

Let the pupils spell and explain the words at the head of each lesson before commencing to read. After the lesson is over, let the teacher direct them to close their books, and spell and define every word he may select. It may, then, be asked: how are children to learn the meaning of the words? We answer, by being accustomed to give in their *own* language, their *own* ideas of every unusual or important word which occurs in their *reading lesson;* the teacher of course correcting them when wrong, and explaining, when necessary, the proper meaning of the term in question; or referring them for this information to their dictionaries, which should always be at hand for this their legitimate use.

Questions on the subject of the lesson should also be carefully continued.

1. The Dream of the Crusader.


The Dream of the Crusader
E. DALZIEL. S

WHEN Christian men did
hear aghast,
The soil that Christ had
trod
Was in the might of Paynim
men,
Who scorn'd the Son of
God;

2. Arose there then through
Christendom
One universal cry,
To wrest that land from such
a grasp—
To win it or to die.

3. That cry went forth through Europe's realms,
From one end to the other;
The call was like the thunder's voice,
That nought on earth can smother.

4. And France's fairest chivalry
Did mount at that loud call;
From Normandy unto Provence,
None tarried in his hall.

5. Some came from the fast-flowing Loire
And others from the Rhone,
And some whose castles were upon
The banks of the Garonne.

6. One common badge they all do wear,
A proud and holy crest,
A blood-red cross, emblazon'd bright
On each left arm and breast.

7. Their banner is that blood-red cross,
Upraised as for a sign,
And animating all the host
With thoughts of Palestine.

8. And day by day they fought their way
Still onwards from the sea,
And charged upon the Infidel
With dauntless constancy.

9. And 'mid that host of noble knights
Who from their homes had gone,
There was not one more worthy than
Anselm of Ribeaupont.

2. THE DREAM OF THE CRUSADER—*continued.*

1. One early morn, the sun as yet
Was scarcely in the sky,
He begg'd the priest to shrive him then,
And make him fit to die.

2. He wish'd to take the sacrament
As soon as he was shriven,
That he might dare to meet his God
With hopes to be forgiven.

3. Now all did marvel at his words,
For he was fresh and well;
And why he deem'd that he should die,
No mortal man could tell.

4. But good Sir Anselm with grave mien
Thus spake—"My race is run!
Ere yonder sun shall set again,
Life's journey will be done.

5. My friend, Ingolram of St. Pol,
Who fell at Ma'ra's fight,
And whom we all lamented so,
I've seen in the past night.

6. This very night he came to me,
And stood beside my bed;
'Twas not a dream—I was awake,
And heard each word he said.

7. I asked him, 'Whither comest thou,
And why so bright and fair?
For thou wert kill'd at Maara,
And we interred thee there.'

8. He was so bright and beautiful,
And mild each placid feature;

He was not like a mortal man,
But some angelic creature.

9. He answer'd me, 'I am so fair,
And beautiful and bright,
Because my dwelling shineth so
With all-resplendent light.

10. And this to me my God hath given,
Because I served him well;
For laying down my life for him
Against the Infidel.

11. And it hath been reveal'd to me,
That such a dwelling-place,
But brighter still, awaiteth thee,
Through God's great sovereign grace.

12. And I am come to bring to thee
These tidings glad and sweet;
Thy dwelling it is wondrous fair—
To morrow there we meet!' "

13. Again they went to fight their way
Still onwards from the sea;
They charged upon the Infidel
With wonted constancy.

14. The Paynim men advance again,
To drive them to the sea,
But on them rush'd the red-cross men
With all their chivalry.

15. And when the day's hard strife was o'er,
The sun went down apace,
The good Sir Anselm he was miss'd
At his accustom'd place.

16. They sought him on the battle-field,
They found him 'midst the dead:
A stone, by some huge engine hurl'd,
Had struck him on the head.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Lord has himself taught us what we are to beg of God, and the order in which it is to be asked. He has even vouchsafed to draw up the petition which we are to present to the Father in his name, and to leave us an excellent form of prayer, which is thence called *The Lord's Prayer*. "Jesus Christ," says St. Cyprian, "among other salutary advices and precepts which he hath given to his people in order to guide them to salvation, has prescribed a formula of prayer, to the end that we may be the more readily heard by the Father, by addressing him in the very words which his Son hath taught us.

2. "Let us, therefore, pray," adds this holy doctor, "as our master and our God hath directed us; that prayer must be pleasing to God which comes from himself, and strikes his ear through the words of Christ; let the Father recognize in our prayer the words of his divine Son.

3. "Since Jesus Christ is our Advocate with his Father, let

us make use of the very words of our Mediator; he assures us that the Father will grant whatever is asked in his name; how much more willingly if asked, not only in his name, but in his own very words!" The Church, accordingly, makes continual use of that divine prayer; by it she begins and ends all her offices; she introduces it solemnly in the holy sacrifice of the mass. The faithful should recite it daily, morning and evening, and recall it often to their minds through the course of the day.

4. The Lord's Prayer is composed of a short preface, and seven petitions or requests, of which the three first relate to God, and the other four concern ourselves; it contains all that we can desire and ask of God; it is the rule by which we are to form our sentiments and our desires. We may, indeed, make use of other words in our prayers, but we are to ask nothing of God save what is contained in this model; any request that is not consistent with it would be unworthy a Christian, and could not be agreeable to God.

5. The preface consists of these words: "*Our Father, who art in heaven;*" Jesus Christ has thrown into these few words all that is most capable of engaging God to hear us, and of inspiring within ourselves sentiments of respect, confidence, and love.

6. We call God our Father, for so has Christ instructed us to do. God is indeed our father by creation, since he has given us life, and formed us to his own image; he is still more our father by the grace of our baptism, seeing that in Baptism he adopted us as his children in Christ Jesus. "Consider," says the Apostle St. John, "what love the Father has had for us, since he would have us called his children, and really be so!" "Because ye are children," adds St. Paul, "God has sent into your hearts the spirit of his Son, crying '*My Father, My Father!*'" Oh, name full of sweetness and delight! what love, what gratitude, and what confidence should it excite in your heart!

7. If it be true that God is your Father, can you fear that your prayer will be rejected when you remind him of a name by which he takes pleasure in hearing us address him? What

does he not grant to a child who prays to him, after he has received him into the number of his children by a grace which preceded his prayers and desires.

8. Fear only that by your disobedience you may render yourself unworthy to be called the child of God; that alone can obstruct the flow of his grace and the effect of your prayers. Each of us says, when addressing God: "*Our Father*," and not *My Father*, because having all the same Father, and expecting from him the same inheritance, we are not only to pray for ourselves, but for all the faithful, who are our brethren. By that we understand that it is not in our own name we pray, but in that of Jesus Christ, and in union with the whole body of his Church, whose members we are.

9. We add: "*Who art in heaven*," for although God is everywhere in his immensity, we nevertheless consider heaven as the throne of his glory; it is in heaven that he puts forth all his magnificence, and reveals himself fully to his elect without the shadow of a cloud to obscure his brightness. It is to heaven that we ourselves are called; heaven is our country, and the inheritance destined for us by our Father. When we kneel, then, in prayer, let us raise our thoughts and our desires to heaven; let us unite with the society of blessed spirits, and excite in our hearts the hope and the desire of possessing God.

4. LEGEND OF THE INFANT JESUS.

1. COME, children, all whose joy it is
To serve at holy mass,
And hear what once, in days of faith,
In England came to pass!

2. It chanced a priest was journeying
Through dark and gloomy wood,
And there, where few came passing by,
A lonely chapel stood.

3. He stay'd his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on
Which near the altar lay.

4. But who shall serve the holy mass
For all is silent here?
He kneels, and there in patience waits
The peasant's hour of prayer.

5. When lo! a child of wondrous grace,
Before the altar steals,
And down beside the lowly priest,
The infant beauty kneels.

6. He serves the mass; his voice is sweet,
Like distant music low,
With downcast eye and ready hand,
And footfall hush'd and slow.

7. "Et verbum caro factum est,"
He lingers till he hears,
Then turning he to Mary's shrine,
In glory disappears.

8. So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name,
For once to serve at holy mass,
The Infant Jesus came.

5. The Do-Nothings.

THE Do-Nothings are a very numerous family: some members of it are found in all parts of the country; and there are very few schools in which some of them are not in attendance as pupils. They are known by their slow and listless steps, their untidy appearance, and the want of animation and interest in their faces. They do not do any thing, whether work or play, with a hearty good-will.

2. Their hair is apt to be in disorder; their hands and faces are not always clean; their clothes look as if they had been half put on. They are always in a hurry, and yet always behindhand. They are sometimes absent from school, and often tardy; but for every neglect of duty they always have some sort of an excuse.

3. A girl of this family gets up in the morning late, dresses herself in a hurry, and comes down-stairs a little out of humor from the feeling that she has begun the day wrong. The family breakfast is over, and she is obliged to take hers alone; which does not improve her temper. She knows that she has a French lesson to learn before school; but she is attracted by a new picture-book which had been brought home the day before for one of her little brothers, and she takes it up, meaning only to look over the pictures. But she becomes interested in the story, turns over one leaf after another, and at last nine o'clock strikes before she is aware of it.

4. She huddles on her shawl and bonnet, and hastens to school as fast as possible; but she is late in spite of her hurry, and is marked for tardiness. It takes her some time to get seated at her desk, and to recover from the heat and flurry of coming to school so fast. She at first proposes to learn the French lesson, which she ought to have done at home; but after studying a few moments, she finds some leaves missing from her dictionary. She tries to borrow one from a neighbor, but in vain; so she becomes discouraged, and thinks she will do a few sums in arithmetic.

5. So she takes out her slate, and begins to wash it; spending much more time in this process than is necessary. She tries a sum and cannot do it, and thinks it the fault of the pencil. So she proceeds to sharpen that with great deliberation, making everybody around her uneasy with the disagreeable, grating sound. When this operation is over, she looks at the clock, and sees that it will soon be time to recite in geography, of which she has not learned any thing.

6. She puts up her slate, pencil, and arithmetic, and takes

out her geography and atlas. By the time these are opened and spread before her, she hears a band of music in the street. Her seat is near the window, and she wastes some precious minutes in looking at the soldiers as they pass by. She has hardly made any progress in her study of geography when she is called up to recite. She knows very little of her lesson, gives wrong answers to the questions put to her, and gets a bad mark.

7. Soon after this, the class in French to which she belongs goes up to recite. This lesson she has only half learned, and she blunders sadly when called upon to answer. She goes back to her desk in an unhappy state of mind, and takes up her arithmetic once more. But she feels dissatisfied with herself, and cannot fix her attention upon her task. She comes to the conclusion that she has got a headache, which is a very common excuse with her, and that she cannot study. So she puts a cover upon one of her books, and writes a note to one of her young friends about going to a concert; and when this is over the bell for dismissal rings.

8. And this half day may be taken as a fair sample of the whole school-life of Miss Do-Nothing. It is a long succession of lessons half learned, of sums half done, of blotted copy-books, of absences and tardinesses, of wasted hours and neglected opportunities. Most of the annoyance which teachers suffer in the discharge of their duties, comes from boys and girls of this family. They have two seemingly opposite traits: they are always idle and yet always restless. They move about on their seats, and lean upon their desks in a great variety of postures. They talk with their fingers; and keep up a constant whispering and buzzing with their lips, which disturbs scholars and teachers alike.

9. The boys are very expert in catching flies, and moulding pieces of paper into the shape of boats or cocked hats. They draw figures upon their slates, and scribble upon the fly-leaves of their books. In summer they are afflicted with a constant thirst, and in winter their feet and hands are always cold. Both boys and girls are apt to be troubled with drowsiness in the daytime; and yet they are very reluctant to go to bed

when the proper hour comes. They are fond of laying the fault of their own indolence upon the weather; they would have learned their lesson if it had not been so hot, so cold, or so rainy.

10. There is one remarkable peculiarity about this family: every boy and girl that chooses can leave it, and join the Do-Somethings; the members of which are always glad to welcome deserters from the Do-Nothings. The boys and girls of the Do-Something family are always busy, always cheerful; working heartily when they work, and playing heartily when they play. They are neat in their appearance, and punctual in attendance upon school; every thing is done in proper order, and yet nothing is hurried; they are the joy of their parents, and the delight of their teachers.

11. My young friends into whose hands this book may fall, to which of these two families do you belong? Remember that the usefulness and happiness of your whole lives depends upon the answer to this question. No one can be truly happy who is not useful; and no one can be useful who is idle, careless, and negligent.

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6. HEALING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

1. FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—
Her thin, pale fingers clasped within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.

2. The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirr'd with the awak'ning wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turn'd upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved tireless watcher, and she look'd
Into his face until her sight grew dim

With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kiss'd it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held

Had ceased its pressure—and he could not hear,
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils—and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse—and, at her mouth,
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deathly stillness.

* * * * * *

3. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but e'er he touch'd
The lachet, from within a whisper came,
"*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance;—but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"*She is not dead—but sleepeth.*"

4. Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly-tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencil'd on her brow.
5. Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polish'd neck, scarce touching it, they hung
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"*Maiden! Arise!*"—and suddenly a flush

Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirr'd in the linen vesture; and she clasp'd
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—AROSE!

◆

7. St. Philip Neri and the Youth.

ST. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.
St. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?
Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.
St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?
Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.
St. Suppose it is so—what have you next in view?
Y. That I may get to be a canon too.
St. Well; and how then?
Y. Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.
St. Be it so—
What then?
Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
St. Suppose it was, what then?
Y. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?
St. Well, having worn the mitre and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?
Y. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure
Upon this earth that wishing can procure;
When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then, I must die.

St. What, *must* you die, fond youth? and at the best
But wish, and hope, and *may be* all the rest!
Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide;
Then think of that which may be, and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

8. CONFIRMATION.

OUR young readers have learned from their little catechism, that confirmation is the sacrament by which they are elevated to the dignity of soldiers of Jesus Christ; that, as by baptism they were made children of God, so by confirmation their names are inscribed in the army of the faithful followers of our divine Lord, and they receive strength to battle against sin, the world, and the devil, which they had so solemnly renounced at the baptismal font.

2. Confirmation is conferred by a bishop, who first imposes his hands on those to be confirmed, invoking upon them the Holy Ghost, with his sevenfold gifts; he then signs the forehead of each with chrism in the form of the cross, saying at the same time: "I sign thee with the sign of the cross; I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

3. The bishop concludes the ceremony by giving the person confirmed a slight blow on the cheek, to signify that as followers of Jesus Christ, we must bear trials and persecutions for his sake.

4. The chrism used in confirmation, is an ointment made of the oil of cloves and balm. The oil signifies the effect of this holy sacrament, namely, spiritual strength and purity of heart, and preservation from the rust of sin; and the sweetness of balm, the odor of a good and virtuous life.

5. Confirmation can only be received once, hence it is a

great misfortune not to receive it with the proper dispositions. Formerly it was the custom to confirm children immediately after baptism, but now it is generally delayed until after they have made their first communion. It is not a sacrament absolutely necessary for salvation, but it would be a grievous sin to omit receiving it through contempt or neglect.

6. Children ought to look forward with a longing desire to the moment when they shall have the happiness to receive this holy sacrament, and daily ask of Almighty God the grace to receive it worthily, and as often resolve to live up to the obligations it imposes, when they shall have received it.

9. Birds in Summer.

1. HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,*
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

2. They have left their nests on the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other in love they call!
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

3. "Come up, come up! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."

**Boon*, pleasant.

And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high."
How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea;
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn!
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space;—

5. To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud;

To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper-cloud winds,—Oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water-drops are kiss'd
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

6. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then to wheel about with their mates at play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

7. What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden'd some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

10. THE CHILDREN AND THE INFANT JESUS.

AT the time that the celebrated Egidius was provincial of Spain, he gave the habit of the order to a young Gascon named Bernard, who was received into the convent of Santarem, and became distinguished among that saintly community for the holy simplicity of his life.

2. The circumstances attending his death, attested by almost all the writers on the history of the order, are of peculiar beauty. Bernard filled the office of sacristan in the convent

of Santarem; an office, the exercise of which was peculiarly delightful to him, from the many opportunities it gave him of indulging his devotion unseen by any one but his Lord, whom he loved to honor by a reverent care of the altar and every thing belonging to the Divine mysteries. Besides this employment, his spare time was occupied in the education of two children, the sons of a neighboring gentleman, who sent them every day to the convent, where they remained until evening, only sleeping at their father's house.

3. These two boys were permitted to wear the novices' habit of the Friars-Preachers, being probably destined for the order, although not as yet received into the community; and their innocence and goodness of heart had rendered them peculiarly dear to Blessed Bernard. It was his custom, when busy in the sacristy, to allow them to remain in a chapel, then dedicated to the Holy Kings, on the right of the high altar, where they used to sit on the altar-steps, reading or writing their exercises; spending their time happily until their master's return. Here also they were accustomed to spread out the dinners which they brought with them from home, which they took together in the same place, as soon as they had finished their daily lessons.

4. On the altar of this chapel, which was seldom used for the purpose of saying mass, there was an image of the Blessed Virgin, holding her Divine Son in her arms; and the two children came to look on the Holy Infant almost as a companion, and were wont to talk to him, as he seemed to look down on them from his mother's arms, with the simple familiarity of their age. One day, as they thus sat on the altar-steps, one of them raised his eyes to the image of the little Jesus that was just above him, and said, "Beautiful child, how is it you never take any dinner as we do, but always remain without moving all day long? Come down and eat some dinner with us,—we will give it to you with all our hearts."

5. And it pleased God to reward the innocence and simple faith of the children by a wonderful miracle; for the carved form of the holy child became radiant with life, and coming down from his holy mother's arms, he sat with them on the

ground before the altar, and took some of their dinner with them. Nor need we wonder at so great a condescension, remembering how he came uninvited to be a guest with Zaccheus who was a sinner, and that the two whom he now consented to treat as his hosts, were clothed in that pure robe of baptismal innocence which makes us worthy to receive him under our roof.

6. Now this happened more than once, so that the neglected chapel became to these two children full of the joy of heaven; and by daily converse with their Divine Lord they grew in such fervent love towards him, that they wearied for the hour when then might have him with them; caring for nothing else than this sweet and familiar intercourse with the Lord of heaven. And their parents perceived a change in them, and how their only pleasure was in hastening to the convent, as if it contained a secret source of happiness which had not been revealed before. They therefore questioned them closely; and the children told them every thing without reserve.

7. But the tale seemed to those who listened, nothing but an idle invention, or perhaps an artifice in order to obtain a larger quantity of food; and they therefore took no notice of what they said beyond reproving them for their folly.

But when they repeated the same story to Bernard, he listened with very different feelings; for he knew the holy hearts of his two little disciples; and he felt, moreover, that there was nothing unworthy of belief in the fact that he who, being God, became a little child, should condescend to give a mark of favor to those of whom he himself has said, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." When, therefore, after many inquiries, he had satisfied himself of the truth of the tale, he bade them give glory to God for his goodness; and then considered whether there was no way in which these circumstances might be made to serve yet further to the happiness and spiritual advancement of his pupils.

8. And hearing how they in their childish way expressed a wonder that, after they had so often invited the child to eat some of their dinner, he had never brought any food with him to share with them, he bade them, the next time he came, ask

him how this was, and whether he would not ask them some day to dine with him in his Father's house. The boys were delighted with this idea; and they failed not to do as they were directed the next time that they were alone in the chapel. Then the child smiled on them graciously, and said, "What you say is very just; within three days I invite you to a banquet in my Father's house:" and with this answer they returned full of joy to their master.

9. He well knew the meaning of this invitation; the change that had gradually appeared in his two beloved disciples had not been unmarked by him; he had seen them, as it were before their time, growing ripe for heaven; and he understood that it was the Divine pleasure, after thus training them for heaven in a marvellous way, that they should be transplanted to the angelic company, before their hearts had once been touched by the knowledge of sin or the contamination of the world.

10. Yet he sighed to think that they should thus be granted to pass to Christ in their happy infancy, while he, who had grown old in the spiritual warfare, was to be left behind; and resolving to make one more trial of the condencension which had been so bounteously lavished on his pupils, he bade them go back to the chapel, and tell the Divine child that since they wore the habit of the order, it was necessary for them to observe the rules; and that it was never permitted for novices to accept of any invitation, or to go to the house of any person, except in their master's company. "Return, then, to your master," said the Holy Child, "and bid him be of the company; and on Thursday morning I will receive you all three together in my Father's house."

11. Bernard's heart bounded with emotion when he heard these words. It was then the first of the Rogation days, and the day which had been appointed was therefore Ascension day. He made every arrangement as for his approaching death, and obtained leave on that day to say his last mass,—his two disciples serving during the celebration, and receiving communion from his hands. Doubtless it would be hard for us to realize his feelings of devout and joyful expectation during those moments.

12. And when mass was ended, he knelt before the same altar with the children, one on either side, and all three commended their souls to God, as though they knew their last hour was come, and the altar-steps were to be their deathbed. And it was even so. An hour after, some of the brethren found them still kneeling thus before the altar, Bernard vested as for mass, and the two boys in their serving-robes.

13. But they were quite dead: their eyes were closed, and their faces wore a smile of most sweet tranquillity; and it was evident that there had been no death-struggle, but that their souls had passed to the presence of God while in the very act of prayer. The were buried in the chapel of the Holy Kings, which had been the scene of so many of our Lord's visits to the two children; and a picture was hung over the spot, representing them seated on the altar-step, with the Divine child between them.

14. This was the only monument to mark the place of their burial; and in the course of years the memory of it was lost, and the chapel became disused and neglected as before. One of the succeeding priors of the convent, wishing to find some further record of the ancient tradition, dug down beneath the spot indicated by the picture; taking care to have two apostolic notaries and the vicar-general of the diocese present, together with other authorities of distinction and credit.

15. At a little distance beneath the surface a carved stone sarcophagus was found, which being opened, the church was immediately filled with an odor of surpassing sweetness; and on removing the clothes that lay on the top, the remains of three bodies were discovered, which they could not doubt were those of Blessed Bernard and his novices; for the bones of the middle skeleton were the size of a grown man, while those on either side were small and delicate.

16. From the great number of years that had passed, most of them were reduced to mere dust; but some portions of white cloth showed that they had been buried in the habit of the order. The memory of this history has been preserved even up to our own times; for from the time of this solemn translation of their bodies, a mass of the ascension was cele-

brated every Thursday, in thanksgiving for the graces granted to them, and a confraternity of the Infant Jesus established, to whom the custody of the ancient image was intrusted. Their death is supposed by Sosa to have taken place about the year 1277.

11. The Grave of Father Marquette.

1. THERE is a wild and lonely dell,
Far in the wooded West,
Where never summer's sunbeam fell
To break its long, lone rest.
Where never blast of winter swept,
To ruffle or to chill,
The calm, pellucid lake that slept,
O'erhung with rock and hill.

2. A woodland scene by hills inclosed,
By rocky barriers curb'd,
Where shade and silence have reposed,
For ages undisturb'd.
Unless when some dark Indian maid,
Or prophet old and gray,
Have hied them to the solemn shade,
To weep alone or pray.

3. One morn, the boatman's bugle note
Was heard within the dell,
And o'er the blue waves seem'd to float,
Like some unearthly swell.
A skiff appears, by rowers stout
Urged swiftly o'er the tide,
An aged man sat wrapp'd in thought,
Who seem'd the helm to guide.

4. He was a holy Capuchin,
Thin locks were on his brow;

His eye, that bright and bold had been,
With age was darken'd now.
From distant lands, beyond the sea,
The aged pilgrim came,
To combat base idolatry,
And spread the holy name.

5. From tribe to tribe the good man went,
The sacred cross he bore,
And savage men on slaughters bent,
Would listen and adore.
But worn with age, his mission done,
Earth had for him no tie,
He had no further wish, save one,—
To hie him home and die.

6. The oarsman spoke, "Let's not delay,
Good father, in this dell;
'Tis here that savage legends say,
Their sinless spirits dwell.
The hallow'd foot of prophet sere,
Or pure and spotless maid,
May only dare to venture here,
When night has spread her shade."

7. "Dispel, my son, thy groundless fear,
And let thy heart be bold,
For see, upon my breast I bear,
The consecrated gold.
The blessed cross that long hath been
Companion of my path,
Preserved me in the tempest's din,
Or stay'd the heathen's wrath,

8. "Shall guard us from the threaten'd harm,
What form soe'er it take,
The hurricane, or savage arm,
Or spirit of the lake."

"But father, shall we never cease,
Through savage wilds to roam?
My heart is yearning for the peace,
That smiles for us at home.

9. "We've traced the river of the West,
From sea to fountain-head,
And sail'd o'er broad Superior's breast,
By wild adventure led.
We've slept beneath the cypress shade,
Where noisome reptile lay,
We've chased the panther to his bed,
And heard the grim wolf bay.

10. "And now for sunny France we sigh,
For quiet and for home;
Then bid us pass the valley by,
Where only spirits roam."
"Repine not, son! old age is slow,
And feeble feet are mine;
This moment to my home I go,
And thou shalt go to thine.

11. "But ere I quit this vale of death,
For realms more bright and fair,
On yon green shore my feeble breath,
Would rise to Heaven in prayer.
Then high on yonder headland's brow,
The holy altar raise;
Uprear the cross, and let us bow
With humble hearts in praise."

12. Thus said, the cross was soon uprear'd,
On that lone, heathen shore,
Where never Christian voice was heard
In prayer to God before.
The old man knelt, his head was bare,
His arms cross'd on his breast;

He pray'd, but none could hear the prayer
His wither'd lips express'd.

13. He ceased, they raised the holy man,
Then gazed in silent dread,
Chill through each vein the life-blood ran,—
The pilgrim's soul had fled.
In silence pray'd each voyager,
Their beads they counted o'er,
Then made a hasty sepulchre,
On that lone ravine's shore.

14. Beside the altar where he knelt,
And where the Lord released
His spirit from its pilgrimage,
They laid the holy priest.
In fear and haste, a brief adieu
The wondering boatmen take,
Then rapidly their course pursue
Across the lonely lake.

15. In after years, when bolder men
The vale of spirits sought,
O'er many a wild and wooded glen
They roam'd, but found it not.
We only know that such a priest
There was, and thus he fell,
But where his saintly relics rest,
No living man can tell.

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12. ABRAHAM.

ISMAEL'S banishment restored peace to Abraham's family, and left Isaac the one and sole heir of his father's fortune. Isaac was growing up in the full promise of early youth, when God was pleased to make trial of Abraham's faith, in a point the most decisive; he ordered him to take that very Isaac, his beloved son, and to offer him in sacrifice upon the mountain he would show him.

2. Abraham had always looked upon his son as a special gift from God, and, therefore, did not hesitate a single moment to give him back in the manner that God required. He had been assured that his posterity should one day become as numerous as the sands upon the shore, or as the stars in heaven.

Steadfast, therefore, in that belief, and unshaken in his hope, Abraham stifled every doubt he might otherwise have formed of the repeated promises God had made him; he rose early in the morning, and keeping his secret to himself, went silently out with Isaac and two servants.

3. He carried with him the wood necessary to consume the holocaust, and directed his way towards the mountain. Fixed in his resolution, he went on for two days, and on the third came in sight of the destined place of sacrifice. He told his servants to remain at the bottom of the hill, while he with his son should go up to adore their God. Inflexible to the suggestions of flesh and blood, he took in his hand the fire and the sword, and gave to his son the wood that was intended for the sacred fire.

4. Charged with his load, Isaac proceeded up the hill, a very lively figure of him who was afterwards to ascend the mount of Calvary loaded with a cross, on which he was to consummate the great work of our redemption. As they were going on, Isaac asked his father where the victim was? The question was too interesting not to awaken all the tenderness of a father's love in such circumstances; Abraham dissembled the secret feelings of his heart, and with a manly firmness answered, that God would provide the victim.

5. Being come to the appointed spot, he erected an altar, and laid the wood in order upon it; then having bound and placed his son Isaac thereon, he took up the sword, and stretched out his hand to strike. The firm obedience of the father, and the humble submission of the son, were all that God required of them. An angel at that moment was dispatched to stop the father's arm, and to assure him that God was satisfied with the readiness of his obedience. The angel called aloud on Abraham; Abraham answered the voice, and looking round saw a ram with his horns entangled amid the brambles, which he took and offered as a holocaust for his son.

6. This history, which is so mysterious, and in almost every circumstance so resembling the stations of our Saviour's passion, is, according to the holy fathers, an instruction for all parents to consult the will and implore the aid of God, before

they presume to dispose of their children. Nothing less than the eternal welfare of their souls, and the service of Almighty God, ought to guide their attention, and regulate their conduct in this respect.

7. Saint Chrysostom more at large deplores the misfortune of those parents who, notwithstanding their Christian profession, sacrifice their children, not to God as Abraham did, but to Satan, either by engaging them in the pursuits of a vain world, or by drawing them from the practice of a virtuous life. "Abraham is the only one," says he, "who consecrates his son to God, while thousands of others turn their children over to the devil; and the joys we feel in seeing some few take a Christian care of their little ones, is presently suppressed with grief at the sight of those greater numbers, who totally neglect that duty, and by the example they give, deserve to be considered rather as parricides, than the parents of their children.'

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13. HOHENLINDEN.

1. ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow:
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade;
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,

And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

5. But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stain'd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

14. Language of Flowers.

GOOD news! joyful news!" cried the happy voice of Alice Telford, running in with a huge bunch of roses in her hand. "Come, Cattie! come, Honor! we are to go to help Sister Theresa in the sacristy,—oh, I do so love that! The great candlesticks are out, and the new branches, and such a lovely veil for the tabernacle! I was peeping in with one eye, after I had helped to clean the chapel, and Father Ashurst said 'Come here with me; I see what you want;' and he went into the nuns' sacristy, and told Sister Theresa there was a poor beggar outside who wanted to speak to her; and when she came out, he did so laugh! and then Sister Theresa told me to fetch all the girls to help to dress the sanctuary."

2. She was still speaking, when all the children began to run here and there, to gather up their flowers, vases, and strings; but the lay sister, who was darning stockings at the table, quietly collected her work into her basket, and with a few calm and controlling words stilled the excitement, and soon reducing the scattered elements into order, a quiet progressive movement was effected towards the convent.

3. They found Lucy Ward and Magdalen in the nuns' sacristy. The former was silently arranging a large basket of exquisite hot-house flowers in tall fairy-like white vases; and as the sacristan glanced at those which were finished, she could not but marvel at the faultless taste which guided the labor, and breathe a fervent prayer for the soul that seemed marked out by God for some special grace.

4. "You love flowers, Lucy?"

"Do I *not* love them, sister?" replied Lucy; "I dream of them at night,—I should like to die looking at them."

"Which do you love best?"

"I never could quite tell. They speak such different words; but all that they say makes music."

"True. Is that why you love them?"

5. "Yes, sister; I get very tired of hearing people talk, but I am never tired of the silent words of my dear flowers. They say so much."

"What do they seem to say to you this evening?"

"They all seem to whisper something new," replied Lucy, thoughtfully, and as if to herself. "Look at these white camellias, and side by side with them these blood-red ones. They seem to me to mean so much, but I cannot read it. Can you, sister?"

6. "Yes," replied the nun, gently. "The sight of that pure white and blood-red reminds us always of the Sacred Heart of Jesus that was pierced for us. Look, here are the blood and water that flowed out for us. They speak the sweetest music to our hearts."

7. "That is beautiful!" said Lucy, hanging on the words; "and you understand the flowers too. Everybody has always laughed at me if I spoke about it, except Matthew. Dear

Matthew—he never laughs at me but he shakes his head, and says I have wild talk, and he can't make it out."

"You love Matthew?"

8. "Oh, I love him in my *deep* heart!" said Lucy, her wax-like cheek and brow flushing with a thrill of feeling.

"You have, then, two hearts; and you love sometimes with one and sometimes with the other?"

"Yes, sister, I have an outer heart for everybody; but no one is in my inside heart but Matthew and—" she stopped short.

9. "And our Lord, now—Lucy?"

"I can't tell," replied Lucy, returning to her old reserve. "No, I think my inside heart is very empty. Let us talk about the flowers again. Look at these roses, sister; their heads are quite bowed down with their weight; they cannot keep in their sweet smell; it seems as if it burst out from their great cups. That says something beautiful, but I don't know what."

10. "I think it does," replied the nun: "it says that they are a faint poor type of that great One who said, 'I am the Rose of Sharon;' and whose thorn-crowned head was so bowed down with his weight of love on the cross, that the overflowing scent of it converted first the poor thief, and afterwards thousands of miserable sinners. Let it draw you, my child, till you run after those most precious odors, and make them yours forever."

11. Lucy was quite silent for a few minutes, and then drawing out a rich cluster of geraniums, she turned her large eyes full on the nun and said, "These I love best of all, but I *never* could make out what they said. They all seem to sing together a very rich song that goes through my heart, like a hymn I heard the Spanish sailors sing down on the Parade last summer at night. Can you read these?"

12. "Perhaps not in a way that you can understand. These may represent the royal and special gifts which God bestows on the friends he has chosen to himself. They are set apart and separated from other gifts. They are only to be bought at a great price, nay, they are often of priceless value. They cost labor, and pains, and watching; but when

the work is done, where can we find its like? Those who possess them will be the brightest jewels in his crown at the last day."

13. "And who can win these gifts?" said Lucy, breathlessly awaiting the answer.

"Those who *love*," replied the nun, and her words seemed to Lucy the solemn voice of God.

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she murmured to herself, "When shall I know him? When will he *fill* my inner heart?"

15. HOMEWARD BOUND.

1. OH! when the hour to meet again
   Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
   And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hail'd, and from the shore,
   Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door,
   Of flowers forgotten when I come—

When port is gain'd, and, slowly now,
The old familiar paths are pass'd,
And, entering—unconscious how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek.
2. Oh ! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem ;
And I shall grow once more a boy :
And, mother !—'twill be like a dream,
That we were parted thus for years—
And once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright—
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born !"
And be no more, as now, in a strange land forlorn ?

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16. Lucy's Death.

HOW is Lucy ?" asked Mildred of Cattie, as she softly entered the children's class-room on the morning of the eve of the Octave of the Assumption ; "have you seen h Cattie ?"

"Oh, yes, I have been with Magdalen to talk to her, and to say our office," replied Cattie ; "Magdalen thinks she will die very soon, but I cannot believe it. Oh, she does look so bright and beautiful—just like an angel !"

2. "That's why I think she's going to die," replied Magdalen, who now followed Cattie into the room with her office-book in her hand. "Lucy looks much too beautiful to live ; I mean not commonly beautiful, but she has such a *wonderful* look. Her eyes seem as if they had seen our Blessed Lady already ; and she smiles every now and then to herself, as if the angels were talking to her."

3. "So they do, and our Lord, too, I am sure," added

Cattie; "for she said when nobody was speaking, 'Yes, that is quite true—yes, dear Lord;' just as if our Lord were sitting by the couch. Oh, I hope we may go again soon and see her!"

4. "Sister Xavier said we might sit up part of to-night," replied Magdalen; "we four are to take it in turns, and I am so glad we may. But now we must go into school, for the bell is just going to ring."

5. The said bell accordingly did ring before Cattie had finished washing her hands; and the half-sad, half-rejoicing group in the class-room was dispersed by its well-known sound.

We shall take the opportunity of walking up to the convent, and into the cool infirmary dormitory, where Lucy lay upon a large couch, with dear Sister Xavier by her side.

6. The dormitory was long and high, and refreshingly shaded by outside awnings from the scorching sun, so that the breezes blew in cool and fragrant over the garden and from the sea beyond. The turfy downs outside the walls looked now green and bright, and now shadowy, as the clouds flew over them; and beyond, the castle-crowned hill, and distant, picturesque old town, the chalk cliffs washed by the waves, the far-off fleet of fishing-boats, and the wild everlasting sea,—could all be seen by Lucy, as in some lovely Italian landscape, exquisitely painted.

7. But though at times her eyes were fixed upon the blue sky or bluer sea, her thoughts were not of them. Beautiful as was the world without,—the glorious "earth-rind" of the external works of God,—there were far lovelier visions floating before the eyes of the pure and loving soul that was bidding earthly beauty farewell for her eternal home.

8. For now, indeed, Lucy was dying. The longing desire of heaven, and the face of her Incarnate God, had so fretted the frail body, which already inherited the most rapid form of decline, that thread after thread of the delicate frame had snapped, or, as it were, been consumed by the ardent fire within.

9. A careless observer might have been even now deceived; but to a practised eye, the alabaster temples, the starting azure veins, the bright cheek and lips, and the deep, glittering

brightness of the eye, told that in a few hours the thirsting soul would be at rest.

10. "Sister," whispered Lucy, "will Father Ashurst come soon?"

"Very soon, dear child; it is not three o'clock yet. Do you feel worse?"

"I feel well," replied Lucy, speaking with difficulty, "*quite* well; but oh, I see such lovely things, and I want to get there very much."

11. The sister listened with breathless attention, while Lucy, as if from a heavy dream or half ectasy, in broken sentences continued—

"No words can tell what they are like .... white shapes, all snow-white, with golden dew-drops on their wings .... and they bow down softly all together, like white lilies when the wind blows over them. They are going up and up, such a glorious place .... and they take me with them .... but where I cannot see. .... There is one there who sits like a king, but I cannot see his face; he says it is not time." ....

12. Two sisters at the moment came softly into the dormitory, one of whom whispered something to Sister Xavier; the other was Mother Regis, the novice-mistress, whom Lucy had always greatly loved. But now she did not perceive her; and as they quietly sat down behind the couch, she again spoke:

13. "And now, I think, it would be time, if Father Ashurst were to come and bring me my last food. I think if he were here, I could beg him so much that he could not leave me behind. Dear Sister Xavier, will you ask Father Ashurst to come now?"

14. "He is coming, my child," replied the sister, softly rising and bending over her; "but, Lucy, you promised to be very good and patient."

"Yes, sister, I was wrong. Indeed I will be good. I will wait; but every moment seems a year. I cannot think how *you* can be always so patient when you see those shapes, and see his face so often, and hear his voice. Now I see them going up again.

15. "Oh, how many, *many* thousands, with their hands to-

gether, and their long, *long* wings, and their snow-white robes! And there are more, more, with bare heads, and crimson crosses on their breasts, and bright armor, and cloaks all washed in the blood of One. Oh, let me go with them! Show me thy face, and let me live!"

16. Sister Xavier rose and glided away; but she soon returned with a religious, at the sight of whom the sisters rose, and removed further from Lucy's couch. It was the Mother Superior, who quietly took her place beside Lucy's pillow, and wiped the death-drops that now stood thickly on her transparent brow.

"Reverend mother," said the child, catching hold of her hand, and kissing it with joyful respect, "where am I?" Then immediately she relapsed into her former dreamy state.

17. "There is one sitting by his side. She is coming soon for me, for her hands are spread out towards me. O Mary! O Mother! Mary, lead me to Jesus! . . . . Come quickly, dear Jesus; I am very tired of waiting. Oh, let me see thee! Thou art sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. Thou art calling me to be crowned on the mountains. How long have I cried to thee to come! . . . ." Lucy sank back, gasping on the pillow; her breath coming thick and thicker from her laboring breast, while the drops stood on her forehead like rain. Her eyes opened, and their depths seemed deeper than ever. "Food! food!" she gasped, "the end is coming."

18. At that moment the faint sound of a distant bell was heard coming along the corridors. It was borne so faintly at first, that the sisters did not observe it; but the first sound was enough for the ear of the listener. To her it was the "cry of the voice" of the Beloved. She sprang up from the pillows, clasped her hands together, and gazed at the door of the dormitory with her whole soul in her eyes.

19. Sister Xavier immediately perceiving that the blessed sacrament was approaching, went out with Mother Regis to meet it. The little altar had been freshly prepared by the infirmarian with large bouquets of flowers, and was now lifted by the other sister to the foot of Lucy's couch, at a little distance from it. Nearer and nearer came the bell. The acolytes

entered, two and two, with lighted candles; then all the sisters; and lastly came Father Ashurst, in surplice, veil, and stole, bearing the blessed sacrament in the ciborium, from the chapel. The "children of Mary" stole in behind.

20. Lucy's glorious eyes were upraised to the Sacred Host, and fixed with such adoring love as filled the witnesses with an awful joy. "Jesus," she said, and the clear tones of her young voice sounded through the breathless stillness like the voice of an angel,—"Jesus, my food, my strength, my life, come to my thirsty soul. *Now* I see thy face. It is enough; I come into thy precious, precious wounds!"

21. She received the bread of life, the strength and help for her last journey, and immediately sank back on the pillows. Her hands were clasped; her deep eyes fixed: a bright, heavenly smile flitted across her face. "Jesus, O Jesus! now I see thee! Jesus, Mary, come!"

22. The long, level rays of the evening sun streamed upon the couch, gilding the angelic face and shining waves of hair, the smile yet lingering, the lips yet apart, the hands still gently clasped upon the breast.

The pilgrim was gone on her way refreshed; the wanderer was at home.

17. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROSE.

ON a fine morning in June, I opened my eyes for the first time on as lovely a scene as could be imagined. I was in the heart of a most beautiful garden filled with flowers. Fucshias, geraniums, jasmines, tulips, and lilies were my companions. I saw them all wide awake, and smiling through the dew upon their bright lids in joyous greeting to the morning sun. A gentle breeze would sometimes wander by, and then the tears of rejoicing would fall upon the delicate blades of grass at our feet.

2. The dew made the robes of my neighbors as bright as if covered with diamonds, so that I cast a look upon my own pink vesture, to see if I were likewise adorned with the same

glory. As I bowed my head to inspect myself, a few drops of the crystal water, condensed at nightfall, fell upon the grass at my feet, and from this I learned that I was indeed gifted with as beautiful gems as were those around me.

3. Let me describe to you one of the little community of which I was a member—a sister rose-bud growing at my side. It is true that she had not opened her glowing heart to the fresh breezes and to the sunshine, as I had done, but the beauty and fragrance thus concealed were so sweetly promised, that I am sure nothing could be more lovely.

4. Spreading tenderly, her calyx held her heart, bursting with the wealth of its own beauty, lest the wooing winds should call forth her fragrance prematurely; and two sister baby rose-buds rested their little heads almost upon her cheek. Pretty twins, these baby rose-buds! The tell-tale zephyr told me that they would be as beautiful as the one I am now describing, when she, poor thing, had faded away.

5. Now, you see, my heart first tasted sorrow; for heretofore I had not heard of decay or death; and the emotion aroused by this thought agitated me so violently, that my dew-diamonds were almost all cast, like worthless bubbles, to the ground. This joy, this sunshine, this fragrance, this beauty, was born to fade—or rather we flowers, who love all these, and treasure them in our hearts, *we* must fade, and so the joy, and fragrance, and beauty must die. But my beautiful sister was lovely enough to be immortal—and I shut my heart against the story of the zephyr, determined not to believe in clouds till clouds should overshadow me.

6. The bright green leaves spread their glittering palms to catch the sunshine for the fair creature they were so proud to encircle, and every motion of the parent stem brought a flood of smiles to the face of my peerless sister.

7. A beautiful creature, endowed with wings, and with a throat colored like the rainbow, only with hues more soft, played about her like an embodied breeze; now darting, with a motion that made it invisible, up into the air, and in a moment swaying, with a musical hum of wings, around my rose-neighbor, and making her sunny vesture tremble with the

happy emotions of her heart; then, with kisses and caresses on my sister's stainless brow, the wonderful creature was lost in the air above me, and I think that the humming-bird must have gone to a place where there is no death. I think it is with the breath of these beautiful beings that the rainbow is colored, and with their brightness that the stars are lighted.

8. I saw strange, large beings, with power in every motion, bending over us, and afterwards learned that they were called men. They held dominion over us, and though some scorned our gentle natures, they who were pure and good among them were very tender to us, and could not bear to see us wounded.

9. At noon of my first day, when the shadow of the mountain-ash waving over our heads completely hid me from the sun, for which kindness I was deeply grateful, as the rays, so cheering in the morning, were almost scorching now, one of the daughters of men, robed in white, came and kneeled beside me, and laid her pure cheek close to mine, and then with her eyes she talked to me.

10. "Rose," said she, "beautiful rose, thou art an emblem of my blessed mother," and here a dew more pure and sweet than the drops I had sacrificed in the morning at the thought of death and decay, floated along the dark fringes of her lids, and I could not hear the voice from her eyes until those peerless gems had fallen upon my bosom. Then it seemed to me that I could hear and see things more wonderful than were ever given to rose before to hear and see.

11. "Beautiful rose!" she continued, "lift thy royal head, and look eastward; thou beholdest there a building most sacred to our hearts, for it contains the King of Heaven—the Creator of the world—the Author of my being and of thine. Lovely flower, ages and ages ago, longer ago than thou or I can think to measure, in the glorious country beyond the stars—in heaven—where stands the eternal throne of our King, a beautiful angel, a being of power and light, rebelled against his God, and was cast out of his holy home *forever*. Then the world was created.

12. "It was made as perfect and delightful as our Heavenly Father could frame it, and there was neither sin, nor tears,

nor death, nor sorrow there. In this garden of God was man first created. He was formed holy, sinless, and pure, but *free* as was the bright angel who, with his brethren, *chose* to question the power of the Omnipotent. The name of this angel was Lucifer, and his dominion was established in *outer darkness*, far away from the eternal fountain of all light.

13. "Beautiful rose," said the maiden, "thou who art nurtured by, and wouldst die but for the light, thou canst not conceive of this outer darkness—but it exists, and the fallen angels seek to blacken the universe with its gloom. The first of mankind, who were to enjoy eternal light so long as they were obedient to God, were discovered by the prince of darkness, and he took the form of a reptile, and tempted them to *doubt* the truth of the Almighty Father. They believed his subtle words and fell, and were banished from the garden as Lucifer had been banished from heaven."

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18. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROSE—*continued.*

SWEET rose, I dare not tell thee the wretchedness this disobedience brought upon man. There came sickness, and sorrow, and sighing—there came hatred, crime, and *death.* Our Heavenly Father saw this wretchedness; saw the triumph of Lucifer and his rebel army, and he so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son upon earth to be a man—to suffer poverty, to suffer temptation, to suffer ignominy and death—that thus man might be saved from *eternal death.*

2. "This God, incarnate in humanity, was born of a spotless virgin—spotless and perfect as thou art, O Rose, and thus art thou in thy beauty her emblem, just as one little fleeting sunbeam is a type of the innumerable hosts of suns and worlds that revolve in the heavens.

3. "This God-man, whose name was Jesus, was slain cruelly by those whom he came to save. He died on the cross; but before he left the world, he gave to man his body and blood, his divine humanity, as food to nourish his soul. By this

means he unites himself to us, and we who love him delight to offer what is richest and dearest in return for his unbounded love; for by his death he has snatched us from the power of the prince of darkness, and in exchange has given us a joint inheritance with him in heaven, where there is no death or decay."

4. The white-robed daughter of men ceased speaking, or rather her gentle eyes, that told this all to me, were turned away eastward, to where the dome of the palace, where dwelt the King of kings, glittered calmly in the sun.

5. She looked long and lovingly; and the dew, so priceless and sweet, flowed in two pearly streams down her fair face; and I came near worshipping her, because so great tenderness seized my heart as thus I gazed upon her. But the speaking eyes turned once more, and said, "What shall *we* offer?" Up from the inmost depths of my heart swelled the fragrant drops that the twilight had stored there. "What shall *I* offer?" I repeated; "I who am so poor in treasure; I who have nothing but my beauty, my freshness, and my unsullied purity?

6. "What can I offer to God for his generous love to thy race, beautiful maiden? *He* gave the life of a *Man-God.* Oh, bear me to his presence! I can do no more than give *myself to him!* Take me, then, dear maiden—I would lie at his feet. Mayhap he may accept the odor of my sacrifice, and bear me in his bosom, where there is no decay or death! Hasten, for his love draws me, and I would tarry here no longer!"

7. The young lover of Jesus severed me gently from my companions, and clasping me to her heart, bore me to the feet of her Saviour. As we passed forward to the sanctuary, she made the sign of the cross—because Jesus died upon the cross—by passing her hand from her forehead to her breast, and then from shoulder to shoulder; but before she did this, she dipped the tips of her fingers in holy water, and some of it fell upon me, and I experienced sensations I had never before imagined.

8. As I rested there at the foot of the altar, it seemed to me that more life came to me from those simple drops than had ever been bestowed by the heaviest shower or gentlest rain before. The maiden now bent over me, and her eyes were

fixed tenderly upon me, and again her voice whispered to my spirit:

9. "O humble, gentle, innocent rose," said she; "thou who art so soon to pass away, let me learn from thy devotion, and freely give to my God *all* that he has so freely bestowed upon me; however little, however much, sweet rose, thou hast taught me to offer all as the just due of my Creator!" Then her white hand veiled her eyes, and her bosom heaved, and, in one great tear that fell upon me, I saw her beautiful soul mirrored. I saw what I had never dreamed of before.

10. Lucifer, the fallen angel, was striving to lure this noble being to disobedience, that she might be driven from the paradise of her Redeemer's love. This was why the tears fell; this was why her bosom heaved. Then I saw an angel of light with his powerful wings sweep through the air, and the rays from his glorious brow dazzled the eye of the prince of darkness, and he reeled away from the presence of the weeping daughter of earth.

11. Oh! then what an ocean of sweetness flowed over that tempted soul, and bore her unresisting to the eternal fountain of all sweetness. She pressed her cheek once more to mine in honor of the mother of her Saviour, and music issued from her lips, low and soft as the voice of a night-bird.

12. "Thou gavest thy life to God, dear flower, unquestioning. Thou hadst no assurance of immortality in return. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I bless thee, beautiful flower, for I have learned of thee a lesson that, by the grace of God, will earn for me life eternal. Be my witness, humble Rose! be my witness, angels hovering near me! I give my life, my love, my being *through all times to thee, my bleeding, suffering, patient Jesus! Hold me to my pledge, dear Saviour, by the might of thy tenderness, and let me never swerve from the integrity of my purpose, bound this day with my heart to thy dear cross!*"

13. Night fell over us both, and I slept with the sweet murmur of that voice still vibrating the chambers of my soul. Through the season of my freshness, I daily caught the incense of this maiden's devotion arising before the altar; and, by a

seeming chance, after my leaves had withered and faded, I was concealed from the sight of the sacristan, and even for months lay happily at the feet of the Redeemer of the world. Thus I witnessed the formal consecration of this maiden to the will of her chosen one.

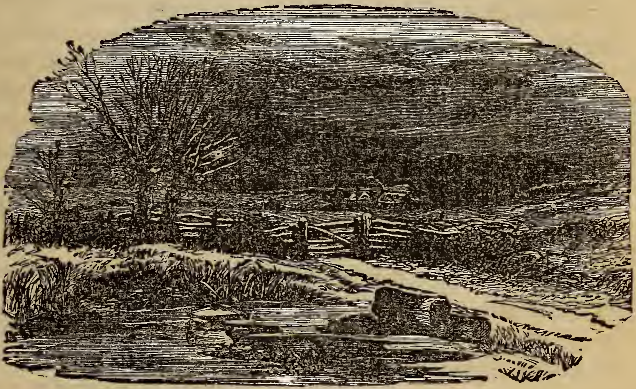
14. She was arrayed in white, and her brow was crowned with buds from the rose-tree that gave me birth. She knew not that I beheld her then, but I felt that my image had never faded from her heart. The pure folds of her snowy veil fell over her shoulders like the plumage of wings at rest; and I remembered the angel who had put to flight the prince of darkness, and I was sure he was near her; for her face had become like his, and I think it was because he was so constantly at her side, and because she loved him so. I think she was the earthly mirror of the heavenly being who protected her from danger, and that her face and bearing reflected his beauty and grace, as the tear-drop that fell upon me from her eyes reflected her soul at that moment.

15. I never saw this maiden more; but I think her angel will lead her to heaven. Yesterday, as I lay here, a little wilted remnant of a rose, the sacristan raised me in her fingers, and supposing me to be a particle of incense that had fallen, she placed me in the censer. Thus, when the benediction of this evening is pronounced, I shall have fulfilled my mission, and shall ascend upon the gentle clouds that then will overshadow the tabernacle of the Most High.

19. WINTER.

THE scenes around us have assumed a new and chilling appearance. The trees are shorn of their foilage, the hedges are laid bare, the fields and favorite walks have lost their charms, and the garden, now that it yields no perfumes and offers no fruits, is, like a friend in adversity, forsaken. The tuneful tribes are dumb, the cattle no longer play in the meadows, the north wind blows. "He sendeth abroad his ice-like morsels: who can stand before his cold?" We rush in for shelter.

2. But winter is not without its uses. It aids the system of life and vegetation! it kills the seeds of infection; it refines the blood; it strengthens the nerves; it braces the whole frame. Snow is a warm covering for the grass; and, while it defends the tender blades from nipping frosts, it also nourishes their growth. When the snow thaws, it becomes a genial moisture to the soil into which it sinks; and thus the glebe is replenished with nutriment to produce the bloom of spring and the bounty of autumn.



3. Winter has also its pleasures. I love to hear the roaring of the wind; I love to see the figures which the frost has painted on the glass; I love to watch the redbreast with his slender legs, standing at the window, and knocking with his bill to ask for the crumbs which fall from the table. Is it not pleasant to view a landscape whitened with snow? To gaze upon the trees and hedges dressed in such sparkling lustre? To behold the rising sun laboring to pierce the morning fog, and gradually causing objects to emerge from it by little and little, and appear in their own forms; while the mist rolls up the side of the hill and is seen no more?

4. Winter is a season in which we should feel gratitude for our comforts. How much more temperate is our climate than that of many other countries! Think of those who live within the polar circle, dispersed, exposed to beasts of prey, their poor huts furnishing only wretched refuge! They endure months of perpetual night, and by the absence of heat almost absolute barrenness reigns around. But we have houses to shelter us, and clothes to cover us, and fires to warm us, and beds to comfort us, and provisions to nourish us. How becoming, in our circumstances, is gratitude to God!

5. This season calls upon us to exercise benevolence. While we are enjoying every comfort which the tenderness of Providence can afford, let us think of the indigent and the miserable. Let us think of those whose poor hovels and shattered panes cannot screen them from the piercing cold. Let us think of the old and the infirm, of the sick and the diseased. Oh, let "the blessing of them that are ready to perish come upon us." Who would not deny himself superfluities, and something more, that his bounty may visit "the fatherless and the widows in their affliction."

6. This season is instructive as an emblem. Here is the picture of thy life: thy flowery spring, thy summer strength, thy sober autumn, are all hastening into winter. Decay and death will soon, very soon, lay all waste! What provision hast thou made for the evil day? Hast thou been laying up treasure in heaven? hast thou been laboring for that wealth which endureth unto everlasting life!

7. Soon spring will dawn again upon us with its beauty and its songs. And "we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." No winter there; but we shall flourish in perpetual spring, in endless youth, in everlasting life!

20. THE SNOW.

1. THE snow! the snow! 'tis a pleasant thing
   To watch it falling, falling
Down upon earth with noiseless wing
   As at some spirit's calling;
Each flake is a fairy parachute,
   From teeming clouds let down;
And earth is still, and air is mute,
   As frost's enchanted zone.

2. The snow! the snow!—behold the trees
   Their fingery boughs stretch out,
The blossoms of the sky to seize,
   As they duck and dive about;
The bare hills plead for a covering,
   And, ere the gray twilight,
Around their shoulders broad shall cling
   An arctic cloak of white.

3. The snow! the snow!—alas! to me
It speaks of far-off days,
When a boyish skater, mingling free
Amid the merry maze;
Methinks I see the broad ice still,
And my nerves all jangling feel,
Blending with tones of voices shrill
The ring of the slider's heel.

4. The snow! the snow!—soon dusky night
Drew his murky curtains round
Low earth, while a star of lustre bright
Peep'd from the blue profound.
Yet what cared we for darkening lea,
Or warning bell remote?
With shout and cry we scudded by,
And found the bliss we sought.

5. The snow! the snow!—'twas ours to wage,
How oft, a mimic war,
Each white ball tossing in wild rage,
That left a gorgeous scar;
While doublets dark were powder'd o'er
Till darkness none could find,
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,
And caitiff chiefs behind.

6. The snow! the snow!—I see him yet,
That piled-up giant grim,
To startle horse and traveller set,
With Titan girth of limb.
We hoped, oh, ice-ribb'd Winter bright!
Thy sceptre could have screen'd him;
But traitor Thaw stole forth by night,
And cruelly guillotined him!

7. The snow! the snow!—Lo! Eve reveals
Her starr'd map to the moon,

And o'er hush'd earth a radiance steals
  More bland than that of noon;
The fur-robed genii of the Pole
  Dance o'er our mountains white,
Chain up the billows as they roll,
  And pearl the caves with light.

6. The snow! the snow!—It brings to mind
  A thousand happy things;
And but one sad one—'tis to find
  Too sure that Time hath wings!
Oh, ever sweet is sight or sound,
  That tells of long ago,
And I gaze around with thoughts profound,
  Upon the falling snow.

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21. USES OF WATER.

HOW common, and yet how beautiful and how pure, is a drop of water! See it, as it issues from the rock to supply the spring and the stream below. See how its meanderings through the plains, and its torrents over the cliffs, add to the richness and the beauty of the landscape. Look into a factory standing by a waterfall, in which every drop is faithful to perform its part, and hear the groaning and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of shuttles, and the buzz of spindles, which, under the direction of their *fair* attendants, are supplying myriads of fair purchasers with fabrics from the cotton-plant, the sheep, and the silkworm.

2. Is any one so stupid as not to admire the splendor of the rainbow, or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water, as they break away from the clouds which had confined them, and are making a quick visit to our earth to renew its verdure and increase its animation? How useful is the gentle dew, in its nightly visits, to allay the scorching heat of a summer's sun!

3. And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the

trees, the shrubs, and the grass: though it strips them of their summer's verdure, and warns them that they must soon receive the buffetings of the winter's tempest! This is but water, which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness and its elegant crystals. The snow, too,—what is that but these same pure drops, thrown into crystals by winter's icy hand? and does not the first summer's sun return them to the same limpid drops?

4. The majestic river, and the boundless ocean,—what are they? Are they not made of drops of water? How the river steadily pursues its course from the mountain's top, down the declivity, over the cliff, and though the plain, taking with it every thing in its course! How many mighty ships does the ocean float upon its bosom! How many fishes sport in its waters! How does it form a lodging-place for the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Lena, and the Hoang Ho!

5. How piercing are these pure limpid drops! How do they find their way into the depths of the earth, and even the solid rock! How many thousand streams, hidden from our view by mountain masses, are steadily pursuing their courses deep from the surface which forms our standing-place for a few short days! In the air, too, how it diffuses itself! Where can a particle of air be found, which does not contain an atom of water?

6. How much would a famishing man give for a few of these pure limpid drops of water! And where do we use it in our daily sustenance? or rather, where do we not use it? Which portion of the food that we have taken during our lives, did not contain it? What part of our body, which limb, which organ, is not moistened with this same faithful servant? How is our blood, that free liquid, to circulate through our veins without it?

7. How gladly does the faithful horse, or the patient ox, in his toilsome journey, arrive at the water's brink! And the faithful dog, patiently following his master's track,—how eagerly does he lap the water from the clear fountain he meets in his way!

8. Whose heart ought not to overflow with gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure liquid, which his own hand has deposited in the deep, and diffused through the floating air and the solid earth? Is it the farmer, whose fields, by the gentle dew and the abundant rain, bring forth fatness? Is it the mechanic, whose saw, lathe, spindle, and shuttle are moved by this faithful servant?

9. Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and the perplexities of business, to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty but yielding ocean?

10. Is it the physician, on his administering to his patient some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the disease which threatens? Is it the priest, whose profession it is to make others feel—and that by feeling himself, that the slightest favor and the richest blessing are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver? Who, that still has a glass of water and a crumb of bread, is not ungrateful to complain?

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

1. VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2. Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away;
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath:
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3. The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory!
O Death! where is thy sting!

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22. FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

HEROD was impatient for the sages' return from Bethlehem, till finding they had slighted the charge he gave them, and were gone home another way, he was hurried into a transport of anger, which deluged the country with innocent blood. By an act, the most inhuman that ever was done by the worst of tyrants, he has shown the world what his intention was, when he so carefully questioned the sages, and so strictly ordered them to bring back an account of the child they were in quest of.

2. But God, who laughs at man's presumptuous folly, silently defeated the tyrant's malice, and made his bloody cruelty instrumental to the glory of the innocent. An angel in the night informed Joseph of the murderous design that Herod had upon the child's life, and admonished him to save both him and the mother by a speedy flight into Egypt. Joseph in this instance is a perfect model of that prompt obedience which every Christian owes to the commands of God. He was commanded to rise that moment, to leave his native country, and fly off with the child and his mother, not towards the sages, or to any friendly nation, but into Egypt, amidst the idolatrous and natural enemies of the Jewish people.

3. The tender age of the infant and the frail delicacy of the virgin mother, seemed to require every comfort that his own private dwelling could have afforded. But that slender comfort was to be given up; it was dark night, and no time

to be lost in making provision for a long and laborious journey. The faithful guardian of the Word Incarnate rose upon the first notice that was given him, punctually fulfilled every tittle of the order, took the child and his mother, and set off for Egypt, uncertain when, or whether he should ever, return or not. The love he bore to Jesus, the desire he had of serving him to the extent of his power, softened every hardship, and made him forget the labors of an unlooked-for banishment.

4. The divine Jesus might have rendered himself invisible, or by a visible exertion of his power might have disarmed Herod, as he did Pharaoh in ancient times; but he choose to fly, for the encouragement of those who were afterwards to suffer banishment for his sake; by his own example he would instruct his followers, that in the heat of persecution they may laudably fly to save their lives, in hopes of some future good.

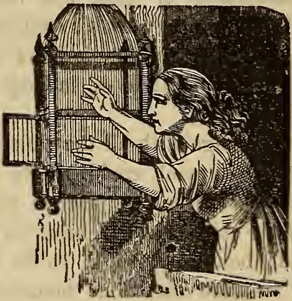
5. Herod began to rage with all the violence that jealousy, heightened by disappointment, could inspire. With a cruelty that would have shocked the most savage barbarian, he gave orders for every male child that had been born within the two last years, in and about Bethlehem, to be killed. To such barbarous shifts was the ambitious monarch driven by his politics! An innocent babe, he knew not who, made him tremble upon his throne; he tried his utmost skill to find him out, he drenched the country with innocent blood to make sure of his destruction, he filled the air with the shrieks and lamentations of disconsolate mothers, that he might draw out the enjoyment of a crown to a somewhat greater length.

6. But no honors purchased by such crimes could give any real enjoyment. His cruelty heaped confusion upon himself, while it opened the gate of happiness to those who felt its stroke: nor could it rage beyond the bounds that God had set it; amidst the thousands of slaughtered innocents, He alone escaped, who alone was aimed at.

7. No malicious efforts of the wicked can ever frustrate the decrees of God; their hatred or their love become, as he pleases to direct, the instruments of his holy designs; the whole world, combined with all the powers of darkness, can

never stop the execution of what an omnipotent Providence has once decreed.

8. If once assured of the divine will, we have but to follow it without fear: if in the station of our duty we have any thing to suffer, we suffer for justice' sake. Herod's cruelty became the glory of the innocents: his sword could hurt their bodies only; their souls were sanctified by the effusion of their blood; their memory through every age is celebrated on earth; they reign eternally with God in heaven.



23. The Freed Bird.

1 RETURN, return, my bird!
I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

2. "I am free, I am free,—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!

3. "The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer,
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free,—I return no more!"

4. Alas, alas, my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

5. "Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
Oh! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell.

6. From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,
Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy nest."

7. Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright?
I have seen the glance of the sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

8. "It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

9. "My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and breeze,
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely play,
And the odors that wander afar—away!"

10 Farewell, farewell, thou bird!
I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be *they* joy like thee to part,
Like thee that wert all my own.

11. "If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love might calm them, they joy'd to be free;
They sprung from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour.

12. "Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven.
Farewell! With my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more!"

24. BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN.

ALTHOUGH the doctrine of our blessed Saviour was so pure in its principles, so conformable to reason, so confirmed by miracles, and so pleasing in its promises of eternal glory, yet few embraced it. A general skepticism and hardness of heart prevailed in the cities of Judea, and in no city more than in that of Nazareth.

2. It was natural to imagine that the Nazarenes would have thought themselves in some sort honored by the fame of one who had lived and grown up among them, and that they would have cherished him as the most valuable of their citizens. Their behavior was, however, the very opposite. They had seen and conversed with him from his youth; they knew no learning that he had acquired; in his person they discovered nothing that set him above the common level; in his mother and relations they beheld no title that made him superior to the poorer class of the people.

3. To his doctrine, therefore, they would give no credit, nor would they allow his miracles which they had not seen. The great reputation which Jesus had acquired among others made them jealous, and their jealousy grew into a violent hatred against him.

4. They laid hands upon him, and led him to the steep point of the rock on which their town was built, with an intention to throw him headlong down. But the hour for Jesus to die was not yet come, and no human malice could advance it. He slipped out of their hands, and walked away through the midst of them.

5. This perverse incredulity of the Nazarenes hindered Jesus from working any miracles among them, excepting the cure of

some of their sick, which he did by imposing his hands upon them. On his return from Nazareth, he was informed of John the Baptist's death.

6. A short time before this St. John had been cast into prison on account of the reprimand he gave to King Herod, for his incestuous connection with Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip. Herodias had often solicited the king to have him put to death, and the king as often refused to consent, not only from a principle of esteem for the holy man, but likewise from a fear of the people's resentment, for they considered the Baptist as a wonderful prophet.

7. But Herod's imprudence betrayed him soon after to commit the bloody deed. He celebrated his birthday with great pomp and splendor; a grand entertainment was prepared, and the chief men of Galilee were invited to attend; the daughter of Herodias was introduced before the company, and desired to dance.

8. The manner of her performance so pleased the king, that he rashly promised upon oath to give whatsoever she should ask, though it were half his kingdom. The girl immediately left the room to consult her mother what she should ask. "Go and ask for the head of John the Baptist," replied the adulteress.

9. The girl ran back to Herod, and desired that he would forthwith give her on a dish the head of John the Baptist. Struck at the unnatural request, the king was sorry for the rash promise he had made, but, out of respect to the company, resolved to keep his oath, not to displease the daughter of Herodias. He therefore ordered an executioner to go forthwith to the prison, and cut off the Baptist's head. The head was given in a dish to the girl, and the girl presented it to her mother.

10. Thus was the great precursor of our Lord impiously slain in the vigor of life; thus was John murdered by the sword of Herod, who had always admired and esteemed him for his purity of doctrine and sanctity of morals. Herod fell not all at once into the enormity of guilt; by gradual steps he had advanced towards the depth of crime; one excess had

led him on to another; lustful passion opened the way to incest, and incest plunged him into murder.

11. Herod was permitted to take away the life of St. John the Baptist, greater than whom no phophet had ever risen among the sons of women.

12. The life of that holy man was sacrificed to the capricious revenge of a wicked woman; it was sacrificed for a dance. Hence we see, says St. Gregory, in what light we are to consider this mortal life, which is so liable to misfortunes, and so constantly harassed by the suspicions, by the hatred, and the slanders of wicked men.

13. It is to a future life that we should constantly look up; a life which neither the tongue of slander, nor the sword of persecution can affect. Tyrants may rage and threaten; pain may crumble these mortal bodies into dust; but a passing death will open us an entrance into that heavenly kingdom, where the blessed know no change and fear no decay.

25. SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

1. I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

2. I have walk'd the world for fourscore years:
And they say that I am old,
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I 'bide my time:"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

3. Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smother'd call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

4. I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;

For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

26. LEARNING AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS NOT INCONSISTENT WITH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

[*Explanatory Note.*—Mr. Renny tells this story; Marcella is Mr. Renny's wife; Clara is their daughter. Justin and Laura are Mr. and Mrs. Hubert, who have just come on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Renny, and Mary is their daughter. Aunt Robert is the aunt of Mr. and Mrs. Renny.]

MARY has accompanied her parents; her first appearance gives a painful impression. She is small, thin, and very sallow: almost ugly. Laura and Justin presented her to me without a word, and during the first two days, I took scarcely any notice of her; but the other morning, I heard her conversing in German with her father; and I know that she is acquainted with the English and Spanish languages.

2. Marcella obliged her to seat herself at the piano; and we soon perceived that she has already far outstripped her mother. She has also learned all that can be taught to one of her age, of geography, and natural and political history. Clara is in a state of bewilderment at such an amount of learning, and I am still more surprised at so much modesty.

3. The latter, however, does not soften Aunt Robert; who, when she was informed of the number of Mary's acquirements, only shook her head. Aunt Robert's prejudices, on that point, are not to be overcome. She is suspicious, almost to hostility, of all those who are, what she styles, learned women. According to her, literary studies are perfectly incompatible with household duties. No one can understand orthography

and backstitch too, or speak any other language but our mother tongue, and superintend a roast.

4. "Oh, yes! I have seen your little prodigies before," she said to Marcella, yesterday, "who talk about revolutions in China with their stockings in holes; who read poetry, and yet cannot understand the receipt of a pudding; who will describe with accuracy the costume of the African savage, and do not know how to trim a cap! do not talk to me of such women, my dear girl; the very best they are good for, is to be lodge-keepers to the French Academy."

5. Notwithstanding these strong prejudices, she treats Mary like everybody else; that is to say, with her usual rude, familiar kindness; for Aunt Robert compares herself to a thorny gooseberry bush: to get at the fruit, people must not mind a few scratches.

6. For the rest, these peculiarities do not seem to disturb the young girl in the least: she laughs at the old lady's whims, and is the first to offer to carry her bag, or fetch her a footstool. I have reason to believe the good aunt is very fond of her. "After all," she said, the other day, "there really is good in the child, and it is not her fault if she has been taught more grammar than cookery."

7. Consequently, she has been very anxious to make her feel the inconveniences of her education. Yesterday she invited us to dine with the Huberts at her house, and begged Mary to come early and assist her in her preparations. Despite the ironical manner in which the latter invitation was given, it was accepted.

8. Aunt Robert was determined to display before the eyes of the little blue-stocking all the splendor of her house-keeping royalty; and Mary found her enveloped in a large apron with an ample bib, her sleeves turned up above her elbows, busy making a favorite dish.

9. Now in the opinion of the best judges, this dish was the pinnacle of glory in Aunt Roberts' culinary art.

She beckoned to Mary to approach, and after explaining to her the particular merits and difficulties of her dish, proceeded with her cookery.

10. "You see, my dear," mixing, in her motherly way, moral precepts and practical explanations, "one of the chief duties of a woman is to make the most of every thing.—(Keep the whites of the eggs for another occasion.)—Life is made for something more than learning to conjugate the verbs I *walk*, or I *talk;* to assure to those around us health and comfort—(don't put in too much lemon juice);—when one makes it a principle to be useful—(the crust is beginning to rise),—it is sufficient to keep peace and a good conscience—(we put the whole into a mould),—and we live happily—(in the Dutch oven)."

11. Mary smilingly looked on, not a little bewildered by the odd mixture of philosophy and cookery; and this time, alas! the first most certainly injured the second; for a thing unheard of before, just when Aunt Robert, being of opinion that it was done enough, with serene confidence opened the oven door, intending to display before her pupil's eyes her sparkling pyramid, she found nothing but a crumbled ruin blackened by the fire!

12. The disappointment was the greater, because completely unexpected. Besides, dinner-time was drawing near, and the dish would have taken more time to make again than she could spare

27. LEARNING AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS—*continued.*

AUNT ROBERT had to go out and make several purchases, to look after the servant, a new hand whose experience she more than doubted, in uncovering the drawing-room furniture and laying the cloth. She was speaking with resigned repugnance of resorting to the direful extremity of applying to the neighboring pastry-cook, when Mary quietly proposed to replace the missing dish with one of her own making.

2. Aunt Robert actually started with surprise.

"What! my dear child! do you know what you are saying?" she asked; "is it possible that you can make any thing fit to eat? you, who can speak all the languages of the Tower of Babel!"

"It is a family pudding, which always succeeds, and does not take long to make," replied the young girl.

3. "Pudding!" repeated Aunt Robert a little contemptuously. "Ah! I understand; it is some foreign dish, like what they make in England. Very well, *Miss* Huburt! let us see what you will produce; the servant shall supply you with any ingredients you may require."

4. But Mary assured her she had all she wanted, and set about it without more delay. Half an hour after, when Aunt Robert returned from making her purchases, she found the pudding ready for the table.

5. Its appearance was such as to strike the eye of a judge. After examining it well, and inhaling the odor, she gave a little nod of satisfaction. "There is nothing to be said against its looks," said she. "I should only like now to see how it tastes; for you know 'that the proof of the pudding lies in the eating.' However, I see, my dear child, you are not without usefulness; now come and help me with the dessert."

6. But a fresh trouble arose. The servant had broken one of the china baskets, indispensable to the service; and there remained only the broken pieces on the sideboard. Aunt Robert, accustomed to the old-fashioned arrangement, could do nothing without her basket; but Mary, who with her mother was obliged to resort to all sorts of expedients in their humble cottage, where the richness of taste hid the poverty of their means, declared she could arrange it all. She ran to the garden, whence she gathered leaves, flowers, and fruits, with which she dressed the table, and hid the discrepancy occasioned by the missing basket.

7. The fine damask, Aunt Robert's especial pride, the old-fashioned crystal, the many-colored china, and antique plate, were all most elegantly and tastefully arranged; and then Mary added all the graceful fancies which impart so much to the elegance of a well-arranged table, down from the butter in shells to bouquets of radishes. Aunt Robert was bewildered; but she was still more so, when all the dishes, being served at

once, covered the table, and, as she said, "transformed her homely dinner into a Belshazzar's feast."

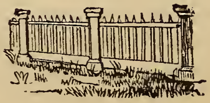
8. "Ah, you sly little puss!" she exclaimed, as, thoroughly conquered, she warmly embraced her; "who would have thought there was all this hidden in you!" The pudding was unanimously pronounced excellent; and Aunt Robert did not fail to relate the history of her favorite dish.

9. From this moment, her opinion of Mary underwent a striking change. She owned to me in a half whisper at dessert, that she had been too severe; and that our friend had not neglected the "essential" as much as she had at first imagined. Still she was strongly opposed to "the gift of tongues," which she maintained, could be available only to the Apostles.

10. At last we rose from the table, and adjourned to the little sitting-room; where, while waiting the advent of tea, each lady brought out her sewing or embroidery, and Aunt Robert sought the mittens she was knitting. Unfortunately, they had not escaped the general disturbance; a needle had fallen out, which was one of the little domestic miseries our worthy aunt felt most acutely. She uttered a slight exclamation of despair, and went off in search of her spectacles; but on her return she found her knitting in the hands of Mary.

11. "Ah! you little puss, what are you about there!" she cried in alarm. Mary returned her the mitten with a smile, and, on looking, she found the stitches taken up, and the pattern continued.

She regarded Mary with a stupefied look; then turning to me, she exclaimed in a tone of the highest admiration, "She can knit, too! Ah, my friend, I retract my judgment; there is nothing wanting; her education is complete."



28. ANECDOTES OF THE TIGER.

LIKE other voracious beasts, nothing will deter the tiger from attempting to obtain his prey when hungry, however apparent may be the danger he risks. A Scotchman, who was a soldier in India, assured us, that while the army was on its march, in broad day, an enormously large tiger sprang from a jungle which they were passing, and carried off one of the men in his mouth, with as much ease "as a cat would carry off a mouse," and was out of sight before any effort could be made for the recovery of the poor man, so quick and unexpected was the whole occurrence.

2. The postmen of India, who are called dawks, and who travel on foot, are frequently seized by these creatures, as are those who escort them; nor can any thing be more dangerous than for persons to venture, unless it be in well-armed bodies, within their blood-stained neighborhoods.

3. In 1819, an official report was presented to the Indian government, in which it was stated that eighty-four persons had been seized and carried off by tigers, from one district only, in the course of the preceding year. It may be supposed how much the possessions of the East India Company must have

been infested with these depredators, when the amount of premiums bestowed on those persons who slew them in the year 1808, is stated to have been $75,000.

4. Like most other animals, the tigress is attached strongly to her young. In the "Oriental Field Sports," Captain Williamson tells us that some peasants in India had found four cubs in the absence of their mother, and brought him two, which he placed in a stable. After howling for several nights, the tigress approached and responded to them; and it was deemed prudent to let them out, lest their mamma should break in; the next morning she carried them off.

5. The tiger, like all animals when brought under the control of man, will evince signs of partiality towards his keeper, or others accustomed to treat him kindly. Still, we think the confidence of keepers is sometimes carried too far, as there are times when the natural instinct of savage brutes will reign paramount, in despite of their training.

6. The imprudence, however, of strangers attempting to take any freedom with such creatures, cannot be too often nor too deeply impressed upon the minds of our readers—since, from inattention to it, how many fatal accidents have occurred! A schoolmaster went to see a menagerie, where, admiring the beauty of the tiger, he offered it an apple. The creature seized his hand, dragging it into the cage; and although, by the efforts of the keepers the brute was compelled to let it go, yet it was so dreadfully lacerated that amputation became necessary; and, in a few days afterwards, the poor man was a corpse.

7. People in the East are usually fond of witnessing the combats of wild and savage animals; and we will now give our readers, not only an illustration of their savage tastes, but also the invincible courage of their fellow-beings, who run the risk of a dreadful death to gratify them. The statement from which we are about to quote is narrated by a gentleman who was invited by the rajah of Coorg to become a spectator of his cruel and terrific *amusements*. Coorg is a fine province of Hindostan, which our youthful readers will discover upon their maps, situated in the western Ghaut mountains of that vast region.

8. The rajah, with true Asiatic vanity, prided himself upon the number of savage beasts he possessed; having, it was said, many lions and tigers which had been brought to perfect submission, besides others which were kept for combating.

On the appointed day of the exhibition in question, the rajah with his court, and other persons, were seated in a gallery, below which was an arena of a hundred yards square, where the sports commenced. After some engagements of inferior animals had ended, a man entered the arena almost naked, having on a pair of trowsers only, that just covered his hips, and reached scarcely half way down his thighs.

9. He was tall, and though slight, yet muscular, strong, and active. His body glistened with the oil with which it had been rubbed to add to the pliability of his limbs; and in his hand he held what is called a Coorg-knife, somewhat in shape like a plough-share, about two feet long, three or four inches wide, and tapering a little towards the handle: it is heavy, and first swung round the head by the person who uses it, by which means a blow is inflicted with a force that is truly wonderful. The Hindoo, who now appeared, had volunteered to fight with a tiger; and, having brandished his weapon, "the expression of his countenance," says the writer, "was really sublime when he gave the signal for the animal to be let loose; it was the very concentration of moral energy—the index of a single and settled resolution!"

10. Men, who were placed above, at his signal raised the bars of a cage from which an immense royal tiger sprang before him with a half-stifled growl, and waving its tail, upon which it erected the hair as a cat does when she is angry. It looked at its opponent, who met it with his eye, and then at all around; but uneasy at its novel situation, it leaped again into its cage, from which the keepers above not being able again to force it, let fall the bars by which it was secured.

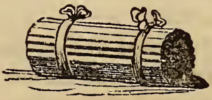
11. Some crackers were tied to the creature's tail, which projected through the bars; to these the man applied a lighted match that had been handed to him, and the bars were again drawn up. The tiger now bounded out of its den in a state of frantic excitement, until the crackers having exploded, it

crouched snarling in a corner, like a cat when she is annoyed—the bars of its cage had been let down; and the brave Hindoo, who had been watching its motions, now slowly and fearlessly advanced towards it.

12. Thus roused, the hairs of its body became erect, and its tail (like the tail of an angry cat) twice its usual size; yet, as the man slowly advanced, it again retreated, keeping its front towards its brave opponent, who still advanced with the same slow and measured step as before. Suddenly he stopped; and now paced steadily backwards, his eyes still fixed on his enemy, which, as he thus retreated, raised itself to its extreme height, lashed its tail, and arched its back, in preparation for making a spring. The Hindoo still moved gently backwards, and when the tiger could no longer *see the expression of his eye*, it bounded towards him with a growl.

13. With the swiftness of lightning, however, he sprang on one side, whirled his ponderous knife around his head, and when the animal's feet reached the ground, it felt the full force of the irresistible blow designed for it, just above the point of the hinder leg, the bone of which it completely snapped in two.

14. The Hindoo retired a few paces, and the wounded beast, disabled from making another spring, roaring with pain, rushed towards him upon its three legs (the other hanging by the skin only) in a state of reckless excitement, while its courageous foe stood calm and determined, awaiting the shock, poising his trusty weapon above his head, and which, when his opponent had got within his reach, he struck with such force into its skull, as severed it from ear to ear, and the conquered brute fell dead at his feet. He then calmly drew his knife across the tiger's skin to cleanse it of the blood; made a dignified "salaam," or bow, to the rajah, and, amidst the loud plaudits of the spectators, withdrew.



29. The Fountain.

1. INTO the sunshine
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing,
From morn to night;

2. Into the moonlight
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow:

3. Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight
Happy by day;

4. Ever in motion
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

5. Glad of all weathers
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

6. Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

7. Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element:

8. Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee.

30. BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre direct from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

2. "Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, then replied, "There is a gentleman up-stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince, and prime minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked, and entered.

3. In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room, sat a man of some fifty years; his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and gazed on Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

4. Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices. He poured

forth his history in eloquent French and broken English; "I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; the scenes of Paris have seized me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like yourself has doubtless many friends."

5. The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber; his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backwards: his voice was full of meaning. "I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in all America!" Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

6. "Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more mockery than joy in its convulsive expression,—"my name is Benedict Arnold!"

He was gone; Talleyrand sank into his chair, gasping the words, "ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR!"

7. Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room, in that inn at Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced him to tell his name: that name the synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

8. The manner of his death is not exactly known; but we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless; that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John André! in his ear; and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring, forever, "True to your country, what might you have been, oh! ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR!"

31. Ruth and Noëmi.

THE short, but interesting story of Ruth, happened under the Judges, and makes a book of itself. The sacred writer tells us, that at the time when the land of Israel was sorely vexed by famine, a certain man, by name Elimelech, of the town of Bethlehem, retired with Noëmi his wife and two sons into the country of the Moabites, not to starve in his own.

2. After his death, Noëmi married her two sons to two young women of that country, whose names were Arpha and Ruth. They lived ten years together, but no issue came from either of the two marriages; the two brothers died, and left their disconsolate mother in a childless widowhood. Having no consolation to expect in the land of Moab, Noëmi resolved to return into her own country, where the famine was no longer felt.

3. She made her purpose known to Arpha and Ruth; they both desired to accompany her to Bethlehem. She begged they would not think of going with a friendless widow, from whom they had neither fortune nor comfort to expect, but to return to their relations, from whom they might meet with both; she made them understand, that by going with her, they would but throw themselves into fresh miseries; that her present distress was sufficient without any other addition; that to see them suffer on her account would increase her pain; and that their sufferings would be more afflicting to her than her own.

4. Arpha yielded to Noëmi's reasons, tenderly embraced her, and returned to Moab. Ruth was too much attached to her mother-in-law to think of leaving her; with the greatest eagerness she begged that they might be never separated from each other. "I will accompany you," said she, "wherever you shall go, and with you I will forever dwell; your people shall be my people, and your God shall be mine; in the same land with you I will live and die, and nothing but death shall ever part us."

5. Noëmi could not refuse so affectionate and so resolute a request; she consented to Ruth's going with her, and they both came to Bethlehem. It was then harvest time, and Ruth desired leave of her mother to go into the neighboring fields, where she might glean some relief in their scanty circumstances. Kind Providence conducted her into a field belonging to Booz, a near relation of Elimelech, Noëmi's former husband.

6. Her remarkable diligence drew the eyes of the reapers, and Booz, from the favorable account he had received from

his overseer, of Ruth's dutiful behavior to her mother, and of her diligence at work, ordered every kindness and civility to be shown her. He bade his reapers scatter the corn on purpose, and leave Ruth a sufficient quantity to requite her amply for the pains she took; if she should be willing to reap, he told them not to hinder her, and insisted upon her eating and drinking with his servants.

7. This goodness of Booz to Ruth has been considered by the holy fathers as an emblem of that which Jesus Christ has since shown to his Church. Booz did not disdain to take notice of a poor stranger; neither the present meanness of her appearance, nor the past errors of her religious sentiments. excluded her from the acts of his humanity.

8. Ruth's steady attachment to Noëmi is an example of that unshaken fidelity which every Christian owes to Jesus Christ and his Church. He that loves his father, mother, or his kindred, more than me, says our blessed Saviour, is not worthy of me. Whoever will come after me let him deny himself, take up his cross, and so follow me.

9. If in following Jesus Christ, worldly advantages must be sometimes given up, and hardships undergone, an upright mind and a peaceful conscience will confer an inward satisfaction, which, without virtue, no riches can purchase, and no power bestow.

10. Noëmi's poverty was to Ruth of more advantage than the wealth of Moab; and they who, by a firm and generous attachment, stand steady to the principles of duty, will also receive their reward in the end. They may suffer, they may be oppressed for a time; the hour of their delivery hastens on, an eternity of joys is already prepared to console their pains, and to crown their patience.

32. Flowers.

1. OH, they look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wanderings by woods and streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

2. They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wander'd by wood and glade;
And the Lord look'd down from the highest heaven
And bless'd what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers.

3. That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty, then,—
The bright, bright flowers.

4. The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept,
In Eden from brake to brake.

They were left as a proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home;
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers.

33. The Scholar of the Rosary.

IN a certain district in the south of France, there lived a noble lady, who governed her household and family in all holy discipline, and who was among the first to join the confraternity in honor of the mother of God, on its re-establishment in that country.

2. She had an only child, named Bernard; a boy whose disposition was as noble as his birth, although indeed he was rather remarkable for the angelic innocence of his life than for the endowment of his mind. He was sent by his mother to study at a school in the neighborhood, whence he was wont to return home every evening, for she could not resolve to trust him away from her own care while he was still so young.

3. It does not seem that Bernard was in any way deficient in ability; and he even made considerable progress in some of his studies, especially in grammar; but he was wanting in quickness and liveliness of imagination; and the composition of French and Latin verses, which was one of the common school-tasks of his class, became a difficulty too great for him.

4. One evening when he returned home, after a day of unusual trouble, he sat down in a pensive mood on the steps leading into the garden, and leaning his head on his hand, he gave himself up to very sorrowful reflections. He knew how much his mother wished that he should grow up a learned man, and then he was at the bottom of his class, with the reputation of being the dunce of the school; and all because he was not born a poet: it was certainly a little hard.

5. Poets, as all know, are born, not made; and it seemed

an unreasonable thing to spend so many a long day in trying to become what nature had not made him.

"Bernard," said his mother—and at the sound of that gentle voice the poor boy started to his feet—"what is the matter? Your hair is hanging about your eyes, your cap is on the ground, and I see something very like tears on those white cheeks."

6. Bernard hung his head, but did not say a word. "Do you not speak, my child?" continued his mother: "you were never wont to hide your sorrows thus; or is it, indeed, that you have fallen into some grievous fault at school, and fear to declare it to me?"

"No, mother," replied Bernard, "they call me dunce, and fool, and they speak truly: but though now I could cry, as though my heart would break, it is for no fault that you would deem a grievous one; it is that I am not a poet." And with these words, Bernard hid his face on his mother's knee, and sobbed aloud.

7. "A poet, child!" said his mother; "is that your only trouble? Heard you ever that poets were happier or better than other men, that you should crave a gift that brings little ease, and ofttimes less of grace: covet the better gifts, Bernard, for this is hardly worth your tears; a holy heart and a spotless faith were fitter things to weep after."

8. "But, mother," replied Bernard, earnestly, "you know not how the case stands with boys: we have to learn so many things you would marvel to find the use for; and among them all there is none so strange to fit a meaning to as the making of these verses.

9. "And yet Master Roland says I am a dunce if I do not make them; and shall abide as I am, the lag-last of the school, till I better know how to scan my lines, and have learnt the difference between a trochee and a spondee: and that," he added, with a heavy sigh, "I shall never learn."

10. "Bernard," said his mother, "I do not think I can help to mend your verses, but I may chance to be able to mend your courage. It was but the other day that Master Alan told me of a student whose books were as grievous to him as

any verses of yours can be, and yet he found the way not only to read them, but to write them too; and died a great doctor and professor in the university."

11. "And what was his way?" asked Bernard. "Perhaps his books were written in prose; it might have been different if they had been poetry."

"His way was a very simple one," replied his mother; "he asked our dear Lady's help, and every day said the rosary in her honor. I think there is little to hinder you from doing the same.

12. "Master Alan has given you a rosary, though I see not that you often use it; take it before her altar, every morning before you go to school, and say the prayers as he has taught you; and remember that no one ever prayed to Mary without obtaining relief."

13. Bernard was not slow in following his mother's counsel; and not content with saying part of the rosary, he every day recited the entire fifteen mysteries on his knees before the image on our lady's altar.

14. Nor was it long before a singular change was observed in the boy; not only did his former dulness and heaviness of capacity gradually disappear, but a certain depth of feeling and gracefulness of imagery was displayed in his school-verses, that placed them very far above the ordinary standard of such productions.

34. THE SCHOLAR OF THE ROSARY—*continued.*

THE masters marvelled at the change, and said many learned things about the development of the understanding; the scholars wondered also, and soon came to beseech Bernard to help them in their tasks; as for the boy himself, the light in his soul had stolen into it with such a soft and quiet gentleness, that he hardly knew the change.

2. When they praised and questioned him as to whence he drew his thoughts and imagery, he was wont to answer, with a wondering simplicity, that any one might do the same, for

he found it all in the rosary. This reply, which he constantly gave, soon became talked about among the rest, and gained him the title, among his companions, of the Scholar of the Rosary.

3. Every one now predicted great things of Bernard; he was the head of his class and of the school; the highest awards of learning, he was told, were now within his grasp; with that delicate and subtle fancy, and that solidity of understanding, he might aspire to any thing; the professor's chair or the doctor's cap would never surely be denied him.

4. But their hopes and expectations were not to be realized; for the scholar of Mary a higher and very different distinction was in store. One day he came home as usual, and complained of an aching pain in his eyes; before the morning the inflammation had increased to such a degree that he could not bear the light, and was obliged to keep his bed in a darkened room, where, spite of every care and remedy which his mother's tenderness could bestow, he suffered the greatest pain.

5. For two months he lay in this state, while the disease gradually assumed a more dangerous character. The physicians desired that every ray of daylight should be excluded from his room, and the utmost care taken to preserve the slightest object from irritating the eye; an order which was strictly obeyed.

6. Nevertheless, in spite of his pain and increasing weakness, nothing prevented Bernard from fulfilling his customary prayers. Every day, as usual, he recited the fifteen mysteries of the rosary, and comforted his mother, when she grieved over the blindness that threatened him, by saying his devotion was one which needed neither book nor daylight to help it, but only the familiar touch of those dear beads that never left his neck.

7. Alas! blindness was before long not the only evil she had to dread; it was soon evident that the malady had reached a fatal form, which no human skill could avail to remedy. Bernard was to die; all the great hopes excited by his newly displayed talents vanished into thin air; and those whose tongues had been so busy with his wonderful genius were now loud in

deploring the loss of one from whom so brilliant a career might have been expected.

8. His mother entered the room to prepare him for the coming of the priest; and as she did so, she desired the attendant to bring a candle into the still-darkened chamber.

"What need of a candle?" said the boy; "tell them that it is not wanted."

9. "It is for the priest, my child," she replied. "You will try and bear the light for a few minutes; for the good father has come to hear your confession, and he could not see to enter without a light."

"But there is light," he replied; "the room is full of it, and has never been dark to me. I wonder that you do not see it."

10. "What light?" asked the priest, who was by this time bending over him. "Your mother and I are standing here, but to our eyes the room is darkened still."

"It is from our Lady," replied the boy; "she is here by my bedside, and the rays are shining from her, and make it day. There has never been darkness here since I have been ill."

11. The priest felt an awe stealing over him, and involuntarily bowed his head towards the spot indicated by the child.

"And does that light hurt your eyes?" he asked; "you could not bear the daylight."

"It is joy," answered Bernard, faintly; "joy and glory: the sorrow is all gone now!" and the priest saw that in his last words he was still thinking of the rosary. And so he died; and those whom he left needed not the evidence of miracles to assure them that the scholar of Mary had been taken to the fulness of that glory, something of whose radiance had thus rested over his dying bed.

35. The Month of May.

THIS is the sweet, the balmy month of May !—the season when nature comes forth in all her gayest attire, robed in violet and green, her brow encircled with garlands of flowers. To children, it is a season of mirth ;—to all a time of gladness.

During this month the Church, in a special manner, invites her children to honor and invoke the patronage of the immaculate Queen of Heaven, in that beautiful devotion of "the Month of Mary."

2. As this devotion in honor of the holy Virgin is now so universally practised, we give the following sketch of its origin for the instruction and edification of our young readers:

3. During the early part of the sixteenth century, Father Lalomia, a professor in one of the Jesuit colleges in Italy, proposed to the pupils of his class to perform each day during the month of May, some special devòtion to the mother of God. The happy suggestion was joyfully seconded by his pupils, and accordingly, a statue of the Blessed Virgin was placed upon a table at the end of the class-room. Before this humble altar, which they fervently decorated with flowers, the venerable father and his pupils daily assembled and recited certain prayers in honor of Mary, and made a short meditation on the virtues of her life.

4. The fathers of the college remarked with much gratification the fervent piety which, from that period, distinguished the members of Father Lalomia's class—an evidence how pleasing this devotion was to the mother of God. On the returning May, the devotion which commenced in a single class, was extended to the whole college. The effect was most remarkable.

5. Boys who had been heretofore untractable, now became models of obedience and docility; those who had been remiss in the practice of their religion, now flew to the confessional; the slothful and indolent became examples in the punctual and faithful discharge of their scholastic duties; the praises of Mary were heard from every tongue, her statue was daily crowned, and her altar strewed with flowers.

6. The fathers, seeing the good effects which the devotion of the month of May produced in this single college, immediately introduced it into all their colleges in Italy, and in other countries of Europe; and as they went forth from these institutions on the mission, they established the devotion among the faithful, and thus it spread from church to church until it has at length become almost universal.

7. Let our young readers, during this month, join in this beautiful devotion. Let them go forth every morning and crown the statue of their heavenly Queen, strew her altar with

fresh-gathered flowers, and say to her in all the fervor of their hearts:

Dearest mother! on thy altar,
  Lay we down this simple wreath:
Guide thy children, as we falter,
  Safely through this vale of death.
To thy sacred heart devoted
  Thou on us bestowest peace;
Reconciled to Heaven we pray thee
  Till this dangerous life shall cease.

◆

36. The Month of Mary.

1. YOUNG May comes forth in her flowery dress,
The vales rejoice in their loveliness;
The meek primrose and the lily fair,
And Bethlehem's star are smiling there;
Then children of Mary, haste away,
Prepare the wreath for her festal day.

2. With fairest flowers that wreath entwine,
Their graceful forms with care combine,
Then let it be near some altar hung,
And "Ave Maria" be sweetly sung;
And the holy priest shall lend his aid,
To crave a boon from the spotless maid.

3. But the wreath that with Mary bears the palm,
Is a glowing heart with passions calm;
Where charity, peace, and meekness dwell,
And the virtue pure she loved so well:
With these adorn'd your chaplet bear,
And ever confide in Mary's care.

37. THE INDIAN.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, surrounded by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild-fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled their light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from

his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious Source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untameable progenitors! *The Indian,* of falcon glance, and lion-bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of the conquering race. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

38. CHARITY.

1. CHARITY was a little child,
Blue-eyed, beautiful and mild,
Full of love and full of light,
As the moon is to the night;
Tiny foot and snowy hand—
Littled carvèd ivory wand—
Little osier basket white—
Little vase of something bright
Hid in her dress quite cunningly,
Had the sweet child, Charity!

2. Where the aged totter'd on,
Weak and haggard, cold and wan—
Loit'ring in the cheering sun,
Shivering in the rayless moon,
Wrinkled o'er by icy time,
Moaning for his faded prime,
Wrapp'd in rags and wretchedness,
Lying down in hopelessness:
With vase and basket there would be
The beautiful child, Charity!

3. Where the sick were like to die,
Unheeded all by human eye,
Parching with the bleeding mouth,
Gasping with the burning drought,
Sleepless—raving—sore oppress'd,
Staring eye and heaving breast,
Deserted, sad, and comfortless,
In that lone and last distress:
With vase and basket there would be
The beautiful child, Charity!

4. Where the starving peasant cried,
Looking at his wasting bride—

Looking at his younglings bright
Fading away before his sight,
Crying, poor man !—bitterly,
Crying, the helpless sight to see—
Then a little voice he'd hear
Go a-singing in his ear :
With vase and basket there would be
The beautiful child, Charity !

5. Where the blind man stray'd aside
From the roadway high and wide,
And felt for his lost path again
'Mid the jeers of heartless men,
Just as stumbling to his knees,
A little hand is put in his,—
A gentle voice sings up to him,
Soothes his heart, and nerves his limb,—
For there with pitying care would be
The beautiful child, Charity !

6. Ah ! the sweet child, Charity !
It does one's heart a good to see !
In her milk-white simple dress—
In her meek, bright, loveliness—
With her ever-giving hand—
With her peace-enchanting wand—
With her osier basket white—
With her vase of something bright
Hid in her dress quite cunningly :
God-loved—pure child—Charity !

39. THE EVERLASTING CHURCH.

THERE is not, and there never was, on this earth, an institution so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre.

2. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back, in an unbroken series, from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin does this august dynasty extend.

3. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with St. Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.

4. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New Wold have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn; countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than two hundred millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching.

5. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and feels no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from

New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

40. Welcome to the Rhine.

The German army of liberators, on their return from France, are said to have burst into a national chant of welcome to the Rhine, on coming in sight of that celebrated river.

The chorus of this song is well adapted for the purpose of simultaneous reading in class.

SINGLE VOICE.

IT is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving,
I see the bright flood shine!
Sing on the march, with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers, 'tis the Rhine!

CHORUS.

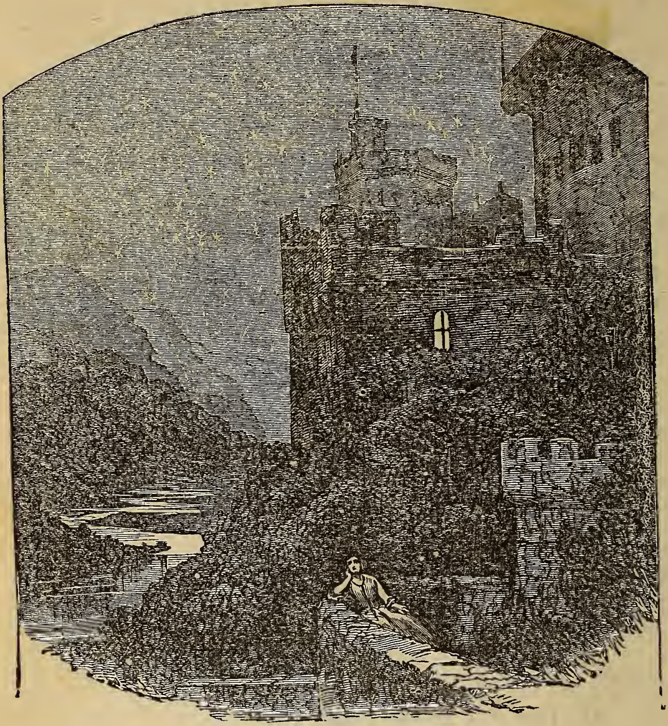
The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial river!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver;—
We bear thee Freedom back!

SINGLE VOICE.

Hail! hail! my childhood knew thy rush of water,
Even as my mother's song;
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong!

CHORUS.

Roll proudly on!—brave blood is with thee sweeping,
Pour'd out by sons of thine,
Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine!



SINGLE VOICE.

Home !—home !—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,
Thy path is by my home :
Even now my children count the hours till meeting.
Oh, ransom'd ones, I come !

CHORUS.

Go, tell the seas that chain shall bind thee never,
Sound on by hearth and shrine !
Sing through the hills that thou art free forever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine !

41. The Bee-hive.

NATURE affords but few more striking evidences of the wisdom and the goodness of the Creator, than may be observed in the labors of bees. The observer is at a loss which to admire most, the wonderful manner in which these insects are adapted to their circumstances, or the unity, industry, loyalty, and sagacity which prevail among them.

2. When they begin to work in their hives, they divide themselves into four companies; one of which roves the fields in search of materials; another employs itself in laying out the bottom and partitions of their cells; a third is employed in smoothing the walls; and the fourth company brings food for the rest, or relieves those who return with their respective burdens.

3. But they are not kept constantly at one employment; they often change the tasks assigned them; those that have been at work, being permitted to go abroad, and those that have been in the fields take their places

4. They seem even to have signs by which they understand each other; for when any of them wants food, he holds out his trunk towards the bee from which he expects it. The latter, understanding the desire of his companion, immediately

deposits for his use a small quantity of honey. Their diligence and labor are so great that in a few days they are enabled to make cells sufficient for several thousand bees. In the plan and formation of these cells they display a wonderful sagacity.

5. The danger of being stung by bees, may be in a great measure prevented by remaining quiet. A thousand bees will fly and buzz about a person without hurting him, if he stands perfectly still and does not disturb them even if they are near his face. It is said that a person is in perfect safety in the midst of a swarm of bees, if he is careful to shut his mouth, and breathe gently through his nostrils.

6. Many amusing stories are told about the effect produced by the sting of bees. In 1825, a mob attacked the house of a gentleman in Germany. He endeavored in vain to dissuade them from their designs; at length when every thing else had failed, he ordered his servants to bring a large bee-hive which he threw into the midst of the enraged multitude. The result answered his expectations. The mobites, stung by the bees, immediately fled in all directions, and thus gave the gentleman time to escape from their fury.

7. Bees have one fault common to bad boys, they are inclined to fight among themselves. Quarrels and combats are frequent among them. Sometimes it seems that their contests are commenced in the hive, as the combatants may often be seen coming out in the greatest fury, and joining in the deadly strife the moment they reach the door of the hive. In some cases a bee peaceably settled on the outside of the hive is rudely jostled by another, and then a fierce struggle is commenced, each endeavoring to obtain the advantage of the position.

8. They turn, dance about, throttle each other, and such is their bitter eagerness, that a person can approach near to them without their perceiving it. Other times, the combat takes place in the hive, and in those cases the contest usually continues until one kills the other; then the victor takes up the dead body of his antagonist and carries it outside the hive.

9. Bees are remarkable for their industry, and those among them that will not, or cannot work, are driven from the hive and not permitted to return.

42. The Child's Wish in June.

1. MOTHER, dear mother, the winds are at play;
Prithee, let me be idle to-day:
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly, under the bright blue sky.

2. See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

3. Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

4. There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

5. You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near;
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

6. I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

43. THE MARTYR'S BOY.

WE have a tale to tell our young readers, of Rome in the early days of the Christian religion.

In the third century after Christ, towards the close of a mild September day, in one of the most imposing private buildings, dwelt a noble Roman matron.

At the time that we discover her she is busily engaged over a piece of work, which evidently has no personal use. Upon a long rich strip of gold cloth she is embroidering with still richer gold thread; and occasionally she has recourse to one or another of several elegant caskets upon the table, from which she takes out a pearl, or a gem set in gold, and introduces it into the design. It looks as if the precious ornaments of earlier days were being devoted to some higher purpose.

2. But as time goes on, some little uneasiness may be observed to come over her calm thoughts, hitherto absorbed, to all appearance, in her work. She now occasionally raises her eyes from it towards the entrance; sometimes she listens for footsteps, and seems disappointed. She looks up towards the sun; then perhaps turns her glance towards a *clepsydra* or water-clock, on a bracket near her; but just as a feeling of more serious anxiety begins to make an impression on her countenance, a cheerful rap strikes the house-door, and she bends forward with a radiant look to meet the welcome visitor.

3. It is a youth full of grace, and sprightliness, and candor, that comes forward with light and buoyant steps across the atrium, towards the inner hall; and we shall hardly find time to sketch him before he reaches it. He is about fourteen years old, but tall for that age, with elegance of form and manliness of bearing. His bare neck and limbs are well developed by healthy exercise; his features display an open and warm heart; while his lofty forehead, round which his brown hair naturally curls, beams with a bright intelligence. A bundle of papers and vellum rolls fastened together, and carried

by an old servant behind him, shows us that he is just returning home from school.

4. While we have been thus noting him, he has received his mother's embrace, and has set himself low by her feet. She gazes upon him for some time in silence, as if to discover in his countenance the cause of his unusual delay, for he is an hour late in his return. But he meets her glance with so frank a look, and with such a smile of innocence, that every cloud of doubt is in a moment dispelled, and she addresses him as follows:

5. "What has detained you to-day, my dearest boy? No accident, I trust, has happened to you on the way?"

"Oh, none, I assure you, sweetest mother; on the contrary, all has been delightful,—so much so, that I can scarcely venture to tell you."

A look of soft smiling entreaty drew from the open-hearted boy a delicious laugh as he continued:

6. "Well, I suppose I must. You know I am never happy, and cannot sleep, if I have failed to tell you all the bad and the good of the day about myself." (The mother smiled again, wondering what the bad was.) "I was reading the other day that the Scythians each evening cast into an urn a white or a black stone, according as the day had been happy or unhappy; if I had to do so, it would serve to mark, in white or black, the days on which I have, or have not, an opportunity of relating to you all that I have done. But to-day, for the first time, I have a doubt, a fear of conscience, whether I ought to tell you all."

7. Did the mother's heart flutter more than usual, as from a first anxiety, or was there a softer solicitude dimming her eye, that the youth should seize her hand and put it tenderly to his lips while he thus replied?

"Fear nothing, mother most beloved, your son has done nothing that may give you pain. Only say, do you wish to hear *all* that has befallen me to-day, or only the cause of my late return home?"

"Tell me all, dear Pancratius," she answered; "nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me."

8. "Well, then," he began, "this last day of my frequenting school appears to me to have been singularly blessed, and yet full of strange occurrences. First, I was crowned as the successful competitor in a declamation, which our good master Cassianus set us for our work during the morning hours; and this led, as you will hear, to some singular discoveries. The subject was, 'That the real philosopher should be ever ready to die for truth.' I never heard any thing so cold or insipid (I hope it is not wrong to say so) as the compositions read by my companions. It was not their fault, poor fellows! what truth can they possess, and what inducements can they have, to die for any of their vain opinions.

9. "But to a Christian, what charming suggestions such a theme naturally makes! And so I felt it. My heart glowed, and all my thoughts seemed to burn, as I wrote my essay, full of the lessons you have taught me, and of the domestic examples that are before me. The son of a martyr could not feel otherwise. But when my turn came to read my declamation, I found that my feelings had nearly fatally betrayed me. In the warmth of my recitation, the word 'Christian' escaped my lips instead of 'philospher,' and 'faith' instead of 'truth.' At the first mistake, I saw Cassianus start; at the second, I saw a tear glisten in his eye, as bending lovingly towards me, he said, in a whisper, 'Beware, my child; there are sharp ears listening.'"

10. "What, then," interrupted the mother, "is Cassianus a Christian? I chose his school for you because it was in the highest repute for learning and for morality; and now, indeed, I thank God that I did so. But in these days of danger and apprehension we are obliged to live as strangers in our own land, scarcely knowing the faces of our brethren. Certainly, had Cassianus proclaimed his faith, his school would soon have been deserted. But go on, my dear boy. Were his apprehensions well grounded?"

11. "I fear so; for while the great body of my schoolfellows, not noticing these slips, vehemently applauded my hearty declamation, I saw the dark eyes of Corvinus bent scowlingly upon me, as he bit his lip in manifest anger."

"And who is he, my child, that was so displeased, and wherefore?"

"He is the oldest and strongest, but, unfortunately, the dullest boy in the school. But this, you know, is not his fault. Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have had an ill-will and grudge against me, the cause of which I cannot understand."

"Did he say aught to you, or do?"

12. "Yes, and was the cause of my delay. For when we went forth from school into the field by the river, he addressed me insultingly in the presence of our companions, and said, 'Come, Pancratius, this, I understand, is the last time we meet *here* (he laid a particular emphasis on the word); but I have a long score to demand payment of from you. You have loved to show your superiority in school over me and others older and better than yourself: I saw your supercilious looks at me as you spouted your high-flown declamation to-day; ay, and I caught expressions in it which you may live to rue, and that very soon; for my father, you well know, is Prefect of the city (the mother slightly started); and something is preparing which may nearly concern you. Before you leave us I must have my revenge. If you are worthy of your name, and it be not an empty word,* let us fairly contend in more manly strife than that of the style and tables.† Wrestle with me, or try the cestus ‡ against me. I burn to humble you as you deserve before these witnesses of your insolent triumphs.'"

13. The anxious mother bent eagerly forward as she listened, and scarcely breathed. "And what," she exclaimed, "did you answer, my dear son?"

"I told him gently that he was quite mistaken; for never had I consciously done any thing that could give pain to him or any of my schoolfellows; nor did I ever dream of claiming superiority over them. 'And as to what you propose,' I added, 'you know, Corvinus, that I have always refused to indulge in personal combats, which, beginning in a cool trial of skill, end in an angry strife, hatred, and wish for revenge.

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* The *pancratium* was the exercise which combined all other personal contests; wrestling, boxing, &c.

† The implements of writing in schools, the tablets being covered with wax, on which the letters were traced by the sharp point, effaced by the flat top, of the style.

‡ The hand-bandages worn in pugilistic combats.

14. "'How much less could I think of entering on them now, when you avow that you are anxious to begin them with those evil feelings which are usually their bad end?' Our schoolmates had now formed a circle round us; and I clearly saw that they were all against me, for they had hoped to enjoy some of the delights of their cruel games; I therefore cheerfully added, 'And now, my comrades, good-by, and may all happiness attend you. I part from you as I have lived with you, in peace.' 'Not so,' replied Corvinus, now purple in the face with fury; 'but'"—

15. The boy's countenance became crimsoned, his voice quivered, his body trembled, and, half choked, he sobbed out, "I cannot go on; I dare not tell the rest!"

"I entreat you, for God's sake, and for the love you bear your father's memory," said the mother, placing her hand upon her son's head, "conceal nothing from me. I shall never again have rest if you tell me not all. What further said or did Corvinus?"

The boy recovered himself by a moment's pause and a silent prayer, and then proceeded:

16. "'Not so!' exclaimed Corvinus, 'not so do you depart, cowardly worshipper of an ass's head! You have concealed your abode from us, but I will find you out; till then bear this token of my determined purpose to be revenged!' So saying he dealt me a furious blow upon the face, which made me reel and stagger, while a shout of savage delight broke forth from the boys around us."

He burst into tears, which relieved him, and then went on.

44. The Martyr's Boy—*concluded.*

OH, how I felt my blood boil at that moment! how my heart seemed bursting within me; and a voice appeared to whisper in my ear scornfully the name of 'coward!' It surely was an evil spirit. I felt that I was strong enough—my rising anger made me so—to seize my unjust assailant by the throat, and cast him gasping on the ground. I heard already the shout of applause that would have hailed my victory and turned the tables against him. It was the hardest struggle of my life; never were flesh and blood so strong within me. O God! may they never be again so tremendously powerful!"

"And what did you do, then, my darling boy?" gasped forth the trembling matron.

2. He replied, "My good angel conquered the demon at my side. I thought of my blessed Lord in the house of Caiphas, surrounded by scoffing enemies, and struck ignominiously on the cheek, yet meek and forgiving. Could I wish to be otherwise? I stretched forth my hand to Corvinus, and said, 'May God forgive you, as I freely and fully do; and may he bless you abundantly.' Cassianus came up at that moment, having seen all from a distance, and the youthful crowd quickly dispersed. I entreated him, by our common faith, now acknowledged between us, not to pursue Corvinus for what he had done; and I obtained his promise. And now, sweet mother," murmured the boy, in soft, gentle accents, into his parent's bosom, "do you not think I may call this a happy day?"

3. Silently, and almost unknowingly, he had changed his position, and was kneeling before her; and well he might; for was she not to him as a guardian spirit, who had shielded him ever from evil; or might he not well see in her the living saint whose virtues had been his model from childhood? Lucina broke the silence, in a tone full of grave emotion.

4. "The time has at length come my dear child," she said,

"which has long been the subject of my earnest prayer, which I have yearned for in the exuberance of maternal love. Eagerly have I watched in thee the opening germ of each Christian virtue, and thanked God as it appeared. I have noted thy docility, thy gentleness, thy diligence, thy piety, and thy love of God and man. I have seen with joy thy lively faith, and thy indifference to worldly things, and thy tenderness to the poor. But I have been waiting with anxiety for the hour which should decisively show me, whether thou wouldst be content with the poor legacy of thy mother's weakly virtue, or art the true inheritor of thy martyred father's nobler gifts. That hour, thank God, has come to-day!"

5. "What have I done, then, that should thus have changed or raised thy opinion of me?" asked Pancratius.

"Listen to me, my son. This day, which was to be the last of thy school education, methinks that our merciful Lord has been pleased to give thee a lesson worth it all; and to prove that thou hast put off the things of a child, and must be treated henceforth as a man: for thou canst think and speak, yea, and act as one."

"How dost thou mean, dear mother?"

6. "What thou hast told me of thy declamation this morning," she replied, "proves to me how full thy heart must have been of noble and generous thoughts; thou art too sincere and honest to have written, and fervently expressed, that it was a glorious duty to die for the faith, if thou hadst not believed it, and felt it."

"And truly I do believe and feel it," interrupted the boy. "What greater happiness can a Christian desire on earth?"

7. "Yes, my child, thou sayest most truly," continued Lucina. "But I should not have been satisfied with words. What followed afterwards has proved to me that thou canst bear intrepidly and patiently, not merely pain, but what I know it must have been harder for thy young patrician blood to stand, the stinging ignominy of a disgraceful blow, and the scornful words and glances of an unpitying multitude. Nay more; thou hast proved thyself strong enough to forgive and to pray for thine enemy. This day thou hast trodden the

higher paths of the mountain, with the cross upon thy shoulders; one step more, and thou wilt plant it on its summit. Thou hast proved thyself the genuine son of the martyr Quintinus. Dost thou wish to be like him?"

8. "Mother, mother! dearest, sweetest mother!" broke out the panting youth; "could I be his genuine son, and not wish to resemble him? Though I never enjoyed the happiness of knowing him, has not his image been ever before my mind? Has he not been the very pride of my thoughts?

9. "When each year the solemn commemoration has been made of him, as of one of the white-robed army that surrounds the Lamb, in whose blood he washed his garments, how have my heart and my flesh exulted in his glory; and how have I prayed to him, in the warmth of filial piety, that he would obtain for me, not fame, not distinction, not wealth, not earthly joy, but what he valued more than all these: nay, that the only thing which he has left on earth may be applied, as I know he now considers it would most usefully and most nobly be."

"What is that, my son?"

10. "It is his blood," replied the youth, "which yet remains flowing in my veins, and in these only. I know he must wish that *it* too, like what he held in his own, may be poured out in love of his Redeemer, and in testimony of his faith."

"Enough, enough, my child!" exclaimed the mother, thrilling with a holy emotion; "take from thy neck the badge of childhood, I have a better token to give thee."

He obeyed, and put away the golden bulla.

11. "Thou hast inherited from thy father," spoke the mother, with still deeper solemnity of tone, "a noble name, a high station, ample riches, every worldly advantage. But there is one treasure which I have reserved for thee from his inheritance, till thou shouldst prove thyself worthy of it. I have concealed it from thee till now; though I valued it more than gold and jewels. It is now time that I make it over to thee."

12. With trembling hands she drew from her neck the golden chain which hung round it; and for the first time her

son saw that it supported a small bag or purse richly embroidered with pearls. She opened it, and drew from it a sponge, dry indeed, but deeply stained.

"This, too, is thy father's blood, Pancratius," she said, with faltering voice and streaming eyes. "I gathered it myself from his death-wound, as, disguised, I stood by his side, and saw him die for Christ."

She gazed upon it fondly, and kissed it fervently; and her gushing tears fell on it, and moistened it once more. And thus liquefied again, its color glowed bright and warm, as if it had only just left the martyr's heart.

13. The holy matron put it to her son's quivering lips, and they were empurpled with its sanctifying touch. He venerated the sacred relic with the deepest emotions of a Christian and a son; and felt as if his father's spirit had descended into him, and stirred to its depths the full vessel of his heart, that its waters might be ready freely to flow. The whole family thus seemed to him once more united.

14. Lucina replaced her treasure in its shrine, and hung it round the neck of her son, saying: "When next it is moistened, may it be from a nobler stream than that which gushes from a weak woman's eyes!" But Heaven thought not so; and the future combatant was anointed, and the future martyr was consecrated, by the blood of his father mingled with his mother's tears.

45. ANNA'S OFFERING OF SAMUEL.

SAMUEL, a renowned and holy prophet, was from his infancy trained up to virtue. Anna, his mother, had for many years been married to Elcana, without having any children. Overwhelmed with the excess of sorrow, she wept and prayed to God for comfort to her affliction; she joined fasting to her prayers, and bound herself by vow, if she should obtain a son, to consecrate him all the days of his life to the divine service. Samuel was the fruit of his mother's piety, and the recompense of her faith.

2. In a son like him, says St. Chrysostom, Anna became more happy than if she had been mother of the greatest prince upon earth. She received him as a present from the hand of God, and in compliance with her vow, hastened to give him back by a solemn act of religion.

3. As soon as she had weaned him, she carried him to the tabernacle, put him into the hands of Heli, the high-priest, and consecrated him irrevocably, as she had promised, to the service of her Creator. Gratitude and piety alone guided the tender feelings of her love; she parted with her child at a

time when the charms and smiles of innocence made him the more dear. She knew what was good for her son. and what was acceptable to God.

4. Her sacrifice in some sort seems to resemble that of Abraham. She offered to God her darling, her only son; she offered him for life, and stripped herself of all future claim over him. The mother's piety was repaid by the virtues of her son. The little Samuel ministered to the Lord under Heli's direction by day, and at night slept within the tabernacle, near the ark of God, and there it was that God favored him with a special revelation, the preparatory walk of his future greatness.

5. During the silence of the night, he heard a voice calling him by his name; unskilled as yet in the language of the Lord, the holy youth thought that it had been Heli's voice, hastily rose, and asked him what he wanted. Heli told him he had not called, bade him go and compose himself to sleep. Samuel had scarce laid himself down, when the same voice called him up again; he ran to the high-priest, who ordered him to return and sleep. Samuel was called the third time; he again rose and went to Heli, who perceived that the Lord had called the youth. "Go sleep," said he to him; "and if thou hear the voice again, thou shalt answer, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

6. Samuel retired to take his rest, and upon hearing himself called by name for the fourth time, answered in the words that Heli had commanded him. The Lord then informed Samuel of the heavy judgments which were soon to fall upon the high-priest and his family, in punishment of sins that were too enormous to be expiated by the sacrifices they offered. He declared that he could no longer bear the sinful negligence of a father, who, knowing the disorders, and seeing the profane excesses of his two sons, had contented himself with a gentle reprimand, when a just zeal for the honor and sanctity of God's altar required the most exemplary severity.

7. Heli was very pressing the next morning to know what the Lord had said. Samuel showed a great unwillingness to speak, and nothing but Heli's importunity could have prevailed

upon him to impart the melancholy secret. Heli humbly submitted to the divine decrees, and with the deepest regret for his past misconduct, became sensible, that to fulfil the duties of a father, it was not enough to be singly good, that he moreover ought to have endeavored to instil goodness into his children; he acknowledged his neglect, and resigned himself to the punishment thereof.

8. Heli, says St. Gregory, has many imitators both in the Church and private families. Pastors silently behold the disorders of their flocks, which they ought to correct; and parents, either from indolence or false fondness, suffer those passions to grow up in their children, which ought to have been checked at their first appearance. Such a neglect tends to the ruin of their souls, and draws down God's displeasure, both upon themselves and their children.

46. The Boy and the Child Jesus.

1. AMONG green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so mild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

2. There oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

3. Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

4. "And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

5. Thus spake his tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the red round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light,—

6. Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
"Oh, beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me.

7. I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe red strawberries
If thou wilt but come down.

8. "Oh, holy, holy mother,
Put him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

9. Thus spake the boy so lovely;
The while his mother heard;
But on his prayer she ponder'd,
And spake to him no word.

10. That self-same night she dream'd
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw young Jesus,
There playing with the boy.

11. "And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given,
A thousand-fold to thee.

12. "For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shall have, dear child, thy fill."

13. Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

14. And thus it was accomplish'd:
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

15. And thus he spoke in dying:
"O mother dear! I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A-coming down to me;—

16. "And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries;
Dear mother, let me go."

17. He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain;
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.

47. THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

WE invite the attention of our young readers to the most holy and the most sublime of the sacraments—the Holy Eucharist. To die for one's friend, is regarded as the highest act of human virtue; but our Divine Lord has done more than this.

2. Not only has he offered his life as a sacrifice, to save us from endless misery, from that just punishment which we have merited by our sins, but with a love more tender than that of a mother, he has left us his own sacred body and blood to be our food and nourishment in our journey through this world.

3. The Holy Eucharist is then the sacrament which contains the body and blood of Christ, under the form or appearance of bread and wine. The history of this sacred institution is contained in a few words. Jesus had promised his disciples that he would give them his body and blood to be their food.

When he first made this promise, many of his followers would not believe his word, and left him. But his Apostles believed what he told them, though they did not know in what manner he would redeem his promise.

4. As the time approached when our blessed Lord was about to leave this world, he assembled together his twelve faithful Apostles, for the purpose of eating with them his last supper. After this supper was over, Jesus taking bread into his sacred hands, blessed it, and immediately it was changed into his own body, which he gave to his Apostles, saying, "This is my body."

5. He then took the wine which was upon the table, and blessed it, and it was changed into his blood, which he also

gave to his Apostles, saying, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." And then added: "Do this for a commemoration of me."

6. Happy moment! when the Apostles received for the first time the body and blood of our Divine Lord. We may well imagine the love, the fervor, the awe which filled their hearts at that august moment. With what reverence did St. Peter approach his Lord to receive from his sacred hands the adorable elements of his body and blood. What sentiments of tender affection glowed in the bosom of the youthful St. John, as he bent before Jesus, to receive, for the first time, the "Holy Communion."

7. This holy sacrament is called the *Eucharist*, which signifies thanksgiving, and is applied to it in remembrance of the thanksgiving which our Saviour offered at the time of its institution, and to remind us of the grateful thanks we ought to render to our Divine Lord every time we receive it. It is sometimes called the *Lord's Supper*, because it was instituted at the last supper which Jesus took with his Apostles. It is most commonly called, at the present time, the *Holy Communion*, because by it we are united so intimately with Christ, and forms a bond of union among Catholics throughout the world.

8. This holy sacrament was prefigured in the old law by Melchisedec, who offered sacrifice, using bread and wine. But the most express figure was the killing and eating of the Paschal Lamb, the blood of which was sprinkled on the doors of those whom the destroying angel was to spare. So Christ is called the Lamb of God, and his blood being sprinkled over the earth, has redeemed man from sin.

9. The matter of this sacrament consists of wheat bread, and wine of the grape, which Christ made use of, and without these the consecration would not be valid; a small portion of water is mingled with the wine, in remembrance of the water mingled with blood, which flowed from our Divine Saviour's side, when pierced with a lance after he had expired on the cross. In the early ages of the Church, communion was given

in both of these consecrated elements; but by degrees this custom was discontinued. The reception under both forms was not deemed necessary by our holy mother, the Church, because Christ being wholly present under either form, whoever receives under one kind alone, receives the true body and blood of Christ. This was found necessary, also, to confound certain heretics, who maintained that the consecrated bread contained the body of Christ without his blood, and to refute others, who held that the reception of both kinds was of divine precept.

10. The reception of this holy sacrament, especially for the first time, is the most important act of a Christian's life. Children who have not received it, should look forward with a longing desire to that happy period. Every action of their lives, from the dawn of reason to the day of their first communion, should be made a preparation for that sacred event. They should never forget the important truth, that a bad communion renders them the associates of devils, and marks them as candidates for hell, while a good communion elevates them to the companionship of angels, and seals them as the children of God.

48. THE HOUSE OF LORETTO.

THE house of Nazareth, in which the Blessed Virgin was born; in which our Divine Lord passed his holy childhood and the years of his manhood until the age of thirty, became, after the death of the Blessed Virgin, an object of peculiar veneration to the early Christians. It was converted into a chapel, where mass was celebrated every day, during the first centuries of the Church. Towards the close of the ninth century, when Palestine was in the hands of the Infidels, this house was by a miracle carried through the air into Dalmatia. In the same miraculous manner it was finally translated to Loretto, where it now stands under the dome of a splendid cathedral, which has been erected around it.

2. Sweetly low the laurels bending,
Trail their bright leaves on the sod,
For the angels are descending,
With the holy house of God.
O'er the Adriatic gliding,
Bathed in light, most heavenly fair,
Silently the air dividing,
Angels their blest burden bear;
Blissful dome, most dear and holy,
Speeding softly o'er the sea,
Laurel branches bowing lowly,
Bid us bend the suppliant knee.

3. Weep, Dalmatia, for the treasure
Borne from off thy sunny shore,
For thy tears in untold measure,
Shall be pour'd forevermore;
Far from Nazareth imparted,
Lo! our mother's home was given,
Weep your loss, then, broken-hearted,
Of this holy gift of heaven;
Blissful dome most dear and holy,
Speeding softly o'er the sea,
Laurel branches bowing lowly,
Bid us bend the suppliant knee.

4. Dome whose humble walls enfolded,
In the land of Galilee,
She, the maid whom Heaven had moulded,
Mother of our God to be;
Dome wherein her infant beauty,
Infant purity, and truth,
Nourish'd were for mystic duty,
Waiting her angelic youth,
Welcome, by the angels guided,
Softly o'er the summer sea,
Blest the air so late divided
By the house of Galilee.

5. Blest the ground whereon it rested,
And forever there will bloom,
Flowers with light unearthly crested,
Verdure midst the desert's gloom;
From these walls the infant maiden,
Saintly glory round her form,
To the Temple, sweetly laden,
Bore her tribute pure and warm;
Not of gold, nor flowers that wither,
She her votive offering made,
But a holier gift bore hither,
And upon the altar laid.

6. 'Twas herself, the "Star of Morning,"
"Lily of Judea" fair,
Sweetly God's dear shrine adorning,
Unreserved she offer'd there;
Here returning from the Temple,
With her holy spouse once more,
This sweet flower so pure and simple,
Lived the humble life of yore;
Blissful dome most dear and holy,
Speeding softly o'er the sea,
Laurel branches bowing lowly,
Bid us bend the suppliant knee.

7. Gentlest mother, humbly kneeling,
Sorrowful within thy walls,*
Sound of heavenly pinions stealing,
Softly, as we listen, falls;
While we see thy beauty holy,
Beaming with a light divine,
And majestic Gabriel slowly
Enters where thy glories shine;

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* At St. Mary's Academy, near South Bend, a chapel for the "Children of Mary" has been erected on the exact model of the house of Loretto, both externally and internally. The designs brought from Italy have been strictly followed. Our Holy Father, Pius IX., has liberally endowed this chapel in the West with all the indulgences attached to the world-renowned pilgrimage of Loretto.

Hear that voice like purling waters,
Falling sweetly on the ear,
"Mary, blest of Israel's daughters,
God the Lord is with thee here."

8. "Full of grace" 'tis he who led thee,
Sinless, pure, his chosen one!
And his power shall overspread thee,
And his will in thee be done;
From thy tender heart's pure fountain,
God shall be incarnate made,
And the tide from sin's dark mountain,
At thy holy feet be stay'd.
"Handmaid of the Lord behold me,"
Joyful word falls on the ear,
Sinful earth let light enfold thee,
Lo! the Word Incarnate here!

9. Fairest dome, the angel's treasure,
Earth can hold no shrine so blest,
And our hearts in untold measure,
Pour their tribute here to rest;
By our loving Mother guarded,
Here we hope her aid to gain,
And our love at last rewarded,
Heaven shall echo our refrain;
Blissful dome, most dear and holy,
Speeding softly o'er the sea,
Laurel branches bending lowly,
Bid us bend the suppliant knee.

49. EXTREME UNCTION.

THE sacrament of Extreme Unction is administered to sick persons when in danger of death, and on that account it is called *Extreme*. It is uncertain when this sacrament was instituted, but the Council of Trent has declared that it was instituted like the other sacraments, by our divine Lord himself.

2. That it was recognized as a sacrament by the Apostles is evident from the Epistle of St. James, where he says in the 5th chapter of his epistle: "Is any man sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him." St. Mark also relates that the Apostles anointed with oil many that were sick.

3. The matter of this sacrament is oil blessed by a bishop. The words used on the occasion of confering the sacrament are the following:

"By this holy unction, and his own most tender mercy, may the Lord pardon thee whatsoever sins thou hast committed by the sight, by the hearing," and so of the other senses.

4. No one, except a bishop or priest, can administer this sacrament. It may be received several times, but not more than once in the same sickness. Persons ought to prepare for it by a good confession; and where this is impossible, by reason of the loss of speech, by a sincere act of contrition, and detestation of their sins.

5. The parts generally anointed are the eyes, ears, nose, lips, hands, and feet. The effects of Extreme Unction are, first, to remit all venial sins, and mortal sins forgotten; second, to heal the soul of her infirmity and weakness, and a certain propensity to sin which often remains in the soul after the guilt has been remitted; third, it gives strength and grace to the soul to bear with patience the pains and infirmities of the body; and lastly, it sometimes restores the corporal health, as has been attested on many occasions.

50. "What is that, Mother?"

1. "WHAT is that, mother?" "The lark, my child!
The moon has but just look'd out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise."

2. "What is that, mother?" "The dove, my son!
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

3. "What is that, mother?" "The eagle, boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy;

Firm, on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
  Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
  Onward and upward, and true to the line."

4. "What is that, mother?" "The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
  Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
  Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home."

51. Charity.

"TURN not away your face from the poor, and harden not your hearts against them." This, my child, is the beautiful admonition of the wise man, inspired by God himself. Of all the virtues which religion commends to the practice of her children, charity is the most pleasing to God, the most beneficial to our fellow-creatures. When the world is so full of poverty and wretchedness, what would become of the poor, if the rich did not give them of their abundance, and relieve their wants and sufferings by the exercise of charity.

2. Children, especially, ought to practise charity as far as their means will allow. If that beautiful virtue be not cultivated in early youth, when the mind is fresh and the heart unspoiled by the world's rough ways, it will never bear fruit in the heart in after life.

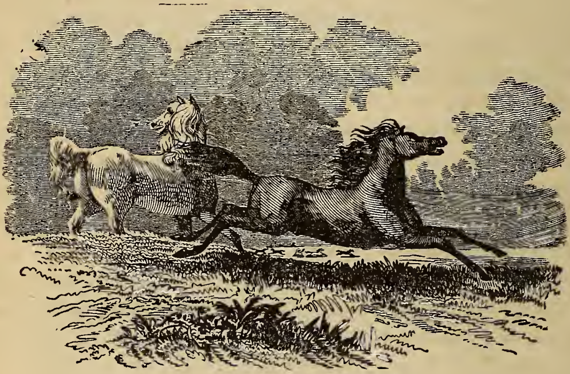
3. When little boys and girls have pocket-money given them, what better can they do with, at least, a portion of it, than bestow it on some person who is in need? If part of the money spent in every family among the rich, on cakes and candies, were only given each week to some deserving object, like the decent poor woman in the picture, it would provide herself and her hungry little ones with, at least, some loaves of bread. Let children think of that when they spend their tiny silver pieces on worthless toys and trashy sugar-sticks that are of no earthly good to them, but are, on the contrary, really injurious to their health.

4. Would not the blessing which that poor woman seems giving so fervently to those good little girls, who have given her child bread, be worth a thousand times more to them, than any thing they could buy for themselves to eat or to play with?

52. ANECDOTES OF HORSES.

THE method of taking the wild horse in the forests of South America, by throwing a cord (called a lasso) over him, is effected by men who are mounted on tamed horses, that have been trained to the business. Once made a prisoner, and kept for a couple of days without food or drink, he soon becomes tame and is broken-in; but if not closely watched, he will escape to his friends of the forest, and yet he will afterwards allow himself readily to be taken. Several instances have then known of persons who have met with their tamed runaways in the herd, which after a long absence have come up to them, again to receive their caresses—and have again become their willing slaves. By some travellers it is asserted, that the wild herds endeavor by stratagem to seduce tame horses to join their community.

2. We, some years since, saw the favorite charger of Bonaparte: he was a handsome white barb, scarred with many wounds, which the groom stated him to have received in various battles; and he also said that, since he had lost his master, he would not allow any stranger to mount him; permitting only the groom himself the honor of doing so. He always spoke to the animal in French, and his commands were readily obeyed.



3. He would bid him to retire, to lie down, to rise, and show how he fought in the service of Bonaparte; and how he shared his provisions when they were scarce. After obeying the previous commands of his groom, he would, in obedience to the last, show how he shared his food, by going to a pail of water, in which there was a cleanly-scraped carrot, and taking the end of it in his mouth, he would bring it to the groom, in whose mouth he placed the other end, and then bit it in two, eating his own portion only.

4. Equine attachment sometimes exhibits itself in a light

as exalted and creditable as that of the human mind. During the Peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection.

5. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master.

6. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the Peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found, many days after the engagement, stretched on the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it.

7. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly-reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of his grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

8. Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benovolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston (Mass.), was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure, by way of bait.

9. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when

he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design; and coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind legs, and killed his master on the spot.

10. The docility of the horse is one of the most remarkable of his natural gifts. Furnished with acute senses, and excellent memory, high intelligence, and gentle disposition, he soon learns to know and obey his master's will, and to perform certain actions with surprising accuracy and precision. The range of his performances, however, is limited by his physical structure: he has not a hand to grasp, a proboscis to lift the minutest object, nor the advantages of a light and agile frame; if he had, the monkey, the dog, and the elephant, would in this respect be left far behind him.

11. It has been before remarked, that the horse is inferior to none of the brute creation in sagacity and general intelligence. In a state of nature, he is cautious and watchful; and the manner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, station their scouts and leaders, shows how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of expressing their ideas very far superior to that of most other animals.

12. The neighings by which they express terror, alarm, or recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, &c., are all essentially different, and yet are instantly comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by each other.

13. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the forefoot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice, with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand, in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of lessening, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

[illegible] Arabians try the speed of their horses, by hunting [illegible] the bird endeavors to reach the mountains, running along the sands with great rapidity, assisted in its efforts by flapping its wings. A horse, however, possessing the highest quality of speed, is enabled to come up with it; when the poor creature hides its head in a bush, or wherever it can, and is quietly taken. By this criterion the hunter rates his horse; and as the animal evinces his speed and perseverance in the chase, his master estimates his value. The Arabs accustom their horses to fatigue, and give them milk which enables them to bear it.

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53. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1. IT was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done:
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3. Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4. "I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,

And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

5. "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

6. "It was the English," Kasper cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. "With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant, died;—
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9. "They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;—
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11. "And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

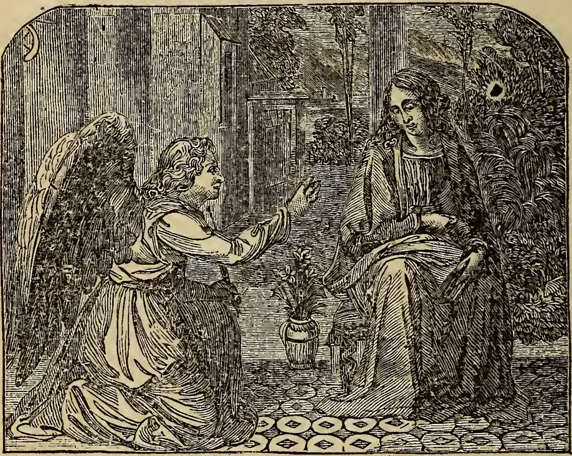
54. The Annunciation.

WHEN the plenitude of time was come that God had fixed from eternity to shower down his blessings upon mankind, by giving them a Redeemer, the angel Gabriel was first deputed to Zachary, a holy priest, whose wife was Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Aaron. The heavenly messenger came to tell him that he should have a son, whose name should be John, and whose birth should be a subject of joy to many in Israel

2. Six months after, Almighty God deputed the same angel to a virgin whose name was Mary, residing in Nazareth, a city of Galilee. Mary had been espoused to a holy man called Joseph, a descendant of the house of David. The divine Providence had in a special manner presided over those nuptials, which provided the Virgin with a guardian and protector of her purity. For with the same sentiments of virtue, and in the same dispositions of mind, says St. Austin, both Mary and Joseph entered into a mutual engagement of joining the marriage state with a state of virginity, of which the world had not seen an example.

3. Almighty God honored this alliance with an issue which was to set open the gates of heaven, which for ages had been

shut against us by the crime of our first parents. Mary was the woman destined by Almighty God to crush the serpent's head, as it is written in the book of Genesis (chap. iii.), and it was to obtain her consent that God then sent his angel to Nazareth. The angel found her alone, as St. Ambrose observes, and respectfully said unto her—"Hail! full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women!"



4. The humble virgin was disturbed at the angel's salutation, and trembled with fear, lest, as Eve had been deceived by the serpent, she also might be misled by a similar delusion. She considered the sense and import of his words, and thereby gives us an admirable example of discretion, which teaches us not to be too hasty in consenting to a proposal before we understand the nature of its obligation.

5. The angel saw the trouble of her mind, and to appease it, said—"Fear not, Mary; for you have found favor with the Lord." He then opened the subject of his commission, and told her that she should conceive and bring forth a son, and call his name Jesus; that he should be great, even the Son of the Most High; that he should sit upon the throne

of David; that he should reign in the house of Jacob, and that of his kingdom there should be no end.

6. The Virgin listened to the angel with great attention; she heard the wonderful things he promised, but desired to know how it could possibly be done, because she was a virgin. It was not an idle curiosity, but a mark of her submission to the divine will; nor was it a want of faith, but an intimation of the chaste purpose of her mind, which induced her to ask the angel that question.

7. The angel, in reply, assured her that no concurrence of man was requisite for what the sole power of the Most High, with her consent, would operate within her; that by the ineffable virtue of the Holy Ghost she should conceive, bear a son, and still remain a pure virgin. It is what the prophet Isaiah (chap. vii.) had expressly foretold. But to convince the Virgin that nothing was impossible to God, the angel, moreover, told her what had happened to her cousin Elizabeth in an advanced age, who, notwithstanding the many years she had been reputed barren, had miraculously conceived, and was six months gone with child.

8. The Virgin having thus received the information she desired, and being told the manner in which the mystery was to be wrought within her, gave her consent. In terms the most humble and submissive, terms that expressed the holy disposition of her heart, she said—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord: let it be done to me according to thy word."

9. The angel having thus happily completed his commission returned to heaven, and the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation took place that instant. For Mary had no sooner given her consent, than the Son of God, the second Person of the most adorable Trinity, by an invisible and mysterious operation of the Holy Ghost, took flesh and became man in her womb, without the least detriment to her virginal integrity. That was the happy moment in which the work of man's redemption was begun; that was the moment when an incarnate God unlocked the source of those plentiful graces which were to flow for the salvation of mankind, to wash our souls from sin, and to sanctify them for eternal life.

55. ST. FELICITAS AND HER SONS.

THERE lived at Rome, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, a noble lady called Felicitas. She was a widow, and had seven sons. On her husband's death, she took a vow of chastity, and gave herself up to a life of prayer, fasting, and good works. One of her principal occupations was the education of her seven sons, whom she loved very dearly. Felicitas' love for her sons was not merely such as all women feel for their children.

2. She remembered that they were not her children only, but that they were the children of God, who had lent them to her, and who would one day ask her account of them. She did not wish to see them great in this world, but wished to lay up in store for them the inestimable riches of eternal glory in the next.

3. She therefore trained them from their infancy in all holy and pious practices suited to their age, and she offered them up to Jesus to live and die in his service, in whatever way it might be his will to make use of them. Our Lord accepted the offering, and gave her and them the high honor of suffering martyrdom for his sake.

4. Felicitas was so good and holy that the women of her own rank thought very highly of whatever she said or did, and many of them who were pagans were converted by her example and influence. This displeased the heathen priests, and they complained to the emperor, and persuaded him that the gods were very angry, and would not be pacified till Felicitas and her children would offer sacrifice to them.

5. She and her sons were accordingly made prisoners, and taken before Publius, the prefect of the city. Publius was unwilling to use violence with a lady of such high rank and character as Felicitas; so he first took her aside, and tried gently to persuade her to sacrifice to the gods. But Felicitas answered—"Do not hope, O Publius! to win me with fair words, or to terrify me with threats; for I have within me the spirit of God, who will not let me be overcome by Satan;

and therefore I am sure I shall be too hard for you, who are the servant of Satan."

6. Publius seeing that she had no fear for herself, thought he would move her by speaking to her of her children, and he therefore said to her—"Unhappy woman! is it possible that you are so tired of life that you will not even let your children live, but will force me to destroy them by bitter and cruel torments?"

7. "My children," replied Felicitas, "would die an everlasting death if they were to sacrifice to your gods. But now, since they acknowledge and worship Jesus Christ, they will live with him forever." After making this first attempt, Publius dismissed her, thinking it would be better to let her consider coolly and quietly what he had said, and what tortures she was bringing on herself and her children, hoping that when she did so, she would come to a better mind.

8. The next day, as he was sitting in the temple of Mars, he sent for Felicitas and her sons. When they came before him, he turned to her, and appealing to her feelings as a mother, he said—"O Felicitas! take pity on your children, who are now in the prime of youth, and who are of such noble birth, and are so good and clever that they may look to the highest honors of the state."

9. But Felicitas answered—"Your pity is cruel, and your advice is impious and deceitful." Then, turning to her children, she said—"My sons, look up to heaven, where Christ expects you with all his saints! Fight manfully for the good of your souls, and show yourselves faithful and constant in the love of the true God, Christ Jesus." These words exasperated Publius, who looked upon it as an intolerable affront that this woman should defy him to his very face, and so he commanded that she should be cruelly beaten about the face and head.

10. Then he turned to her sons, and beginning with Januarius, the eldest, he tried to induce him, by promises and threats, to adore the gods. But the boy was not unworthy of his brave and saintly mother, and he answered—"You wish to persuade me to do a foolish thing, contrary to all reason; but

I trust in my Lord Jesus Christ that he will preserve me from so great an impiety." On hearing these words, Publius ordered that he should be stripped and very severely scourged; after which he was thrown into prison.

11. All the other brothers were brought up in turn, and every art was used to conquer them, and induce them to obey the emperor. But it was all to no purpose; for they were supported and guided by the Holy Spirit, and they all made Publius the same answer, though in different words, as Januarius had done. They were therefore scourged so severely that their whole bodies were a mass of wounds, and in this state they were thrown into prison, till the emperor's further pleasure should be known.

12. During all the time that her sons were being thus tortured, Felicitas was forced to stand by and witness their sufferings. This holy mother remained firm and unmoved, while she looked on the torments of her children. She did not shed a tear as the noise of the blows resounded in her ears; she did not shrink at the sight of their streaming blood, their quivering flesh, and their involuntary writhings of agony.

13 The only words she spoke were to exhort them to stand firm, and to inflame them with love for Jesus. It seems strange how a mother could act in this way. It was not because she did not love her children, or because she had not the natural feelings of a mother; for, on the contrary, every torture they endured pierced her to her very heart, and gave her even more pain than it did them. But it was because the supernatural character of her love for them gave her strength to conquer the weakness of a mother's natural feelings.

14. Looking on them with the eyes of faith, she saw in their temporal death only their gain of eternal life; in their present wounds, the jewels of their future crown; and in the severity of their torments, the greater blessedness prepared for them in glory. She would have feared to leave them behind her on earth, lest any one of them should fall short of heaven, and therefore she rejoiced as much in the death of her sons as other mothers weep when theirs are taken from them.

15. Marcus Aurelius was so hardened that he could not feel the least compassion for Felicitas, and he ordered that all her sons should be put to death in various ways before her eyes. The three eldest underwent a very horrible and lingering death, being slowly beaten till they expired. Januarius was first torn with whips, and then with thick cords, loaded with lead, till he died; and Felix and Philip were bruised and broken with cudgels till, every bone being fractured, and their bodies being reduced to a shapeless mass, they at last expired.

16. A milder fate awaited the others; for Silvanus was thrown from a rock, while Alexander, Vitalis, and Martialis were beheaded. To have put their bereaved mother to death would have been a deed of mercy; but the persecutors of the Christians did not know what mercy was.

17. The emperor ordered her to be thrown into a dark and cold dungeon, where she was kept four months, in hopes that her patience being worn out, and her spirit broken by her sorrow, she would at last be willing to do any thing to escape from solitude and torture. But there was now less chance than ever of St. Felicitas giving up her religion, for the loss of her children had only strengthened her to bear whatever might be inflicted on her.

18. She had now no temptation to save her life by denying Jesus; for this world was become a blank to her, and nothing in it could give her the least happiness. She would have wept had not her sons died for Christ; but now that she had as many bright and glorious saints in heaven as she had once had children on earth, her only hope and longing was to be with them in the presence of Him to whom she had offered them, and for the love of whom they had laid down their lives.

19. At last, when it was plain that she would never give her consent to adore the heathen gods, the emperor ordered her to be beheaded. Thus did this blessed saint suffer eight martrydoms—being martyred in each of her children, and ceasing to suffer only when she ceased to breathe. A father of the Church, in speaking of her, says—"She is not a true mother who knows not how to love her children as St. Felicitas loved hers."

56. IMMORTALITY.

I LINGERED several weeks around the grave of my mother, and in the neighborhood where she had lived. It was the place where I had passed my own childhood and youth. It was the scene of those early associations which become the dearer to us as we leave them the farther behind. I stood where I had sported in the freedom of early childhood; but I stood alone, for no one was there with whom I could speak of its frolics. One feels singularly desolate when he sees only strange faces, and hears only strange voices in what was the home of his early life.

2. I returned to the village where I resided when I first introduced myself to my readers. But what was that spot to me now? Nature had done much for it, but nature herself is very much what we make her. There must be beauty in our souls, or we shall see no loveliness in her face; and beauty had died out of my soul. She who might have recalled it to life, and thrown its hues over all the world, was—but of that I will not speak.

3. It was now that I really needed the hope of immortality. The world was to me one vast desert, and life was without end or aim. The hope of immortality! We want it when earth has lost its gloss of novelty; when our hopes have been blasted, our affections withered, and the shortness of life and the vanity of all human pursuits, have come home to us, and made us exclaim, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity:" we want then the hope of immortality to give to life an end, an aim.

4. We all of us at times feel this want. The infidel feels it in early life. He learns all too soon, what to him is a withering fact, that man does not complete his destiny on earth. Man never completes any thing here. What then shall he do if there be no hereafter? With what courage can I betake myself to my task? I may begin; but the grave lies between me and the completion. Death will come to interrupt my work, and compel me to leave it unfinished.

5. This is more terrible to me than the thought of ceasing to be. I could almost (at least I think I could) consent to be no more, after I had finished my work, achieved my destiny; but to die before my work is completed, while that destiny is but begun,—this is the death which comes to me indeed as a "King of Terrors."

6. The hope of another life to be the completion of this, steps in to save us from this death, to give us the courage and the hope to begin. The rough sketch shall hereafter become the finished picture; the artist shall give it the last touch at his easel; the science we had just begun, shall be completed, and the incipient destiny shall be achieved. Fear not then to begin; thou hast eternity before thee in which to end.

57. The Widow of Nain.

'TWAS now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun,
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively,

As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—

A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

* * * * *

Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,

Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fever'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stay'd the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

58. MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I FOLLOWED into a burying-ground in the suburbs of Philadelphia, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance, was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased.

2. I gathered with them around the grave; and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little boy had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness; the last of his kinsfolk was in the grave, and he was alone.

3. When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhor-

tation to accept the warning and be prepared, and turning to the child, he added, "She is not to remain in the grave forever; as sure as the grass, which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother rise from that grave to another life: a life of happiness, I hope."

4. The attendants then shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lonely tenement of his mother.

5. Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying-ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead; when, recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends.

6. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of mementoes for a mother's sepulchre: little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently at some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring from the soil that had covered his mother's coffin.

7. William started at my approach, and would have left the place. It was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed, I could not win his confidence until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

8. "Then you heard the priest say my mother would come out of this grave!" said William.

"I did."

"It is true: is it not?" asked he, in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it!" said the child, "believe it! I thought you knew it. I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

9. "The priest said, that as true as the grass grew up, and the flowers bloomed in spring, so true would mother rise. I came a few days afterward and planted flower-seeds on the grave. The grass came green in the burying-ground long ago;

and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they came up too. See them breaking through the ground! By-and-by mother will come again."

10. A smile of exulting hope played upon the features of the boy, and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated. "But, my little child," said I, "it is not here that your mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he with emphasis: "here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was seen this year."

11. I looked around, and saw the tiny foot of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave-side: so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper! what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her son bending in tearful but hoping trust over her grave?

12. "But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will rise;" and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mother is not coming back to me, if she is not to come up here, what shall I do? I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture, "you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

13. "Let me go then," said William: "let me go that I may rise with mother."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which was sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe: so you must wait till your appointed time; until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her!"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child; "but I thought I should see her soon: I thought I should meet her here."

14. In a month William ceased to wait. He died, and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers. It was the only wish the child expressed when dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet

his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all the labors and hopes of happiness, short of heaven, are profitless and vain.

59. ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

THERE were in the neighborhood of Bethlehem some shepherds watching their flocks by night. They saw the radiance visible in the heavens; they heard the angelic voices and were struck with awe. Immediately one of the blessed spirits who were singing glory to God and peace to men, detached himself from the heavenly host, and coming to the shepherds, said: "Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." The angel spoke and then vanished, like a stray beam of light.

2. And the shepherds, stunned and stupefied, said one to another: "Let us go over to Bethlehem; and let us see this

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word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath shown to us." And leaving their flocks they went, and they saw the holy old man St. Joseph, the Virgin Mary, and the infant God, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger. And they adored him. And they went away joyfully, telling everywhere the wonders they had seen.

3. Now, children, was not this birth of the Son of God a great miracle? It seems as though the whole earth should have been in motion to receive him: yet he is born by night in a poor stable!—And by what a sign was he recognized—"You will find the child wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger!" What then! Could he not be born in a palace, amid kingly splendor, he the Creator and Master of all things? He could, if such had been his will, but it was not: that sign would not have marked him out sufficiently as our Saviour.

4. Remember, children, what I have told you he came to do; he came to instruct and save us. To instruct us, he had to heal a triple wound in our soul—pride, avarice, and love of pleasure: this he did by presenting himself to us under the sign of humility, poverty, and suffering. To save us, he had to expiate our faults by his pains; hence it was that he was born in a stable. In beginning to live, he begins to do two great things, which we shall see him follow up in after years by preaching and sacrifice; from the crib he is our Teacher and our Saviour. Nevertheless, we cannot mistake him in the humbleness of his birth.

5. That little child who cannot yet speak, is the very Son of God, his eternal Word. Hear the evangelist St. John: "In the beginning, before all beginning, without beginning, was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him, and without him was made nothing that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. That was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we saw his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

6. The prophets sang: "Great is the Lord, and worthy of all praise!" We sing around his manger: Small is the Lord, a little helpless child, and worthy of all love. O child, the fairest of all children, where do I behold thee? what destitution! what nakedness! what sufferings! He is laid on straw; the night is cold and frosty: thus does love suffer! He weeps, he utters plaintive cries: thus does love speak! Who would not love a God who has so loved us?

7. Mary and Joseph were amazed at all these things, and they gathered and treasured them in their hearts. Happy Mary! happy Joseph! You it was that first beheld the Saviour of the world! It was your hands that received him as he came from the maternal womb, wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in the manger. Mary, it was thou that nursed him! Adore him as thou performest that sweet duty, and give admission to the other worshippers sent by the angels; soon there shall be others conducted from the far East by a star, appearing as a prophetic sign in the heavens.

60. THE ANGELUS BELL.

1. THE large moon of autumn,
   The guardian of night,
Had closed her pale lamp
   In the firmament's height;
From the Black Abbey's towers
   The wild doves career'd,
As the bright dawn of morn
   Awaking appear'd;
And the old marble city,
   From campanile gray,
Proclaim'd to the burghers
   All Noreward—"'twas day!"
      Then the long, mellow knell
         Of the Angelus Bell

Seem'd psalming and singing
O'er bless'd crypt and cell,
Where the Black Monks were wont
In the old times to dwell.

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2. 'Twas noon, at the market-cross,
In the quaint town,
And the burgher so comely,
The tall peasant brown,
And the gaunt man-at-arms,
And mild maiden meek,
With the peach-blush of beauty
And peace on her cheek,
Were crowding together
In hundreds around,
While the tall cross stood stately
'Mid tumult and sound.
Then the long, mellow knell
Of the Angelus Bell
Upon the dense crowd
In the market-place fell;
And the burgher knelt down,
And the peasant as well,
And the gaunt soldier rude,
At the peal of the bell,
While the pure maiden voice
Join'd the long, mellow knell.

* * * * *

2. 'Twas night o'er the abbey,
The moon 'rose again
O'er grand domes of pleasure
And the poor haunts of pain;
And the wild dove was nestled
Again in the cleft
Of the old belfry tower
That early he left;
And the pale monks were sitting
Alone and alone,

With lamps still unlighted,
And penitent moan;
When the Angelus Bell,
With its long, mellow knell,
Broke up their lone reveries
Like a blest spell;
And down on the cold earth
The holy men fell,
The grand prayer to chant
And their long beads to tell;
While sang with its psalm-voice
The Angelus Bell.

61. THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

WHEN the eastern sages beheld this wondrous and long-expected star, they rejoiced greatly; and they arose, and taking leave of their lands and their vassals, their relations and their friends, set forth on their long and perilous journey over vast deserts and mountains, and broad rivers, the star going before them, and arrived at length at Jerusalem, with a great and splendid train of attendants. Being come there they asked at once, "Where is he who is born King of the Jews?"

2. On hearing this question, King Herod was troubled, and all the city with him; and he inquired of the chief priests where Christ should be born. And they said to him "In Bethlehem of Juda." Then Herod privately called the wise men, and desired they would go to Bethlehem, and search for the young child (he was careful not to call him *King*), saying, "When ye have found him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him."

3. So the Magi departed, and the star which they had seen in the east went before them, until it stood over the place where the young child was—he who was born King of kings. They had travelled many a long and weary mile; "and what had they come to see?" Instead of a sumptuous palace, a

mean and lowly dwelling; in place of a monarch surrounded by his guards and ministers and all the terrors of his state, an infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid upon his mother's kee, between the ox and the ass.

4. They had come, perhaps, from some far-distant savage land, or from some nation calling itself civilized, where innocence had never been accounted sacred, where society had as yet taken no heed of the defenceless woman, no care for the helpless child; where the one was enslaved, and the other perverted; and here, under the form of womanhood and childhood, they were called upon to worship the promise of that brighter future, when peace should inherit the earth, and righteousness prevail over deceit, and gentleness with wisdom reign for ever and ever!

5. How must they have been amazed! how must they have

wondered in their souls at such a revelation!—yet such was the faith of these wise men and excellent kings, that they at once prostrated themselves, confessing in the glorious Innocent who smiled upon them from his mother's knee, a greater than themselves—the image of a truer divinity than they had ever yet acknowledged.

6. And having bowed themselves down—first, as was most fit, offering *themselves*,—they made offering of their treasure, as it had been written in ancient times, "The kings of Tarshish and the isles shall bring presents, and the kings of Sheba shall offer gifts." And what were these gifts? Gold, frankincense, and myrrh; by which mystical oblation they professed a threefold faith;—by gold, that he was king; by incense, that he was God; by myrrh, that he was man, and doomed to death.

7. In return for their gifts, the Saviour bestowed upon them others of more matchless price. For their gold he gave them charity and spiritual riches; for their incense, perfect faith; and for their myrrh, perfect truth and meekness: and the Virgin, his mother, also bestowed on them a precious gift and memorial, namely, one of those linen bands in which she had wrapped the Saviour, for which they thanked her with great humility, and laid it up among their treasures.

8. When they had performed their devotions and made their offerings, being warned in a dream to avoid Herod, they turned back again to their own dominions; and the star which had formerly guided them to the west, now went before them towards the east, and led them safely home. When they were arrived there, they laid down their earthly state; and in emulation of the poverty and humility in which they had found the Lord of all power and might, they gave all their goods and possessions to the poor, and went about in mean attire, preaching to their people the new king of heaven and earth, the CHILD-KING, the Prince of Peace.

9. We are not told what was the success of their mission; neither is it anywhere recorded, that from that time forth, every child, as it sat on its mother's knee, was, even for the sake of that Prince of Peace, regarded as sacred—as the heir

of a divine nature—as one whose tiny limbs enfolded a spirit which was to expand into the man, the king, the God.

10. Such a result was, perhaps, reserved for other times, when the whole mission of that divine Child should be better understood than it was then, or is *now*. But there is an ancient tradition, that about forty years later, when St. Thomas the Apostle travelled into the Indies, he found these wise men there, and administered to them the rite of baptism; and that afterwards, in carrying the light of truth into the far East, they fell among barbarous Gentiles, and were put to death; thus each of them receiving in return for the earthly crowns they had cast at the feet of the Saviour, the heavenly crown of martyrdom and of everlasting life.

62. Iona.

SLOWLY and sadly the company of Druids retired to their homes in the depth of the ancient wood, and not many hours had passed when they quitted Iona forever, and with it resigned the religious supremacy of those far Western Isles, where they had for ages ruled almost as gods.

2. After solemnly blessing the little island, St. Columbkille proceeded to erect a stately monastery and a spacious church. Some years after, he founded a convent of Augustinian nuns, and the lonely isle of Iona was soon as famous for Christian piety as it had formerly been for heathen superstition. It had early been chosen as a burial-place for the princes of the Pictish and Scottish monarchies, on account of its remote and isolated position, and the sacred character it had acquired. These causes continued to influence the neighboring sovereigns, in a still higher degree, after the island had become a distinguished seat of the Christian religion.

3. Even now, after the lapse of many centuries since prince, or king, or bishop, was buried in Iona, the traveller may still behold the ruined monuments which marked their place of rest. "A little to the north of the cathedral," says a modern writer, "are the remains of the bishop's house; and on the south is a chapel dedicated to St. Oran, almost entire, sixty feet long and twenty-two broad, within the walls, but nearly filled up with rubbish and monumental stones. In this are many tombstones of marble, erected over the great lords of the Isles.

4. "South of the chapel is an inclosure called Reilig Ouran, the *burying-ground of Oran*, containing a great number of tombs, but so overgrown with weeds as to render most of the inscriptions illegible. In this inclosure lie the remains of forty-eight Scottish kings, four kings of Ireland, eight Norwegian monarchs, and one king of France, who were desirous of reposing on this consecrated ground, where their ashes should not mix with the dust of the vulgar."

5. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, might well be inscribed over the forgotten graves of Iona, where so many princes and mighty men have mouldered into dust—where the architectural glories of former ages lie around in broken and shapeless masses.

"The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the just,
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower!

"But the grass grows again when in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess of the Earth;
But for man, in this world, no spring-tide e'er returns
To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his urns."

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63. St. Columba Blessing the Isles.

1. AND now the choral voices hush'd,
And ceased the organ tone;
As to the altar-steps, high raised,
Sad, silent, and alone,
The traveller pass'd. To him all eyes
Turn'd reverent as he trod,
And whispering voices, each to each,
Proclaim'd the man of God—
Columba, in his ancient place,
Radiant with glory and with grace.

2. Back fell his cowl—his mantle dropp'd,
And in a stream of light,
A halo round his aged head,
And robed in dazzling white—
The saint with smiles of heavenly love
Stretch'd forth his hands to pray,
And kings and thanes, and monks and jarls,
Knelt down in their array,
Silent, with pallid lips compress'd,
And hands cross'd humbly on their breast.

3. He craved a blessing on the Isles,
And named them, one by one—
Fair western isles that love the glow
Of the departing sun.
From Arran looming in the south,
To northern Orcades,
Then to Iona back again,
Through all those perilous seas,

Three nights and days the saint had sail'd,
To count the Hebrides.

4. He loved them for Iona's sake,
The isle of prayer and praise,
Where Truth and Knowledge found a home
When fall'n on evil days.
And now he bless'd them, each and all,
And pray'd that evermore,
Plenty and peace, and Christian love,
Might smile on every shore,
And that their mountain glens might be
The abiding-places of the free.

5. Then, as he ceased, kings, abbots, earls,
And all the shadowy train,
Rose from their knees, and choral songs
Re-echoed loud again—
And then were hush'd—the lights burn'd dim,
And ere the dawn of day,
The saint and all the ghostly choir
Dissolved in mist away:
Aërial voices sounding still
Sweet harmonies from Duni's hill.

6. And every year Columba makes,
While yet the summer smiles,
Alone, within his spectral boat,
The circuit of the Isles;—
And monks and abbots, thanes and kings,
From vault and charnel start,
Disburied, in the rite to bear
Their dim, allotted part,
And crave, upon their bended knees,
A blessing on the Hebrides.

64. The Observing Judge.

IN a district of Algeria, distinguished by a name which, being translated, signifies The Fine Country, there lived, in the year 1850, an Arab chief or sheik, named Bou-Akas, who held despotic sway over twelve tribes.

2. Having heard that the cadi, or judge, over one of these twelve tribes, administered justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas determined to judge for himself as to the truth of the report.

3. Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the cadi's town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed. He arrived there and was just entering the gate, when a cripple, seizing the border of his mantle, asked him for alms.

4. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold. "What dost thou want?" asked the sheik; "I have already given thee alms." "Yes," replied the beggar; "but the law says, not only 'thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

5. "Well; and what can I do for thee?" "Thou canst save me—poor, crawling creature that I am!—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on."

6. "And how can I save thee?" "By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business." "Be it so," replied the sheik. And, stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him; which was not accomplished without much difficulty.

7. The strangely-assorted couple attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at length they reached the market-place. "Is this where you wish to stop?" asked Bou-Akas. "Yes." "Then get down." "Get down yourself." "What for?" "To leave me the horse."

8. "To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?" "I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just cadi, and that if we bring the case before him he will certainly decide in my favor?" "Why should he do so, when the animal belongs to me?"

9. "Do you not think that when he sees us two,—you with your strong, straight limbs, so well fitted for walking, and I with my weak legs, and distorted feet,—he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?" "Should he do so, he would not be the *just* cadi," said Bou-Akas.

10. "Oh! as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible." "So!" thought the sheik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." Then turning to the cripple, he said aloud, "I am content—we will go before the cadi."

65. The Observing Judge—*continued.*

ARRIVED at the tribunal, where the judge, according to the Eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would, of course, take precedence of theirs. The first was between a taleb, or learned man, and a peasant.

2. The point in dispute was the taleb's wife, whom the peasant had carried off, and whom he asserted to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher, who demanded her back again. The woman (strange circumstance!) remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision extremely difficult.

3. The cadi heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow." The learned man and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next case was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared

covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood. The butcher spoke first and said:

4. "I went to buy some oil from this man, and, in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist."

5. Then spoke the oil-merchant: "This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled he said, 'Have you change for a piece gold?' I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out, 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money; so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case."

6. The cadi caused each to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow." The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the cadi's mantle. After which, he and his opponent bowed and departed.

7. It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple. "My lord cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented, but when we reached the market-place he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your lordship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most."

8. Then spoke the cripple. "My lord," said he, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead from fatigue. I offered to let him ride with me as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said

that the horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us."

9. Having required each to make oath to his statement, and having reflected for a moment, the cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow." It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions.

66. THE OBSERVING JUDGE—*concluded.*

ON the morrow, a number of persons, besides those immediately interested in the trials, assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The taleb, or learned man, and the peasant, were called first. "Take away thy wife," said the cadi to the former, "and keep her, I advise thee, in good order." Then turning towards an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." He was instantly obeyed, and the taleb carried off his wife.

2. Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher. "Here," said the cadi to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his officer, "Give this man fifty blows." It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

3. The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward. "Wouldst thou recognize thy horse among twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas. "Yes, my lord." "And thou?" "Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple. "Follow me," said the cadi to Bou-Akas. They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse among the twenty which were standing side by side.

4. "'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither." The disguised shiek obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He had quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able, with-

out the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

5. "'Tis well," said the cadi; "return to the tribunal." The cadi soon afterwards resumed his place, and, when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced. "The horse is thine," said the cadi to Bou-Akas; "go to the stable and take him." Then to the officer, "Give this cripple fifty blows." It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

6. When the cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him. "Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge. "No, quite the contrary," replied the sheik. "But I want to ask by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two causes were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, sheik of the twelve tribes, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

7. The cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand. "I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions." "Nothing, my lord," replied the cadi, "can be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?" "I did."

8. "Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who has done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands—she must belong to the taleb.'"

9. "Good!" said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?" "Did your highness remark," asked the cadi, "that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?" "Certainly I did." "Well; I took the money, and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged

to the oil-merchant, it would be greasy, from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'"

10. Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval. "Good!" said he. "And my horse?" "Ah! that was a different business; and, until this morning, I was greatly puzzled." "The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?" remarked the sheik. "On the contrary," said the cadi, "he pointed him out immediately." "How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

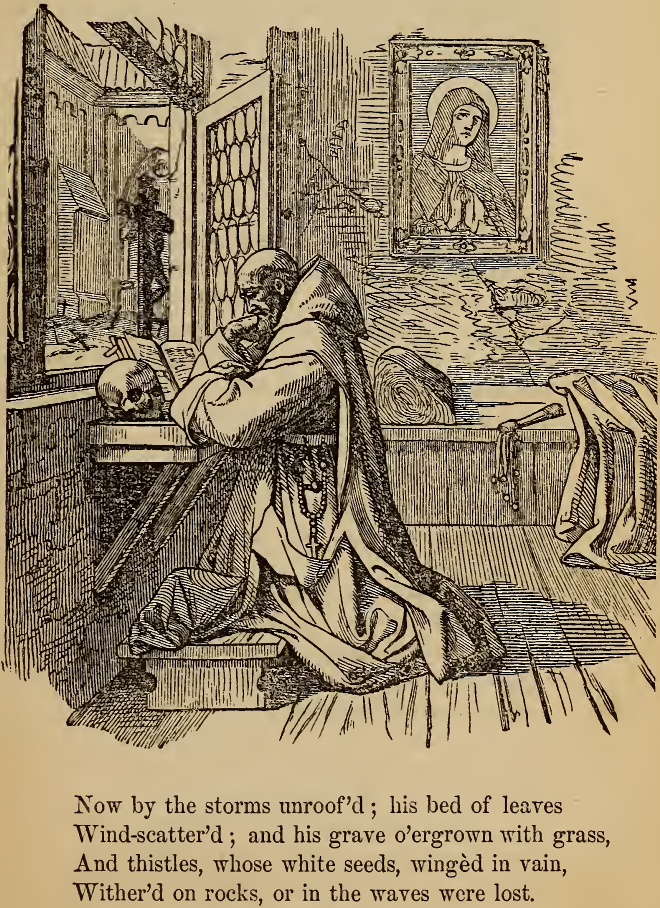
11. "My object," replied the cadi, "in bringing you separately to the stable, was not to see whether you would know the *horse*, but whether the horse would acknowledge *you*. Now, when *you* approached him, the creature turned towards you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the *cripple* touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

12. Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said, "Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. And yet, I know not; thou art certainly worthy to be sheik, but I fear that I should but badly fill thy place as cadi!"

67. HENRY THE HERMIT.

IT was an island where he dwelt,
A solitary islet, bleak and bare,
Short scanty herbage spotting with dark spots
Its gray stone surface. Never mariner
Approach'd that rude and uninviting coast,
Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark
Anchor'd beside its shore. It was a place
Befitting well a rigid anchoret,
Dead to the hopes, and vanities, and joys,
And purposes of life; and he had dwelt
Many long years upon that lonely isle;
For in ripe manhood he abandon'd arms,

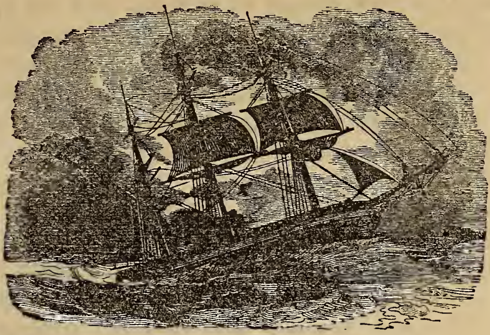
Honors and friends and country and the world,
And had grown old in solitude. That isle
Some solitary man in other times
Had made his dwelling-place; and Henry found
The little chapel which his toil had built



Now by the storms unroof'd; his bed of leaves
Wind-scatter'd; and his grave o'ergrown with grass,
And thistles, whose white seeds, wingèd in vain,
Wither'd on rocks, or in the waves were lost.
So she repair'd the chapel's ruin'd roof,

Clear'd the gray lichens from the altar-stone,
And underneath a rock that shelter'd him
From the sea-blast, he built his hermitage.
The peasants from the shore would bring him food,
And beg his prayers; but human converse else
He knew not in that utter solitude,
Nor ever visited the haunts of men,
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick-bed
Implored his blessing and his aid in death.
That summons he delay'd not to obey,
Though the night tempest or autumnal wind
Madden'd the waves; and though the mariner,
Albeit relying on his saintly load,
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived
A most austere and self-denying man,
Till abstinence, and age, and watchfulness
Had worn him down, and it was pain at last
To rise at midnight from his bed of leaves
And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not the less,
Though with reluctance of infirmity,
Rose he at midnight from his bed of leaves,
And bent his knees in prayer; but with more zeal,
More self-condemning fervor, raised his voice
For pardon for that sin, 'till that the sin
Repented was a joy like a good deed.

One night upon the shore his chapel bell
Was heard; the air was calm, and its far sounds
Over the water came distinct and loud.
Alarm'd at that unusual hour to hear
Its toll irregular, a monk arose,
The boatmen bore him willingly across,
For well the hermit Henry was beloved.
He hasten'd to the chapel; on a stone
Henry was sitting there, cold, stiff, and dead,
The bell-rope in his hand, and at his feet
The lamp that stream'd a long unsteady light.



68. GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

"COME, Edith, and look at the ship sailing out of the bay," said Charles to his sister. "See how gracefully she floats upon the water. She is going far away, thousands of miles, and will not be back for many months."

2. "Perhaps she will never come back," said Edith, as she came to the window, and stood, with her brother, looking at the noble vessel, just sailing out upon the broad, pathless, stormy ocean. "I would not be in her for the world!"

3. "Why not, Edith?" asked Charles. "Oh! I am sure I should be drowned," replied the little girl.

4. "You would be just as safe as you are here," said Charles. "You know, father tells us that we are as safe in one place as in another, for the Lord, who takes care of us, is everywhere."

5. "But think how many people are drowned at sea, Charles?" "And think how many people are killed on the land," replied Charles. "Don't you remember the anecdote father told us one day about a sailor.

6. "There was a great storm, and the ship was in much danger. Many of the passengers were terribly frightened, but this sailor was as calm as if the sun was shining above, and the sea undisturbed below. 'Are you not afraid?' said one of the passengers. 'No,' replied the sailor, 'why should I

be afraid?' 'We may all be drowned,' said the passenger. 'All of us have once to die,' calmly returned the sailor.

7. "The passenger was surprised to see the man's composure. 'Have you followed the sea long?' he asked. 'Ever since I was a boy; and my father followed it before me.'

8. "'Indeed! And where did your father die?' 'He was drowned at sea,' replied the sailor. 'And your grandfather, where did he die?' 'He was also drowned at sea,' said the sailor. 'Father and grandfather drowned at sea!' exclaimed the passenger in astonishment, 'and you not afraid to go to sea?' 'No! God is everywhere,' said the sailor reverently.

9. "'And now,' he added, after pausing a moment, 'may I ask you where your father died?' 'In his bed,' replied the passenger. 'And where did his father die?' 'In his bed,' was again answered. 'Are you not, then, afraid to go to bed,' said the sailor, 'if your father and grandfather both died there?'"

10. "Oh yes! I remember it very well now," said Edith. "I know that the Lord takes care of us always, wherever we may be. I know that he is everywhere present."

11. "And he will take as good care of the people in that ship as he does of those who are on the land," replied Charles. "Father says that we should always go where our duties call us, whether it be upon land or upon sea, for the Lord can and will protect us as much in one place as in another."

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69. Anecdote of Frederick the Great.

FREDERICK the Great, king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his page was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa.

2. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent

her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

3. The king returned softly to his room, took a purse of ducats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered.

4. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his confusion, he happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishment the purse. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

5. "What is the matter?" asked the king; "what ails you?" "Ah, sir," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

6. "My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep. Give the money to your mother; salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of *her* and *you*."

7. This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents.

8. And, if the children of such parents will follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they shall be amply recompensed by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that God who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

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70. A SMALL CATECHISM.

1. "WHY are children's eyes so bright?
Tell me why?"
"'Tis because the infinite,
Which they've left is still in sight.
And they know no worldly blight—
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright."

2. "Why do children laugh so gay?
Tell me why?"
"'Tis because their hearts have play
In their bosoms, every day,
Free from sin and sorrow's sway—
Therefore, 'tis they laugh so gay."

3. "Why do children speak so free?
Tell me why?"
"'Tis because from fallacy,
Cant, and seeming, they are free,
Hearts, not lips, their organs be—
Therefore, 'tis they speak so free."

4. "Why do children love so true?
Tell me why?"
"'Tis because they cleave unto,
A familiar fav'rite few,
Without art or self in view—
Therefore children love so true."

71. The Prodigal Son.

A CERTAIN man had two sons. And the younger of them said to his father: 'Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his substance.

2. "And not many days after, the younger son gathering all together, went abroad into a far country, and there wasted his substance by living riotously. And after he had spent all, there came a mighty famine in that country, and he began to be in want.

3. "And he went, and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country. And he sent him into his farm, to feed his swine: and he would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

4. "And returning to himself, he said: 'How many hired servants in my father's house have plenty of bread, and I here perish with hunger! I will arise, and I will go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee; I am not now worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.' And rising up, he went to his father

5. "And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and, running to him, fell upon his neck, and kissed him. And the son said to him: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee! I am not now worthy to be called thy son.'

6. "But the father said to his servants: 'Bring forth quickly the first robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; because this my son was dead, and is come to life again: he was lost and is found.' And they began to be merry

7. "Now his elder son was in the field: and when he came, and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing: and

he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said to him: 'Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe.' And he was angry, and would not go in.

8. "His father, therefore, coming out, began to entreat him. And he, answering, said to his father: 'Behold, for so many years I serve thee, and I have never transgressed thy commandment; and yet thou hast never given me a kid to make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son is come, who hath devoured his substance with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.'

9. "But the father said to him: 'Son, thou art always with me, and all I have is thine. But it was fit that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is come to life again: he was lost, and is found.'"

10. After this parable, so tender and so touching; after this language, so simple and yet so profound, so far beyond all human conceptions; after these lofty revelations of the world, of life, of the human heart, and of God, one would wish to speak but cannot: the heart is full, but we cannot give expression to our feelings. What shall I tell you, children? do you not understand, do you not feel the parable, that this father is God? that these two sons are men, the children of God, some faithful, others unfaithful to their father?

11. If it is the youngest who leaves the paternal house, it is because that it is in youth, the age of weakness and inexperience, that the errors and sad excesses of life usually occur. When a man has remained faithful to God, on through youth to mature age, the age of strength and reason, it is very rarely that he falls away from his service at a later period.

12. That a prodigal squanders away his substance in the distant country to which he betakes himself, you can also easily understand. At the very moment when one abandons God, he loses all the treasures of the soul, sin robs him of all. That there is famine in that strange land, how could it be otherwise? God is the only source of life, of good, of happiness; away from him, what can there be but famine, indigence, and misery!

13. Then, instead of serving a father, the sinner becomes the slave of a master, and a master as cruel and pitiless as the father was kind and good. In that degrading bondage, all is forgotten; nobility of birth, generous sentiments, all, all is lost sight of, and the wretched slave humbles himself, at the bidding of his tyrant, even to feed swine, that is to say, the shameful passions of the heart; and he is repaid for this degradation by having himself no other food but that which feeds the swine, namely, filthy pleasures and degrading excesses.

14. The new tyrant thus served, the passion which has enslaved the soul, takes pleasure in debasing and insulting its slave in the most cruel manner; it humbles him to the very dust, and trails him through the mire: "Bow down," it says, "and let me pass;" and he bows down, and it tramples him under its feet.

72. BLANCHE OF CASTILE.

BLANCHE was the daughter of Alphonsus IX., king of Castile, and of Eleanor of England. From her childhood she displayed great firmness of character, and an austerity of manners far beyond her age. She was married at the age of thirteen to the young Prince Louis, eldest son of Philip Augustus, and who afterwards reigned under the title of Louis VIII. This union, which took place on the 23d of May, 1200, was one of the conditions of the peace concluded the same year between this monarch and the King of England, uncle to the bride.

2. She was conducted to Normandy, where the marriage took place with a magnificence worthy of the three kingdoms interested in this alliance. Every *fête* and amusement then in vogue was inaugurated in honor of the occasion; but the two betrothed were their most beautiful and graceful ornament. They were of the same age, and gifted with every quality which could attract the esteem and love of those who surrounded them. The most flattering eulogy has been pro-

nounced on them, that they lived together for twenty-six years without a single disagreement.

3. But the wit and wisdom of Blanche were no less remarkable than her beauty and nobleness of character; so that her father-in-law, the king, would often consult her, and pay the greatest deference to her advice; and so great was the ascendency she acquired over her husband, that he would insist on her presence in the council-chamber, and even on his military journeys.

4. When Blanche became a mother, she displayed still greater virtues. Esteeming it a great duty to nourish her children, she would not suffer this care to devolve on another The eldest of her sons dying at an early age, the second, being destined to rule over France, became the object of his mother's tenderest care. She seemed to foresee the glory which this prince would shed over his house, and at his birth ordered the church bells to be rung (which had ceased for fear of disturbing the queen), "to invite all the people to go and praise God for having given her so sweet a son"

5. Blanche devoted herself entirely to the formation of the mind of this young prince. Every evening before they retired to rest, she took her children on her knee, caressed them with great affection, and told them some little anecdote of some virtuous action, so as to impress it on their infant minds. She repeatedly said to Louis—"My son, God knows how tenderly I love you! but I would rather see you dead at my feet than guilty of one mortal sin!"—words repeated from age to age to the praise of the good Blanche of Castile!

73. Hail! Virgin of Virgins.

1. HAIL! Virgin of virgins!
Thy praises we sing,
Thy throne is in heaven,
Thy Son is its King.

The saints and the angels
  Thy glory proclaim;
All nations devoutly
  Bow down at thy name.

2. Let all sing of Mary,
  The mystical Rod,
The Mirror of Justice
  The Handmaid of God.
Let valley and mountain
  Unite in her praise;
The sea with its waters,
  The sun with its rays.

3. Let souls that are holy
Still holier be,
To sing with the angels,
Sweet Mary, of thee.
Let all who are sinners
To virtue return,
That hearts without number
With thy love may burn.

4. Thy name is our power,
Thy love is our light;
We praise thee at morning,
At noon and at night
We thank thee, we bless thee,
When happy and free;
When, tempted by Satan,
We call upon thee.

5. The world does not love thee,
O beautiful one!
Because it despises
The cross of thy Son.
But thou art the Mother
Of all Adam's race;
The birth-stain of Eva
'Tis thine to efface.

6. Oh! be, then, our Mother,
And pray to the Lord,
That all may acknowledge
And worship his Word;
That good men with courage
May walk in his ways,
And bad men converted
May join in his praise.

74. Legend of Daniel the Anchoret.

DANIEL the Anchoret knelt in prayer, and he grieved over the evil times upon which his lot had fallen. "The charity of God has gone from the earth and returned to heaven. She has folded her wings there near the throne, and purposes not to visit earth again. There is no one to yield the tear of sympathy, or the mite of relief to the poor of the Lord. There is no charity left upon the earth," said Daniel. He rose and trimmed the lamp that hung before his favorite shrine, and its rays lit up his cell with unwonted splendor.

2. The stream of light seemed suddenly to grow into shape, and the holy man became suddenly aware of a jewelled sandal, a flowing robe, and a snowy wing, revealing the presence of an angel close by his side. He would have prostrated himself to venerate the messenger of God; but the angel forbade him, and motioned him to take his staff and sally forth from the hermitage. "Follow me and I will show thee one who hath true charity for the poor."

3. The Anchoret folded his mantle about him, and bending his head, he followed the angel wheresoever he would lead. They went on until they entered the outskirts of the neighboring town, and there the angel stopped before an humble cottage and disappeared, leaving the Anchoret to contemplate the scene before him, and learn wisdom from what he might see. Blocks of marble and slabs of travertine, rough-shapened by the chisel, lay scattered round about, showing that the occupant of the cottage followed the craft of a stone-dresser.

4. The craftsman himself was seated in front of his door under a canopy formed by a luxuriant vine, now laden with bunches of purple grapes. Some ragged little children, and a few aged persons, nearly all blind or crippled, were grouped around the stone-mason, whose name, it appeared from the discourse which Daniel overheard, was Eulogius. He was instructing and encouraging his listeners to love God, be thankful to him for his mercies, and resigned to the trials and privations which had fallen to their share.

5. It became clear, from the parting blessings of the poor, that they were to see him again on the morrow, and furthermore, that he was in the habit each day of gathering them around him and distributing among them all his earnings not strictly necessary to supply his own simple wants. The Anchoret was charmed and edified beyond measure by all he had seen and heard. He rejoiced exceedingly and gave thanks to God.

6. Here, then, was one true friend of the poor. But oh! he began to think, what a pity it is that one who is so great of heart should be so poor himself, and able to do so little good. His charity is indeed unbounded; but his means, alas! are not equal to his good-will. And straightway the holy man betook himself to prayer, and he begged of God that the generous artisan might become rich and great; for if he was so liberal in a condition bordering upon indigence, he would be much the more liberal with unlimited resources subject to his command.

7. The angel appeared again to the Anchoret. "Thy prayer, O Daniel, is not a wise one; it were not well for Eulogius to become rich." But Daniel could not help thinking of the greater number of poor who would be relieved, and of the splendid example the virtuous and frugal Eulogius would give to other rich men, were he indeed to become rich himself. He continued to pray that his wish might be granted, and in the fervor of his zeal he pledged himself to God as security for the good use his fellow-servant would make of wealth and power, were they to become his portion.

8. So, then, God granted the prayer of the Anchoret, and he ordained that Eulogius, while hewing stone from the side of a hill, displaced a mass of loose fragments and earth, which took his feet from under him and threw him upon the ground. Eulogius was terrified; but when the noise was over, and the dust had cleared away, he rose and saw lying at his feet a huge lump of pure shining gold. He was rich, and that neighborhood saw him no more, for, taking with him his wonderful treasure, he went to the court of Justin the Elder, and became a great general of the empire.

75. LEGEND OF DANIEL THE ANCHORET—*continued.*

SEVERAL years were past and gone, and Daniel the Anchoret still continued to trim the little lamp that burned before the shrine in the mountain cave, which he had chosen for his cell. His head was now bent, his step was slower and less firm as he went down the mountain side to visit and console the neighboring poor, whom he loved so much.

2. The old man's thoughts were fixed upon the future. His long hair and venerable beard were tufted with white,—"crests," he would say, "upon the wave of time about to break upon the shore of eternity." It chanced one night, about this season, that Daniel had knelt long in prayer, when it seemed to him to behold the throne of God suddenly erected as for a solemn judgment about to take place, and the culprit summoned before the awful presence of the Judge was (but oh ! how changed from his former self !) the stone-dresser Eulogius.

3. Daniel, likewise, to his infinite sorrow and dismay, was called to appear by the side of him for whose good conduct he had pledged himself as security, in his inconsiderate zeal to promote the welfare of the poor. Oh ! what a dark catalogue of sins was brought forward against the unfortunate culprit. He had used the gold, by miracle put within his reach, to purchase the servants of the aged Emperor Justin, and gain access to his favor.

4. He had been made, by means of bribery and corruption, the chief of a great army ; and he had outstripped all the soldiery in excesses of every kind, in the same proportion as he rose above them in power. He had robbed the churches and pillaged the cloisters, and finally had joined one Pompey, and one Hypatius, in a conspiracy to take the life of the Emperor Justinian, who had succeeded Justin on the throne.

5. Daniel was not able to see or hear more, but weeping bitterly, he fell prostrate on his face in the presence of God,

and begged him to bring Eulogius back to his former condition, and to release him from a pledge that had proved so injurious for both parties concerned.

6. The angel bore to the foot of the throne the prayer of the aged servant of God, whose heart was filled with grief and bitter remorse, and the request it contained was again mercifully granted. The conspiracy in which Eulogius was implicated came to be discovered, his accomplices were brought to justice, and he narrowly escaped with his life.

7. He did penance for his sins, returned to his former obscurity, worked again at his craft as a stone-dresser, and in time resumed the practice of alms-giving, which he had changed in an evil hour for deeds of rapine and plunder. Thus the good angel guardian of Daniel the Anchoret succeeded at length in convincing him that avarice but too often hardens the heart of wealth, thus disturbing the order of God's providence on earth, and that the poor are not unfrequently the best friends of the poor.

76. CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

1. IN yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:
Her neatly-border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure, in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

2. Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low-arch'd vestibule of learning's fame:
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

3. But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task forever true,
A little favorite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honors of my future days.

4. Oh, had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years

Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

5. Where in the busy scene, by peace unblest,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempests o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest, to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence, when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmixt delight;
To thee I turn, from riot and from noise,—
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

6. 'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labor o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scatt'ring o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers, oft with pride we march'd;
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our kerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,

And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.

7. Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont
To set her wheel before the cottage front
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols, and our boyish gear.
Still as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its beloved monotony of sound.
When tired with play, we'd set us by her side
(For out of school she never knew to chide),
And wonder at her skill—well known to fame—
For who could match in spinning with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she show'd with pride
To strangers, still her thriftness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much, in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth

77. BREAKFAST-TABLE SCIENCE.

"WHAT is an object lesson?" said Lucy to her mother, one day after breakfast. "I have been reading about one in a book; and I do not know exactly what it means."

"An object lesson," said her mother, "is a lesson which teaches the properties, or qualities, of objects. An object is any thing which you can see, or feel, or taste. A tree is an object; so is a chair; so is a slice of bread.

2. "A lesson about a tree tells you of the properties which distinguish a tree from other things; of its root, its trunk, its branches, its leaves, its fruit, its bark; of the way it grows, and the uses made of its wood. Object lessons teach us to use our senses; to observe, and compare, and reflect."

"I should like to have some object lessons; will you be so good as to give me some?"

3. "I will, my dear daughter, on one condition; and that

is, that you give me your careful attention. You must listen to me with your ears, and give heed to me with your mind."

"I will do so, my dear mother," said Lucy, "and be much obliged to you besides. What object will you teach me about?"

4. "Here is the breakfast-table," said her mother, "with the remains of the breakfast upon it, with cups and saucers, spoons, plates, and knives and forks. Here is substance enough for many object lessons. Suppose I give you some lessons in the science of the breakfast-table. And, first of all, let us see what it is that all these things rest upon and are held up by."

"It is a table."

5. "Very good. And the table is made of mahogany. Mahogany is the wood of a tree which grows in the West Indies, in Central America, and in many parts of South America. Men go into the woods and cut down the trees, just as lumbermen go into the woods of Maine and cut down pine-trees. They are then floated down to the sea-coast, and shipped to Europe or this country.

6. "This is very hard work; the men who do it are obliged to go into woods and swamps, where it is very hot, and often unhealthy.

"Mahogany, as you see, is a beautiful wood, and takes a fine polish. It was introduced into England about the end of the seventeenth century.*

7. "A captain of a West Indian ship brought home some logs, which he had put on board his vessel simply as ballast; that is, as weight to make it steady. He gave them to his brother, a physician, who was building a house, supposing they might be useful to him; but the carpenters would not do any thing with the wood, saying that it was too hard for their tools.

8. "Some time after, the wife of this physician was in want of a candle-box, and she told the cabinet-maker to make it out of one of the logs of mahogany which had been thrown

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* *The seventeenth century* is the period between 1600 and 1701.

aside. He was unwilling at first, because he thought it would spoil his tools; but he at last consented. When the box was made and polished, it far outshone any thing in the physician's new house; and people came from far and near to look at it.

9. "A lady of rank had a bureau made from one of the logs; and from this time the use of mahogany was gradually extended till it became general.

"Articles of mahogany furniture were once formed of the solid wood, which made them quite expensive; but that has been obviated by a modern invention.

10. "A log of mahogany is now cut into very thin pieces, called veneers, by sharp saws; and these veneers are nicely glued upon pine, so that we can have now what looks like a mahogany table, though it is really made of pine, with a covering of mahogany outside. Such a table is much cheaper than if it were all mahogany. Then next comes the table-cloth. This is made of linen. Linen is produced from a plant called flax. Have you ever seen flax growing?"

11. "Yes, father showed me some last summer growing in a field on grandfather's farm. It had a green stalk, with a pretty blue flower. When father showed it to me, he repeated a piece of poetry about a little girl that was lost in a shipwreck, and it said, 'Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax.' Father told me that this meant that her eyes were as blue as those flowers."

12. "I am very glad, my dear, that you remember so well what your father tells you. After the flowers are dead, the plants are pulled up. The seeds are then beaten out; the stalks are soaked in water, and dried, and combed, and bleached, until they become a bundle of fibres, like very fine hair. These are spun into threads, and the threads are woven into cloth.

13. "You will see that the surface of the table-cloth is not uniform, or all alike, but that it has patterns, or figures, wrought into it. This is all done by very curious and ingenious machinery.

"Flax is not much raised in our country; nor are there many manufactories of linen here. They raise it in great quantities in England, Ireland, Belgium, and parts of Germany; and it is manufactured in Scotland, England, the north of Ireland, and Germany.

14. "This table-cloth was brought in a ship from Liverpool, in England."

"You said just now that the flax was bleached. What is that?"

"To bleach is to make white. The natural color of flax is a kind of brown, like the brown linen thread I have in my work-basket; and it has to be whitened by art.

15. "Most linen fabrics are whitened after they are woven. It used to be done by spreading the cloth upon the grass, in the sun, and frequently wetting it; but now the cloth is dipped into a kind of liquid which takes the color out at once.

16. "Now we have the table set, and the cloth spread; we will next see what there is on the table. Here are the coffee-pot, the teapot, the water-pot, the cream-jug, and the sugar-bowl. What do you think these are made of?"

17. "They are made of silver, I suppose. They look like the silver half-dollar father gave me once."

"Your answer is a natural one, my dear Lucy. Older persons than you judge of things by their outward appearance. These are not made of silver, though they look like it.

18. "Rich people have them of silver, but ours are made of a white metal, commonly called German silver, covered over, or plated, with real silver. German silver is made of copper, zinc, and nickel; all of which are metals. Articles of this kind are made in great numbers in the city of Birmingham, in England. They are also made in our country."

◆

78. Breakfast-Table Science—*continued.*

LET us next go to the cups and saucers, and the plates. They are of the same substance, and of a white color; but they may be of other colors. Our dinner-plates, you know, are covered all over with blue figures. They are all called, in common speech, earthen-ware, or crockery-ware, and sometimes China-ware, because much of it comes from China.

2. "All kinds of crockery-ware are made out of earth or clay. The finest sorts, which are sometimes called porcelain, are made partly of clay, and partly of flint stones which have been burned, pounded, and ground into a powder.

"This material is mixed with water, and made into a sort of paste or dough; this is shaped or moulded into cups, plates, or dishes, and it is done very quickly and neatly by men who are accustomed to it.

3. "They use a wheel to help them shape it. Then it is put into an oven and heated, and when it comes out it is glazed, and sometimes painted with figures and colored."

4. "What do you mean by glazed, mother?"

"If you look at a cup, or plate, carefully, you will see that the surface is not merely smooth, but polished and bright, something like glass. This is the effect of the glazing. A substance made of lead, called litharge of lead, is put into water, and mixed up with ground flints, or granite, so as to make a liquid like thick cream; and into this the articles which require glazing are dipped.

5. "They are then put into an oven and heated again. The glazing makes them easily washed, and enables them to hold any liquid without absorbing it.

"Earthen-ware and porcelain-ware are made in England, France, China, and to some extent in our country. There is a place in France where they make plates and cups and saucers which have most beautiful paintings upon them of birds, or flowers, or places.

6. "These sell for a great deal of money; and in looking at them, it seems impossible to believe that they were made of clay and flint stones.

"The knives are divided into two parts, the blade and the handle. The blade is made of steel, which is a preparation of iron. Iron is a metal which is dug out of the earth.

7. "When first found, it is not in the state in which you now see it, but it looks like a rough, dark-brown stone. This

is put into a furnace and melted, and the iron is drawn off in a liquid form. Iron is the most useful of metals, and it is found in nearly all parts of the world.

8. "Steel is made by putting bars of iron into a close box with fine-powdered charcoal, and then heating the whole very hot. The vapor of the charcoal acts in a peculiar way upon the iron, and makes it harder, more elastic, and less liable to rust. Steel, also, when struck, sounds, or rings, louder than iron, and it takes a brighter polish.

9. "The handles of knives are made of ivory, bone, horn, or wood. Ours are made of bone. Knives are made in England, Germany, and also in our own country. Sheffield, in England, is a place where many are made.

"Do you see any thing else on the table that is made of iron?"

10. "No, mother, I do not."

"There is something else, though you do not perceive it. This waiter is made of iron. It is made of very thin iron, called sheet iron, which is first painted, and then varnished. A great deal of ware of this kind is made in Birmingham, in England. This is a large and rich city, and the people are mostly employed in various manufactures of metal.

11. "They make buttons, buckles, thimbles, pencil-cases, steel pens, teapots, trays, cake-baskets, and many other similar articles.

"The spoons are made of silver,—real silver. Silver is a metal, which is dug out of the ground. It is one of the precious metals, so called; it comes next in value to gold and platinum, which latter is rarely used.

12. "Money is coined from gold and silver. Silver is used for many purposes; and various beautiful and useful things are made from it. It comes mostly from Mexico and South America.

"Having now disposed of the table, its covering, and the furnishing of the table, let us proceed to consider what we have had to eat.

13. "Our breakfast has consisted of tea, coffee, sugar, bread, butter, milk, boiled eggs, and baked apples.

"Tea is the leaf of a shrub which grows in China and Japan. It is from four to six feet high. The leaves are gathered twice a year; in the spring and the autumn. They are dried a little in the sun, then laid on plates of hot iron, and afterwards rolled on mats with the palm of the hand. There are many varieties of tea, but they are divided into two great classes, black tea and green tea.

14. "These do not come from the same kind of plant.

"The Chinese are very fond of tea, and always have been so. It was introduced into Europe about the year 1660; and it is now very much used, especially in England and America. A great many ships come from China which are entirely filled with tea. It is packed in wooden chests, which have a lining of lead.

15. "Coffee is the berry of an evergreen shrub which grows in Arabia, and the East and West Indies. It is about ten feet high, and its berry, when ripe, is red, and not very unlike a cherry. At the proper time the fruit is gathered, dried in the sun, and the berries extracted by the help of mills. The berries are again dried, packed in bags, and sent away in vessels. When we want to make coffee, the berries, or grains, are roasted, ground, and boiled in water. The finest coffee comes from Mocha, in Arabia.

16. "Tea is made by steeping the leaves in boiling water, which uncurls them, and makes them look larger than they were when put in. Thus tea is properly an *infusion*. But coffee is a *decoction*, because it is made by boiling. Now will you promise to remember the distinction between these two hard words?"

17. "I will try. Decoction is when you boil any thing, and infusion is when you only steep it."

"Your father drinks coffee for breakfast, and I drink tea; but you drink milk. Tea and coffee both belong to those articles of food which are called *stimulants*. They act upon the nerves, and produce a slight exhilaration or excitement. They are not good for little boys and girls; and they should be used only in moderation by grown persons.

18. "When your father comes home at night, tired with

his day's work, a cup of tea refreshes him; but if he were to drink too much, or drink it too strong, it would keep him awake, and he would have a headache the next morning. Many persons injure themselves by drinking too much strong tea and coffee.

19. "Sugar is the produce of a plant called the sugar-cane, which grows in the West Indies, and many other warm countries. It is about ten feet high, and about two inches in diameter; it looks a good deal like our Indian corn. When ripe, the canes are full of a rich, sweet juice.

20. "They are then cut down, and next crushed in a mill; the liquid that runs out is boiled away, and a little lime-water is mixed with it, to help to clarify it, that is, make it clear.

"When this liquid cools, it settles down in the form of brown sugar; and the liquid that runs off is molasses. Brown sugar, which is sometimes called raw sugar, is refined and purified, and thus turned into loaf sugar. To do this, it is boiled in lime-water, and the heated liquor is cleansed, or purified, and then poured into conical moulds; and when it cools, it appears in the form of a loaf of hard white sugar.

21. "Sugar is made from other substances than the juice of the sugar-cane. In France, the juice of the beet-root is much used for this purpose. Sugar has also been obtained from grapes, and from liquorice root. In our country, much maple-sugar is made by boiling down the juice of a kind of maple-tree."

79. BREAKFAST-TABLE SCIENCE—*concluded.*

YOU will observe that there are two kinds of bread on the table; one is brown and the other is white; but they are both made of wheat. Wheat is the growth of a plant which looks something like a very tall blade of grass; when it is ripe, it is cut down, and spread upon the floor of a barn, and then beaten with a wooden stick called a flail, which causes the wheat to drop out.

2. "It then appears in the form of small, brown grains as big as apple-seeds.

"These grains are carried to a mill and ground into flour. This is done by having them put between two stones, the lower of which is fixed, while the upper one turns round. The brown bread is made of flour in the state it is when it comes from the mill.

3. "The white bread is made of flour which has been passed through a very fine sieve, or bolted, as it is sometimes called. The outer husk or covering, of the grains of wheat, makes, when ground, a substance called bran. In the unbolted flour this bran is retained; in the bolted it is not. Many persons who are not strong and well find the brown bread more healthy for them.

4. "In order to make bread, the flour is mixed with water, in which state it is called dough. It has to be kneaded, or stirred about, for a considerable time, in order to make the water and the flour blend together perfectly. Then yeast is put into the dough, which makes it rise, or swell.

5. "When you cut a slice of bread, you will notice that it is porous, or full of little holes. This is owing to the effect produced by the yeast. When it is sufficiently risen, it is put into an oven and baked.

6. "Yeast is a liquid, frothy substance, commonly made from hops, and obtained from brewers who make beer. But there are other ways of procuring it, and there are other substances that produce the same effect. In what manner the yeast acts upon the bread so as to make it rise, I could not explain to you without using many hard words, which would go into one of your little ears and out of the other.

7. "When you are older, and study chemistry, you will understand it. Dough which has been mixed with yeast is called leaven, a word sometimes used in the Bible. Unleavened bread means bread which has not had any yeast, or leaven, put into it. At times, the Jews were required to eat only unleavened bread."

8. "But mother, is not bread sometimes made of other things than wheat? I have eaten at grandfather's a kind of bread which is called rye and Indian bread."

"You are right, my dear. Bread is sometimes made of rye, of barley, of oats, and of Indian corn. The bread of which you speak is made of rye flour and Indian meal. Rye is a grain of the same kind as wheat.

9. "Indian corn is the fruit of a plant which we call by the same name, and is also termed maize. It grows in the form of yellow grains, much larger than those of wheat, which are set round what is called the cob. Rye and Indian bread is very common among New England farmers.

10. "I have now told you about every thing we have had to eat for our breakfast, except the milk and cream, the butter, the baked apples, and the eggs. Milk, as you know, is drawn from the cow; you have often seen them milk the cows at your grandfather's.

"Butter is made of cream, and cream comes from milk. Milk, when first drawn from the cow, is composed of two parts, one of which is watery and sweet, and the other oily. After it has been allowed to stand some time, the cream rises to the top.

11. "This is the oily part of the milk, and it rises because it is lighter than the rest. The cream is taken off, or skimmed from the top, and put into a long, round-shaped box, called a churn. Here it is shaken and stirred by a handle, and in a short time the watery particles of the cream separate from those which are oily. The watery part is called buttermilk, and is commonly given to the pigs; the oily part is butter, and is given to good little boys and good little girls, like you.

12. "The apple is a fruit which grows upon a tree, and is gathered in the autumn. A collection of apple-trees is called an orchard. You have sometimes been into your grandfather's orchard and helped to pick up apples. There are many kinds of apples; some are sweet and some are sour.

13. "Sweet apples are commonly used for baking, and sour ones for making pies The apple is a very valuable fruit, and many persons in our country support themselves by raising and selling apples.

"Eggs are produced or laid, by hens. You know how fond you are of going into your grandfather's barn, and looking for eggs. All kinds of birds lay eggs, and they are of various sizes.

14. "An ostrich's egg is as big as your head, and a humming-bird's egg is no bigger than a pea.

"An egg is a wonderful thing, though it is so common. It contains a germ, or principle, of life; that is, something which may hereafter become alive. When you break open the egg of a hen, you find a yellow, thick liquid in the middle, called the yolk, and around it a white, sticky liquor, which is called the white.

15. "There is nothing here which looks like bones, or feathers, or flesh. But if it be left in the nest, and the hen sit upon it a number of days, the warmth of her body hatches it, and turns it into a chicken, which breaks the shell, and runs about, and is a living creature.

"This is the same with all kinds of fowls and birds. That tall turkey at your grandfather's, which so frightened you when you were a little girl, was once an egg; and so was that magnificent eagle that I showed you last summer at the White Mountains.

16. "This property of the egg is one of God's wonderful works. We sometime call it a mystery; that is, it is something that we cannot understand. We do not know how it is that the warmth of a hen's body converts an egg into a chicken, but we know that such is the fact.

"And now, my dear Lucy, look round the table and see if there be any objects on it about which I have not told you."

17. "Yes, mother, there are the mats and the salt-cellars."

"Very true; and I am glad that you make such good use of your eyes. The mats are made of the leaves of the palm-tree. These are dried, cut into very narrow strips, and woven or plaited. Your brother Willy in the summer wears a straw hat which is made of the same material. The palm-tree grows in Asia and Africa.

18. "The salt cellars are made of glass. Glass is made of fine sand and soda, or potash. Potash is a substance obtained from the ashes of plants and vegetables. The materials for

forming glass are put into large pots, and melted, until it becomes a red hot liquid substance. Then the workman dips the end of a long iron tube into it, and takes up a bit, which he first rolls on a polished iron plate, to make it smooth on the outside. Then he blows into the other end of the iron tube, and the hot glass swells and expands, and it is shaped into the required form. In this way bottles and decanters are made.

19. "Salt-cellars and other things of the kind are shaped in a mould. The finer and costlier articles of glass are cut. This is done by grinding the surface with small wheels of stone, metal, or wood. The glass is held up to the wheel. A small stream of water is kept continually running on the glass, to prevent its getting too hot. Friction, or the rubbing of one thing against another, produces heat.

"The process of making glass is very curious, and the articles made are very beautiful. One of these days you shall go with me to a glass manufactory.

20. "Salt is formed from sea-water, which has, as you know, a salt taste. It is pumped into shallow pans, or reservoirs, and evaporated by the heat of the sun. Water is said to be evaporated when it is dried up, or taken away, by the air. The water in time passes off, and leaves the salt at the bottom. This is afterwards boiled, skimmed, purified, and dried.

21. "In many parts of our country there are springs of salt-water, a great way off from the sea. Salt is made from the water of these springs in the same way as from that of the sea. Salt is also dug out of the earth, in a solid form, in many parts of the world. This is called rock salt.

"Thus, my dear Lucy, I have told you all about the breakfast-table, and the various objects upon it. I hope you will remember it."

22. "I will try to remember it, mother."

"And now I want to make one or two remarks upon what we have been talking about. I wish you to form the habit of reflecting as well as of observing; that is, I want you to think about what you see, and hear, and read. You will notice that the articles of which we have spoken have come from all parts of the world. The tea is from China, the coffee from Java, the sugar from the West Indies, the mahogany from Honduras, the table-cloth from Europe.

23. "And then a great number of persons have helped to prepare our breakfast, and our breakfast-table furniture, for us. The iron of which the knives are made, for instance, was first dug out of the earth by miners; then it was melted in a furnace by firemen; then it was converted into steel by another set of workmen; then the steel was made into blades, and fitted into the handles by cutlers.

24. "And so of the table-cloth. First, we have the farmer to raise the flax, the workmen to prepare it to be manufactured, the men and the machines to spin and weave it, and the ship and the sailors to bring it to this country. Indeed, if all the people who have directly and indirectly helped to get our breakfast for us were brought together, they would form a considerable village.

25. "This is one of the advantages of living in what is called a state of civilization; that is, a state in which we have laws, and books, and trades, and arts, and sciences, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. In such a state each works for all, and all works for each. Had you been a little Indian girl, your breakfast would have been a bit of broiled fish, a handful of parched corn, and some water out of a gourd."

26. "Mother, I am very glad I am not a little Indian girl."

"That is just what I was coming to, my dear child. I want you to be not only glad, but grateful to God, who has caused you to be born in a situation where you enjoy so many blessings; where you can have convenient and comfortable clothing, and abundance of healthy food, and schools to go to, and books to read."

27. "And a dear good mother, who tells me every thing I want to know," said Lucy.

"And now it is time," said her mother, "to get ready to go to school. I hope I have not filled your little head so full that there will be no room for your lessons."

80. Tired of Play.

1. TIRED of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day!
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, the day is done—
How hast thou spent it—restless one!

2. Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

3. There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
4. Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
5. If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently—
6. If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove—
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thy aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

81. Melrose Abbey.

ONE of the most interesting remains of sacred art anywhere to be found, is the ruined abbey of Melrose, in Scotland. There are in that country the remains of four splendid abbeys, of which that of Melrose is perhaps the most beautiful. It is on many accounts most attractive to persons of cultivated taste. To the Christian, too, it is interesting as a glorious memento of the faith and piety of by-gone ages.

2. "Melrose Abbey," says a modern writer, "is indeed a vast and beautiful ruin. No person can help admiring it,

whether he survey it narrowly, or contemplate it at some distance; whether he examine it in detail, or in one comprehensive view. It is not one of those rude edifices which, when seen from afar, when contrasted with some neighboring object, and magnified or embellished with imagined perfections, strike the eye with admiration of their vastness and beauty, but from the coarseness of their materials, or the ignorance of those who constructed them, sink into deformity when subjected to a minute and critical inspection.

3. It is impossible to view it from any quarter, or in any direction, without perceiving it to be a most admirable specimen of the architecture of former times, and a striking monument of the taste of the builder, as well as of the piety of its founder. It pleases alike by the magnificence of its plan and the exquisite fineness of its workmanship, by its local situation and the interesting associations to which it gives rise.

4. He who can view the abbey of Melrose without being highly gratified, has neither understanding that is cultivated, nor feelings that one might envy. He is ruder than the ground on which he treads, he is more insensible than the structure whose beauties he cannot see.

82. CURING THE BLIND.

A POOR blind man, having learned that Jesus was passing along, came forth to meet him, and cried with all his strength: "Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me!" The disciples would have driven him away; but he only cried the louder: "Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me!" And Jesus, having him brought near, asked him: "What wilt thou that I do for thee?"

2. "Lord, that I may see!" replied the blind man.

"Receive thy sight," said Jesus to him, "thy faith hath made thee whole."

And immediately the blind man opened his eyes and saw, and he followed Jesus, giving thanks to God. And the multitude who witnessed this prodigy, also joined in his thanksgiving.

3. But this was not the only blind man to whom Jesus gave sight. In Jerusalem he met one who had been blind from his birth. His disciples, seeing him, asked: "Master,

who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?"

As though the infirmities wherewith some are born were always chastisements from God, whereas they are often intended as special graces in the merciful designs of Providence.

4. The Saviour answered: "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents;" he is born blind in order "that the works of God may be made manifest in him."

He then spat upon the ground, made clay of the spittle, and with it rubbed the eyes of the blind man, saying: "Go wash in the pool of Siloë."

5. This was a public fountain of Jerusalem. The man went as directed, washed himself, and recovered his sight. And his friends and acquaintances asked each other, "Is it, indeed, the same man whom we have seen sitting here begging?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am he."

6. And they asked him how his eyes had been opened. And he told them: "That man who is called Jesus, made clay with his spittle, and anointed my eyes, and said to me: 'Go to the pool of Siloë and wash.' I went, I washed, and I see."

And they asked him, "Where is he?" And he replied, "I know not."

The man was immediately brought to the Pharisees, and to them he related how Jesus had restored his sight.

7. Now, it was on the Sabbath, the day of rest, that Jesus had cured him; and the Pharisees were embarrassed. Some said: "This man is not of God, who keepeth not the Sabbath." But others said: "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" And then they asked the man that had been blind: "What sayest thou of this man?" And he said: "He is a prophet, a man sent from God."

8. But the Pharisees, still obstinate in their incredulity, refused to believe that he had been blind, or cured, and they questioned his family on the subject. Behold, children, how the most dazzling miracles of the Saviour were strictly examined, so that their authenticity was clearly established.

9. "Is this your son, whom some say was born blind?"

said the Pharisees to the parents of him who had been blind. "How, then, doth he now see?"

"Yes," said they, "he is our son. He was born blind, and he now sees. Ask himself how he was cured." They were, themselves, afraid to tell the truth. So the Pharisees went again and interrogated the man who had been cured.

10. "Give glory to God," said they, "we know that this man is a sinner."

"If he be a sinner," he replied, "I know not. One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, I now see. And we know that God doth not hear sinners. From the beginning of the world it hath not been heard that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind. Unless this man were of God, he could not do the things that he hath done."

11. The Pharisees, being angry with the man, exclaimed: "Wretch, thou wast wholly born in sin, and dost thou teach us?" And they drove him from their presence. Jesus, having heard of this, came to the man, and said; "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?"

And he answered: "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe in him?"

And Jesus said: "It is he who talketh with thee." Hearing this, the man fell down and adored him.

83. THE COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS.

1. A COUNTRY fellow and his son, they tell
In modern fables, had an ass to sell:
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,
And fed so well, that by the destined day,
They brought the creature into sleek repair,
And drove it gently to a neighboring fair

2. As they were jogging on, a rural class
Was heard to say, "Look! look there, at that ass!

And those two blockheads trudging on each side,
That have not, either of 'em, sense to ride;
Asses all three!" And thus the country folks
On man and boy began to cut their jokes.

3. Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,
But every word stuck in the young one's head;
And thus began their comment thereupon:
"Ne'er heed 'em, lad." "Nay, father, do get on."
"Not I, indeed." "Why then let me, I pray."
"Well do; and see what prating tongues will say."

4. The boy was mounted; and they had not got
Much further on, before another knot,
Just as the ass was passing by, pad, pad,
Cried, "Oh! that lazy booby of a lad!
How unconcernedly the gaping brute
Lets the poor aged fellow walk afoot."

5. Down came the son on hearing this account,
And begg'd, and pray'd, and made his father mount:
Till a third party on a further stretch,
"See! see!" exclaimed, "that old hard-hearted wretch!
How like a justice there he sits, or squire;
While the poor lad keeps wading through the mire."

6. "Stop," cried the lad, still vex'd in deeper mind,
"Stop, father, stop; let me get on behind."
This done, they thought they certainly should please,
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;
For having tried each practicable way,
What could be left for jokers now to say?

7. Still disappointed, by succeeding tone,
"Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?
Get off, for shame! or one of you at least!
You both deserve to carry the poor beast!
Ready to drop down dead upon the road,
With such a huge unconscionable load."

8. On this they both dismounted; and, some say,
Contrived to carry, like a truss of hay,
The ass between 'em; prints, they add, are seen
With man and lad, and slinging ass between;
Others omit that fancy in the print,
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

9. The copy that we follow, says, The man
Rubb'd down the ass, and took to his first plan,
Walk'd to the fair, and sold him, got his price,
And gave his son this pertinent advice:
"Let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best;
To think of pleasing all—is all a jest."

84. The First Crusade.

PETER the Hermit, the preacher of the first crusade, was descended from a noble family of Picardy. Having made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, one day, while prostrated before the holy sepulchre, he believed that he heard the voice of Christ, which said to him,—"Peter, arise! hasten to proclaim the sufferings of my people; it is time that my servants should receive help, and that the holy places should be delivered."

2. Full of the spirit of these words, which sounded unceasingly in his ears, and charged with letters from the patriarch, he quitted Palestine, crossed the seas, landed on the coast of Italy, and hastened to cast himself at the feet of the pope. The chair of St. Peter was then occupied by Urban II., who had been the disciple and confidant of both Gregory and Victor. Urban embraced with ardor a project which had been entertained by his predecessors; he received Peter as a prophet, applauded his design, and bade him go forth and announce the approaching deliverance of Jerusalem.

PETER THE HERMIT AND KERBOGHA.

3. The leaders of the Christian army who had prepared the enthusiasm of the soldiers, now employed themselves in taking advantage of it. They sent deputies to the general of the Saracens, to offer him either a single combat or a general battle. Peter the Hermit, who had evinced more enthusiasm than any other person, was chosen for this embassy.

4. Although received with contempt in the camp of the infidels, he delivered himself no less haughtily or boldly. "The princes assembled in Antioch," said Peter, addressing the Saracen leaders, "have sent me to demand justice of you. These provinces, stained with the blood of martyrs, have belonged to Christian nations, and as all Christian people are brothers, we are come into Asia to avenge the injuries of those who have been persecuted, and to defend the heritage of Christ and his disciples.

5. "Heaven has allowed the cities of Syria to fall for a time into the power of infidels, in order to chastise the offences of his people; but learn that the vengeance of the Most High is appeased; learn that the tears and penitence of the Christians have turned aside the sword of divine justice, and that the God of armies has arisen to fight on our side. Nevertheless we still consent to speak of peace.

6. "I conjure you, in the name of the all-powerful God, to

abandon the territory of Antioch and return to your own country. The Christians promise you, by my voice, not to molest you in your retreat. We will even put up prayers for you that the true God may touch your hearts, and permit you to see the truth of our faith. If Heaven designs to listen to us, how delightful it will be to us to give you the name of brethren, and to conclude with you a lasting peace!

7. "But if you are not willing to accept either the blessings of peace or the benefits of the Christian religion, let the fate of battle at length decide the justice of our cause. As the Christians will not be taken by surprise, and as they are not accustomed to steal victories, they offer you the choice of combat."

8. When finishing his discourse, Peter fixed his eyes upon the leader of the Saracens, and said, "Choose from among the bravest of thy army, and let them do battle with an equal number of the Crusaders; fight thyself with one of our Christian princes; or give the signal for a general battle. Whatever may be thy choice, thou shalt soon learn what thy enemies are, and thou shalt know what the great God is whom we serve!

9. Kerboghâ, who knew the situation of the Christians, and who was not aware of the kind of succor they had received in their distress, was much surprised at such language. He remained for some time mute with astonishment and rage, but at length said, "Return to them who sent you, and tell them it is the part of the conquered to receive conditions, and not to dictate them. Miserable vagabonds, extenuated men, phantoms may terrify women; but the warriors of Asia are not intimidated by vain words.

10. "The Christians shall soon learn that the land we tread upon belongs to us. Nevertheless, I am willing to entertain some pity for them, and if they will acknowledge Mohammed, I may forget that this city, a prey to famine, is already in my power; I may leave it in their hands, and give them arms, clothes, bread, women, in short, all that they have not; for the Koran bids us pardon all who submit to its laws.

11. "Bid thy companions hasten, and on this very day take

advantage of my clemency; to-morrow they shall only leave Antioch by the sword. They will then see if their crucified God, who could not save himself from the cross, can save them from the fate which is prepared for them."

12. This speech was loudly applauded by the Saracens, whose fanaticism it rekindled. Peter wished to reply, but the Sultan of Mossoul, placing his hand upon his sword, commanded that these miserable mendicants, who united blindness with insolence, should be driven away.

13. The Christian deputies retired in haste, and were in danger of losing their lives several times while passing through the army of the infidels. Peter rendered an account of his mission to the assembled princes and barons; and all immediately prepared for battle. The heralds-at-arms proceeded through the different quarters of the city, and battle was promised for the next day to the impatient valor of the Crusaders.

85. THE BATTLE OF ANTIOCH.

ALL at once the Saracens commenced the attack by discharging a cloud of arrows and then rushing on the Crusaders, uttering barbarous cries. In spite of their impetuous shock, their right wing was soon repulsed and penetrated by the Christians.

2. Godfrey met with greater resistance in their left wing; he succeeded, however, in breaking it, and carrying disorder among their ranks. At the moment that the troops of Kerboghâ began to give way, the Sultan of Nice, who had made the tour of the mountain and returned along the banks of the Orontes, fell with impetuosity upon the rear of the Christian army, and threatened destruction to the body of reserve commanded by Bohemond.

3. The Crusaders, who fought on foot, could not resist the first charge of the Saracen cavalry. Hugh the Great, warned of the danger of Bohemond, abandoned the pursuit of the fugitives, and hastened to the succor of the body of reserve.

Then the battle was renewed with redoubled fury. Kilidj Arslan, who had to avenge the shame of several defeats, as well as the loss of his states, fought like a lion at the head of his troops. A squadron of three thousand Saracen horse, clothed in steel and armed with clubs, carried disorder and terror through the ranks of the Christians.

4. The standard of the Count de Vermandois was carried away, and retaken, covered with the blood of Crusaders and infidels. Godfrey and Tancred, who flew to the assistance of Hugh and Bohemond, signalized their strength and valor by the death of a great many Mussulmans.

5. The Sultan of Nice, whom no reverse could overcome, firmly withstood the shock of the Christians. In the heat of the combat, he ordered lighted flax to be thrown among the low bushes and dried grass which covered the plain. Immediately a blaze arose which enveloped the Christians in masses of flame and smoke. Their ranks were for a moment broken; they could no longer either see or hear their leaders. The Sultan of Nice was about to gather the fruits of his stratagem, and victory was on the point of escaping from the hands of the Crusaders.

6. At this moment, say the historians, a squadron was seen to descend from the summit of the mountains, preceded by three horsemen clothed in white and covered with shining armor. "Behold!" cried Bishop Adhemar, "the heavenly succor which was promised to you. Heaven declares for the Christians; the holy martyrs, George, Demetrius, and Theodore, come to fight for you." Immediately all eyes were turned towards the celestial legion. A new ardor inspired the Christians, who were pursuaded that God himself was coming to their aid, and the war-cry "*It is the will of God!*" was heard as at the beginning of the battle.

7. The women and children who had remained in Antioch, and were collected on the walls, animated the courage of the Crusaders by their cries and acclamations, while the priests continued to raise their hands towards heaven, and returned thanks to God by songs of praise and thanksgiving for the succor he had sent to the Christians.

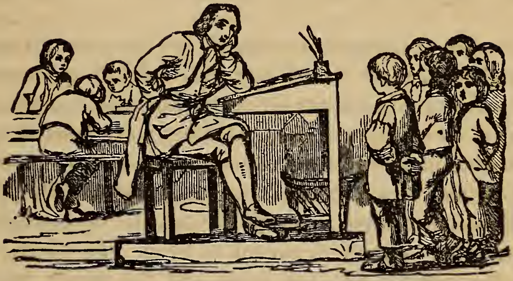
8. Of the Crusaders themselves each man became a hero, and nothing could stand before their impetuous charge. In a moment the ranks of the Saracens were everywhere broken, and they only fought in confusion and disorder. They endeavored to rally on the other side of a torrent and upon an elevated point, whence their trumpets and clarions resounded; but the Count de Vermandois attacked them in this last post, and completely routed them. They had now no safety but in flight, and the banks of the Orontes, the woods, the plains, the mountains were covered with the fugitives, who abandoned both their arms and their baggage.

9. Kerboghâ, who had been so certain of victory as to have announced the defeat of the Christians to the Caliph of Bagdad and the Sultan of Persia, fled towards the Euphrates, escorted by a small body of his most faithful soldiers. Several of the emirs had taken to flight before the end of the battle.

10. Tancred and some others, mounted on the horses of the conquered enemy, pursued till nightfall the Sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, the Emir of Jerusalem, and the scattered wreck of the Saracen army. The conquerors set fire to the intrenchments behind which the enemy's infantry had sought refuge, and a vast number of Mussulmans perished in the flames.

11. According to the account of several contemporary historians, the infidels left a hundred thousand dead on the field of battle. Four thousand Crusaders lost their lives on this glorious day, and were placed among the ranks of the martyrs.

12. The Christians found abundance beneath the tents of their enemies; fifteen thousand camels and a great number of horses fell into their hands. As they passed the night in the camp of the Saracens, they had leisure to admire the luxury of the Orientals, and they examined with the greatest surprise the tent of the King of Mossoul, resplendent with gold and precious stones, which, divided into long streets flanked by high towers, resembled a fortified city. They employed several days in carrying the spoils into Antioch. The booty was immense, and every Crusader, according to the remark of Albert d'Aix, found himself much richer than he was when he quitted Europe.



86. The Village Schoolmaster.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd—
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could guage.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

87. The Rector of Guignen and his Vicar.

THE rector of Guignen, a venerable old man, and his curate, had been a short time before put to death in the city of Rennes, when I went to see my sister, Madame Junsions, who lived at a short distance from Guignen; she related to me the following incidents of the capture of these two victims:

2. They had been warned of the search that was being made for them, and attempted to escape through the fields, when they were perceived by those in pursuit of them. They were, however, a considerable distance ahead, and the curate, who was much the youngest and more active, might easily have escaped.

3. They gained, however, upon the old priest, firing their guns at him as they pursued him. The curate had crossed a brook and ascended the opposite bank, and was out of the reach of his pursuers, when looking back he perceived that the aged rector was unable to get up the steep ascent. His pursuers were shouting with joy at his unavailing efforts.

4. The young man immediately turned back, to the surprise of the soldiers, who could not but admire his heroic charity, and endeavored to assist the good old parish priest. He descended the bank, recrossed the brook, and covering him with his body, strove to aid him across. But he was unable to do so before the soldiers came up and took them both prisoners, to be led, as they well knew, to certain death.

5. The soldiers stopped at my sister's house, with their prisoners, on their way to the city. The leader of the party, the infamous and dreaded D——n, who had already distinguished himself by many similar captures, and was a man of frightful aspect and most sanguinary disposition, told my sister the circumstances which I have related above, with some expressions of a sort of admiration and pity, the more striking from the mouth of such a monster.

6. "I almost regret," he said, "that such a brave fellow will have to be put to death, after such a noble action. He was quite safe, citizeness (*citoyenne*)," he added. "We had given him up, but we were gaining on the old one, when lo!

he turned back and came to help him cross the brook, all the time covering him with his body against the fire of our guns.

It was a remarkable and affecting scene." Yet, as soon as they had got some refreshments, they hurried on with their prisoners to the tribunal, and from the tribunal they went the same day to the scaffold.

88. The Three Homes.

1. "WHERE is thy home?" I ask'd a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garland for her hair:
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where the soft winds wander free."
Oh! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

2. "Where is thy home?" I ask'd of one
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

3. "Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I ask'd a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrow'd brow, and wan,
Slow musing on his way:
He paused, and with a solemn mein
Upturn'd his holy eyes—
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!"

Oh! bless'd—thrice bless'd, the heart must be
  To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free—
  Its only home in heaven.

89. St. Peter delivered out of Prison.

THE favorable account which St. Peter gave of his excursion to Cæsarea, very soon silenced the objections of those who had been ready to find fault; the faithful were happy to see the Gentiles thus called to partake with them in the grace of eternal life, and exceedingly rejoiced when they were likewise informed of the great numbers who had embraced the faith at Antioch.

2. Barnabas, a good man, as the Scriptures witness, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, was sent thither to promote the work which the grace of God had so happily begun. Upon

his arrival he could not but rejoice at the pleasing prospect of religion: an extensive field was opened to his zeal! the harvest of souls was very great, the workmen few. He encouraged them to persevere in the happy course they had undertaken, and went to Tarsus in quest of Saul.

3. He found him and brought him back to Antioch, where they employed themselves for a whole year in the service of the Lord; they preached, they instructed, they labored with unwearied zeal, and had the consolation to see their labors crowned with success. The proselytes they made were very numerous, and each one vied with his neighbor in the study of good works: then and there it was, that the followers of Christ's doctrine were first distinguished by the name of Christians.

4. About the same time there came prophets thither from Jerusalem, and among them one called Agabus, who foretold a great famine. The Christians were alarmed at the prophecy, and began to provide against the time of distress, which happened under Claudius. They collected considerable sums, which they put into the hands of Saul and Barnabas for the relief of their brethren dwelling in Judea.

5. The church of Jerusalem was at that time sorely aggrieved by a persecution, which Herod, at the instigation of the Jews, had commenced against the faithful; the wicked king had already slain St. James, the brother of St. John, and was then meditating the death of St. Peter. Having caused him to be apprehended during the Easter time, he kept him in prison under a strong guard, till the holydays were over, when he intended to bring him forth to the people.

6. The faithful were struck with dismay at this disastrous event, rightly judging that the welfare of the flock was closely connected with that of the pastor, and therefore day and night did they send up their most fervent prayers to heaven for his deliverance. The Almighty graciously heard their petition, and delivered his Apostle on the very night that preceded his intended execution.

7. Bound with two chains, St. Peter lay asleep between two soldiers in the prison, perfectly resigned within himself either to life or death, when the angel of the Lord came with great

brightness to the place, and striking him on the side, said, "Arise quickly." That moment the chains fell off from the Apostle's hands; he speedily arose, put on his sandals, threw his garment round him, and followed the angel through the first and second ward, till they came to the iron gate which led to the city.

8. At their approach the gate of itself flew open, and they went on to the end of the street, where the angel left him. The saint then came to himself, for hitherto he seemed to have been in a dream, and said, "Now I know that the Lord hath sent his angel, and delivered me from the hand of Herod, and from all the expectations of the Jews." Musing on the event he came to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, and knocked at the gate.

9. Many of the faithful were there met to pray: a girl called Rhode hearing some one knock, went to hearken at the door, and immediately knew it to be Peter's voice; instead of letting him in, she ran back in a transport of joy to acquaint the company that Peter was at the gate. They told her she had lost her senses; but she positively assured them that so it was: still they would not believe her, and said it was his angel she had heard.

10. Peter in the mean while continued knocking: they then went to the door, and on opening it saw him, and were astonished. He beckoned to them with his hand not to say a word, silently entered into the house, and gave them an account of what God had done for him. When he had finished his narration, he desired them to repeat it to James and the rest of the brethren, and hastened immediately out of the city, as privately as he could.

11 The wonderful release of St. Peter out of prison has been thought to be of such importance to the Church, that she has instituted a day of thanksgiving to God on that account. She then experienced, as she has often experienced since, that God is the sovereign disposer of all things here below; that he sets what bounds he pleases to the power of tyrants; that he opens or shuts prisons at his nod, and makes even the passions of men subservient to his will, in the execution of his unchangeable decrees.

90. The Hermit.

1. TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

2. "For here, forlorn and lost, I tread
With fainting steps and slow—
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

3. "Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

4. "Here, to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

5. "Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows—
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

6. "No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn—
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them;

7. "But, from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

8. "Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

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91. Pope Leo the Great and Attila.

IN the year 450, Attila began his expedition against the Western Empire. With an immense army, he set off from Hungary, directing his course through Germany, towards the Lower Rhine. Large swarms of adventurers joined him upon the march, and swelled his whole force to half a million of hardy combatants. Devastation, plunder, cruelty, and bloodshed, with every kind of outrage that can be dreaded from armed and lawless savages, accompanied the march of Attila. He bore down all before him: Metz, Triers, Tongres, Rheims, Cambrai, and all the towns from the banks of the Rhine to the very centre of Gaul, were plundered, burned, or laid in ruins.

2. The former invaders of Gaul, the Goths, Burgundians, Franks, and Alains, then saw themselves in danger of losing their new possessions, and that to preserve their existence it

was necessary to unite their forces against the common enemy. They joined the Roman standard under the command of Ætius.

3. In the plains of Champagne, near Chalons, the two armies met. Fierce, obstinate, and bloody was the conflict. No less than a hundred and sixty-two thousand Huns are said to have fallen in that memorable battle, fought in the year 451. This defeat forced Attila to quit Gaul, and to lead back his broken troops into Hungary.

4. In the following spring, Attila overran Italy. Meeting with no resistance, he ravaged the country at discretion, reduced several of the fairest towns to heaps of stones and ashes; and, to finish the work of desolation by one decisive stroke, marched against Rome. Rome was not in a state to resist. Submissive offers and negotiation were the only weapons she had to ward off the blow. In the chair of St. Peter was seated the holy and eloquent Leo, the successor of Sixtus III., who had succeeded Celestine.

5. The venerable Pontiff, moved at the danger that threatened the capital of the empire, generously consented to put himself into the power of a savage Tartar, and to expose his life for the public safety. Without arms, and without a guard, relying solely on the protection of God, who guides the hearts of kings, he went to treat with the sanguinary monarch, who was styled the scourge of God and the terror of mankind.

6. Contrary to expectation, Attila received him with honor, listened with attention to his pathetic and eloquent harangue, and for once suffered the natural ferocity of his temper to be softened into reason. He promised peace to the Romans, drew off his troops, and evacuated Italy.

7. Not long after his return to the royal village which he had chosen for his residence in Hungary, upon the fertile banks of the Danube, he burst an artery in his sleep, and was suffocated in his own blood. The quarrels that divided his sons and the followers of his standard, dissolved the vast, unwieldy empire of the Huns, which had extended from the Volga to the Rhine.

92. CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST.

WHEN Herod was dead, Joseph brought back that holy family to Nazareth, in Judea. It was there that Jesus lived up to the commencement of his public life. "The child," says the Gospel, "grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom: and the grace of God was in him."

2. Is he not adorable, that child Jesus, who, filled with wisdom as a God, but subjecting himself to the condition of humanity, gradually develops himself, and hidden in Nazareth with his mother, grows also in wisdom and in grace, according as he grows in age, awaiting the time when, as a full-grown man, he may manifest to the world the treasures of knowledge and wisdom which are in him!

3. And you, children, like the divine infant Jesus, do you grow and strengthen, but grow in wisdom, that the grace of God may be with you. O childhood! charming age! fairest of all ages! age of innocence! But do you know, children, what innocence is? Listen: an innocent child is a little angel

on earth. Look in that spotless mirror: how well your image is reflected! Thus the heart of an innocent child reflects the image of God.

4. Behold that pure and limpid stream where the heavens are mirrored, and the twinkling stars! Thus is God mirrored in the heart of a pure and innocent child. Behold the dazzling whiteness of the lily, and mark what a sweet, fresh perfume exhales from its graceful cup! So is innocence the perfume of the soul, which embalms earth and heaven. Behold the snow that whitens the fields, and covers them in the dreary days of winter with a mantle of surpassing beauty! Thus innocence is the beautiful covering of the soul.

5. Oh unhappy day, fatal day, when a child first loses its innocence,—loses it forever? Oh, how his soul is disfigured! Who could recognize it? The foul mirror no longer reflects your image; the troubled stream gives back no longer the azure of the sky; the withered lily hangs its faded head, without beauty or sweetness; the white snow is become filthy mud. A pure child is, as we said, an angel; but, alas! if his wings are once defiled with earthly mire, can the angel still fly up to heaven?

6. It is to the little infant Jesus, children, that you must recommend your innocence, praying him, at the same time, to give you a portion of his wisdom. His modesty made him conceal his treasures; but he one day manifested them, and then even the wise themselves were mute with astonishment.

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93. THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

1. COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

2. On the smooth shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an evening's amusement together repair.

3. And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue;

4. And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised, that evening, to lay by their sting;

5. Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast, his blind cousin the Mole;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came, fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell;

6. A mushroom the table, and on it was spread,
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten the feast;

7. With steps more majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went, in his own little chamber to bed;

8. Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light,
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see;
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me!

94. THE ASCENSION.

OUR blessed Lord remained forty days upon earth after his resurrection, appearing sometimes to all his Apostles at once, and sometimes only to some, that he might thereby fully convince them of his being risen, and wean them by degrees from his corporeal presence. During that time, he instructed them in the nature and the use of those spiritual powers which he had imparted to them for the good of mankind. What those instructions were in particular, the evangelists do not mention. St. Luke in general terms says, that he spoke to them of the kingdom of God, which, according to St. Gregory, is his Church upon earth.

2. St. Matthew and St. Mark both finish their Gospel history with these remarkable words of our blessed Saviour to his Apostles, saying, "To me is given all power in heaven and on earth; go ye, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them

in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. He who shall believe and be baptized, shall be saved; but he who shall not believe, shall be condemned. Teach them, therefore, to observe every thing that I have commanded you; for, behold, I am always with you, even to the end of the world."

3. Jesus Christ had now finished the work for which he came down from heaven and dwelt among us. He had enlightened the world by his doctrine, and redeemed it by his death; by his miracles he had confirmed the truth of his revealed religion; he had established his Church, which he commands all to hear; he had promised to assist his Church with the Spirit of Truth to the end of ages; he had appointed his vicar as a universal pastor, to preside over the Church in his name, and to feed his flock, both sheep and lambs, in his absence: nothing more remained than to take possession of that seat of bliss, which he had merited for his own sacred humanity and us.

4. Therefore, on the fortieth day after his resurrection from the dead, he led his disciples forth to the Mountain of Olives, near Jerusalem; he there gave them his last blessing and raised himself from the earth towards heaven. They fixed their eyes upon him, as he ascended through the air, till an intervening cloud received him out of their sight. By his own divine power he ascended into heaven, where he sits at the right hand of the Father; being, as he has ever been and shall ever be, the same consubstantial and co-eternal God with him and the Holy Ghost in one and the same divine nature. The Apostles kept their eyes still fixed on heaven, when two young men in white apparal came and asked them why they stood thus gazing at the heavens: the Jesus whom you have seen taken from you into heaven, said they, will in the same manner come again from thence to judge the living and the dead.

5. Trivial is the pomp of this vain world to a devout and fervent Christian, when he contemplates the glory of Jesus Christ, and considers the never-ending happiness of the citizens of heaven. Heaven is the object on which we ought to turn our eyes; thither ought our hearts and wishes to aspire.

We never should forget, that the country to which we belong, that the bread which nourishes our souls, that the grace which supports our virtues, that the happiness which we hope to partake of, and the Head of which we are members, is in heaven.

6. The spiritual treasures which we here enjoy, and the temporal advantages which we receive from creatures, are appointed us by Almighty God, as helps towards our last end. It was to open us an entrance into heaven that Christ shed his blood; it was to draw our hearts thither that he ascended before the last day. The heavenly princes were commanded to lift up their eternal gates, and the King of glory, the Lord of powers, entered into his kingdom, which he had acquired by his sufferings and death.

95. The Traveller.

1. E'EN now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear—
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

2. When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
3. Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
4. Ye glittering towns with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale;

For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

5. As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies,
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

96. The Moorish Wars in Spain.

THE history of Europe presents no pages of greater interest than those which record the gallant struggle made by the Spanish nation to throw off the galling yoke of the infidel

Moors from Africa, who had overrun their fair country and reduced the Christian inhabitants of many of its provinces to a state of abject slavery.

2. They had possession of the entire province of Granada, one of the fairest and most fertile portions of Spain, and in its ancient capital they had established their seat of empire.

The palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, called the Alhambra, is still to be seen in a ruined state in the neighborhood of that city, and appears to have been one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected for a royal dwelling.

3. But at length the Christian princes of Spain succeeded in conquering those rich and powerful Moors, whose cruelty can hardly be told in words. The honor of that great triumph was reserved for King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella his wife,

and when they had succeeded in wresting Granada from the infidels, they re-established the true faith, and restored to their rightful owners the churches, so long desecrated by Mohammedan worship.

4. There was then in Spain an illustrious nobleman named Alonzo d'Aguilar, distinguished as much for his eminent virtues and great valor as for his high rank. He it was whom the queen intrusted with the final overthrow of the Moors and their expulsion from Spain. Thousands immediately flocked to his standard, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

5. The Archbishop of Granada blessed the banners of the Christian army in his cathedral, after offering up the holy sacrifice of the mass for the success of this new crusade. Ferdinand was in another portion of their dominions at the time, but the queen and all her court were present. The queen herself placed the banner in Alonzo's hand, and charged him to defend it with his life. The noble and pious knight promised to do so, and he kept his word.

◆

97. THE MONKS OF OLD.

1. I ENVY them, those monks of old,
Their books they read, and their beads they told;
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

2. They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth,
But charity.

3. I envy them; their cloister'd hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all affection's arts
Had link'd in unity.

4. The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best-loved of their race,
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity.

5. To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head:
They look'd with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

6. No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke,
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

7. Peaceful they lived,—peaceful they died;
And those that did their fate abide
Saw Brothers wither by their side
In all tranquillity.

8. They loved not, dream'd not,—for their sphere
Held not joy's visions; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

9. I envy them, those monks of old,
And when their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,
How true an effigy!

10. I wish my heart as calm and still
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift ill
With bitter usury.

* * *

98. The Sacred Pictures.

A VALIANT knight, named Hildebrand, had been deeply injured and offended by Bruno, another knight. Anger burned in his heart; and he could hardly await the day to take bloody revenge on his enemy. He passed a sleepless night; and at dawn of day he girded on his sword, and sallied forth at once to meet his enemy. But as it was very early, he entered a chapel by the way-side, and sat down and looked at the sacred pictures which were suspended on the walls, lit up by the rays of the morning sun.

2. There were three pictures. The first represented our Saviour in the purple robe of scorn, before Pilate and Herod, and bore the inscription: "When he was reviled, he reviled not again." The second picture showed the scourging of our Lord, and under it was written: "He threatened not when he suffered." And the third was the crucifixion, with these words: "Father, forgive them."

3. When the knight had seen these words, he knelt down and prayed.

Now, when he left the chapel, he met servants coming from Bruno, who said: "We seek you. Our lord demands to speak with you; he is dangerously ill." And he went with them.

When Hildebrand entered the hall where the knight lay, Bruno said: "Forgive me my injustice. Alas, I have injured thee deeply!"

4. Then the other said kindly: "My brother, I have nothing to forgive thee." And they grasped each other's hand, embraced and comforted each other, and parted in sincere amity.

Then the light of evening was more lovely to the returning knight than the light of the morning had been.

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99. TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

1. I REALLY take it very kind
   This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
   (The wretch has come to dinner!)

2. "Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
   What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
   (And give it, perhaps, the measles!)

3. "Your charming boys I see are home
   From Reverend Mr. Russel's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
   (What boots for my new brussels!)

4. "What! little Clara left at home?
   Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
   (A flabby, dabby babby!)

5. "And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
   Ah! though he lives so handy,

He never now drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy!)

6. "Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course to spend the day!—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

7. What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

8. "Good-by! good-by! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!)

100. JAPANESE MARTYRS.

THE martyrdom of Don Simon, a Japanese nobleman and valiant soldier, was full of a noble interest; he was condemned to be beheaded: when the tidings were brought him in the evening, he put on his best robes, as if he had been going to a banquet; he took leave of his mother, his wife, and family; they wept bitterly, but Agnes would not be comforted. This beautiful and great soul fell presently on her knees, praying him to cut off her hair, for fear, she added, "that if I chance to survive you, the world may think I have a mind to marry again."

2. He told her that after his death she was free to take her choice. "Oh, my lord," replied Agnes, "I vow, in the presence of God, I never will have any spouse but you." He then desired his three cousins to be called in. "Am I not a happy man," he said, "to die a martyr for Jesus Christ? what can I do to be grateful for so singular a favor?" "Pray for

us, we beseech you," said one of them, "when you come to heaven, that we may partake with you in your glory." "Prepare to meet me," he replied, "for it will not be long before you follow."

3. Having foretold them what soon came to pass, they all fell on their knees, the mother, the wife, and the relatives reciting aloud the Confiteor ; this done, he entertained himself a while interiorly with God : then desiring the picture of our Saviour to be brought, they walked down into the hall where he was to suffer, each bearing a crucifix and a lighted torch in their hands.

4. Many now gathering around him, gave way to their sorrow. "Weep not for me," said the martyr, "for this is the happiest moment of my whole life ;" then kneeling down, his head was struck off at one blow, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

Agnes looked at the scene, pale and immovable ; she then knelt, and gazed on the face for some time, and kissed it, and bathed it with her tears. "Oh! my husband, who had the honor of dying for Him who first died for thee—oh! glorious martyr, now that thou reignest with God in heaven, be mindful of thy poor desolate wife, and call her to thyself." Her words were like a prediction.

5. An intimate friend of Simon, of the name of Don John, a man of rank, was also beheaded; leaving his widow Magdalene, and his little son Lewis, a boy about seven or eight years of age. In the course of a few days they were all called upon to follow the dead. Four crosses were erected at the place of execution, to which they were borne in palanquins. The first they crucified was the mother of Don Simon, a person of heroic resolution; the next was the Lady Magdalene.

6. Her own torment was nothing to what she endured from that of the little Lewis, whom they executed in her sight. The child, seeing them tie his mother, went of his own accord to the executioners, praying them to fasten him to his cross: "What," said they, "are not you afraid to die?" "No," replied the child, "I fear it not; I will die with my mother." Then the executioners took and tied him to his cross, that stood right over-against that of Magdalene; but drawing the cords too tight, he gave a shriek. Being raised aloft in the air, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and she hers on him. "Son," said she, "we are going to heaven; take courage: say Jesus, Mary."

7. The child pronounced them, and the mother repeated; and these, their last words, were spoken with so much solemnity and sweetness, that all wept around. After they had hung in this manner for some time, one of the executioners struck at him, but the lance slipping on one side, he missed his blow. However, if he spared the child, it is certain he pierced the mother to the heart. Fearing that he might be daunted by such a stroke, she called to him, "Lewis, take courage; say, Jesus, Mary."

8. The child seemed not in the least dismayed, and neither gave a shriek nor shed a tear, but waited patiently till the executioner, repeating his blow, pierced him through. The Japonian crosses have a seat in the middle, for the sufferer to

sit on; instead of nailing the body, they bind the hands and feet with cords, and place an iron ring about the neck; that done, the cross is raised aloft in the air, and after a few minutes, the executioners, with sharp lances fit for the purpose, strike right at the heart through the left side. By this means, the sufferer dies almost in an instant in a deluge of his own blood.

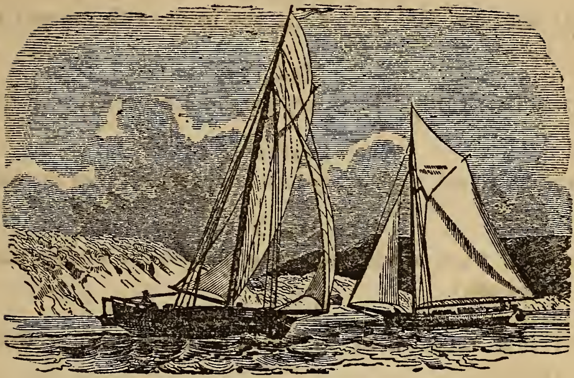
There was now only remaining the ardent and beautiful Agnes, whom they reserved to the last; she knelt on the bank, and, clasping her hands on her breast, blessed God aloud for permitting her to die on the wood of the cross, which himself had sanctified by his precious death.

9. She then made a sign for the officers to tie her: but not a man approached her, all were so overwhelmed with grief. She called to them again, and still they stood immovable like statues: she then extended herself in the best manner she could on the cross. Some idolaters that were present, between the hopes of a reward and the menaces of the officers, stepped up and bound her fast, and then raised her aloft in the air.

10. The spectators, seeing a person of her quality, so delicate and tender, ready to suffer for no other crime but that of being true and faithful to her God, could not keep from tears. Some wept most bitterly; others again covered their faces, and were not able to look up at such a spectacle, which was ready to tear their hearts to pieces.

11. In the mean while she fixed her eyes on heaven, and prayed without intermission, in expectation of the fatal blow; but not one offered to do her this favor, insomuch that the same persons that bound her were forced to take up the executioners' lances, and do the office for them; but being quite inexperienced, they gave her blow upon blow before she was dead.

12. The lady all the while fixed her eyes on the picture of Christ, upon which her husband had gazed so fondly before his death, and which she held in her hand. Many Christians forced their way through the crowd, and without regard to the soldiers' threats, dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood, and cut off small pieces of the robes.



101. Pain in a Pleasure-Boat.

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off! she's under way!

MRS. F.

She's under what?—I hope she's not! good gracious, what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim!

MRS. F.

Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim.

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault!

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt!

BOATMAN.

That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts !

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts !

BOATMAN.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

MRS. F.

The bar ! what, roads with turnpikes too ? I wonder where they are !

BOATMAN.

Ho ! brig ahoy ! hard up ! hard up ! that lubber cannot steer !

MRS. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock ! I know some danger's near !
Gracious, there's a wave ! its coming in ! and roaring like a bull !

BOATMAN.

Nothing, ma'am, but a little slop ! go large, Bill ! keep her full !

MRS. F.

What, keep her full ! what daring work ! when full she must go down !

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls ! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town !
Steady your helm ! we'll clear the *Pint !* lay right for yonder pink !

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can ! but they've got a pint of drink !

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach

MRS. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech !
I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer !

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she's yawing—keep her near!

MRS. F.

Keep near! we're going further off; the land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, ma'am, it's all correct, that's only cause we tacks;
We shall have to beat about a bit,—Bill, keep her out to sea.

MRS. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It's veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

MRS. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—an axe I seem to spy.

BOATMAN.

She cannot keep her own you see; we shall have to pull her in!

MRS. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.

Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand!

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how every thing is plann'd!

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! now, ma'am, just step a shore.

MRS. F.

What! ain't I going to be kill'd—and welter'd in my gore?
Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a sailing any more.

102. FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR; OR, PLAY AND EARNEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HELEN, ten years old. AGNES, seven years old.
OSWALD, nine years old. FATHER DOMINIC.
The Gardener, Miller, &c.

SCENE I.

A mill-stream, with a weir, down which the water rushes towards the mill. AGNES crosses a little bridge, listens, and then searches for a while among the sedges on the bank. At length she utters an exclamation of joy, and at the same moment a beautiful bantam hen rushes out, clucking.

Agnes. Five eggs, and all my own! One each, for papa, mamma, Helen, Oswald, and myself! Yet, no; poor old Kitty Oliver shall have this one, and I will boil it for her in her little tin saucepan. O sly Bantam, naughty Bruyère, to make your nest in such an out-of-the-way place! Had I not been up so very early this morning, and heard your "Cluck, cluck!" you would have cheated us all.

Helen and Oswald call, Agnes! Agnes!

Agnes. They are coming this way, and calling me. I will not tell them of my good fortune until breakfast-time, and then it will be such a pleasant surprise. They will all wonder so to see Bruyère's eggs, but they will never guess where she had hidden them.

Enter HELEN and OSWALD. AGNES hastily gathers up her apron with the eggs.

Oswald. Agnes, we want you. We have invented a new game; and while we are planning all the rules and the meeting-places, and so on, you must gather some sedges for us.

Agnes. What can you want with sedges?

Oswald. What is that to you? You will know by and by when play-time comes; so lose no time, if you please, but do as you are bid.

Agnes. In a minute. Just let me run to the house and back. I will fly as fast as a bird.

Oswald. Stuff and nonsense! Who can wait for you? Breakfast will be ready in a quarter of an hour, and we have invented a new game, I tell you; so go and gather the sedges.

Agnes [*imploringly*]. O Oswald, pray let me take what I have in my apron to the house. It is a secret; you shall know it presently, but let me go.

Oswald. I know what it is, by the way you are holding up your apron. You have been gathering some flowers for the altar, and wish to make a mystery of it; but there would have been plenty of time before four o'clock to gather them, so you are a great simpleton to do it so early.

Agnes [*aside*]. The eggs at breakfast will set him right in that particular, so I will say no more now, but run for it.

She turns quickly, and runs as fast as she can. OSWALD pursues, overtakes, roughly seizes her apron, and breaks all the eggs. Agnes bursts into tears.

Helen. O Oswald! what have you done? Those must be Bruyère's eggs, that Agnes has been hunting for for more than a week!

Oswald. Then why did she not say so at once? I suppose she was afraid I should want one of them for my breakfast. Selfish little animal!

AGNES sobs violently, but says nothing.

Helen. Come, come, Oswald, do not be unfair to Agnes. She is a fretful little thing, with plenty of faults, as well as some of her neighbors, but she is not a greedy child.

AGNES smiles, and looks gratefully at HELEN.

Oswald. In that case it is a pity certainly for *us* that the eggs are broken, and a greater pity to cry about the matter. [*He sings*]:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a greal fall;
Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again."

Agnes [*laughing*]. That is very true, Oswald, dear; so we will think no more of our Humpty Dumpty's misfortunes.

She runs to the brook, and begins to gather sedges.

Oswald. By the way, those sedges are not quite the thing. Bring me the tallest flags and bulrushes you can find: pull them up close to the root. Every one must be as tall as yourself.

Agnes. They are very hard to break off; I am afraid they will cut my hands.

Oswald. Oh, that is a trifle. You must pull the harder; and when you have finished, lay them in a bundle at the door of the summer-house, that when the recreation-hour comes, we may begin without loss of time.

Agnes. I wonder what the play is to be.

Helen. I will tell you all about it at breakfast-time.

Oswald. And remember, that if you cry at every word that is spoken, and if you complain when the flags cut your hands, you will never make one in our game. None but the very bravest of the brave can learn to play with us at that.

Exeunt HELEN and OSWALD; manet AGNES, who gathers flags and bulrushes, and carries them to the summer-house. She performs her task with much perseverance and patience, and never looks at her bleeding hands until the breakfast-bell is heard.

Agnes. There is the bell for breakfast, and I have not gathered my flowers, though I thought of them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Well, well; patience was my virtue for yesterday's practice, and it certainly was not much tried: I must keep it until after breakfast, and then choose another for to-day.

She dips her hands into the stream to wash them, lays her bundle at the door of the summer-house, and trips gayly homeward.

SCENE II.

A flower garden. Enter the three children.

Agnes. Oh, yes, it will be lovely! To walk in procession and sing the litanies with flags in our hands to look like palms! Thank you again and again, dear Helen, for inventing such a sweet play.

Oswald. It was not Helen who invented it; it was I.

Helen. For shame, Oswald; how can you say so!

Oswald. Well, though you may have *thought* of it first, I put your thought into shape for you.

Agnes. Thank you, then, dear Oswald.

Oswald [*to Agnes*]. Now, mind, we only allow you a quarter of an hour to gather your flowers; and the very moment I whistle, you must come and join us in the forum.

Agnes. The forum! What is that?

Oswald. Why the grass-plot, to be sure, stupid. Do you not remember that the summer-house is the temple of Jupiter, where the martyrs are to refuse to offer sacrifice: and that the weather-cock is the Roman eagle, and the grass-plot is—

Agnes. Oh, yes, I remember all about it now! I promise to join you when you whistle for me in a quarter of an hour.

[*Exeunt Helen and Oswald.*

Agnes [*while putting on her garden-apron and gloves, and taking out her flower-shears*]. Oh, happy day, happy day! To dress our Lady's altar with my own roses, all my own! Thirteen white ones that I counted yesterday, with ever so many buds, and twenty-five red ones; and then the moss-rose tree, that seems to have come out on purpose for to-day, it is so full of buds! How beautiful they will look! Our Blessed Lady shall have them all—every one; I would not give *one* to anybody else to-day for the world—unless, perhaps,—[*she pauses a moment, and then, clapping her hands together, adds with a happy smile and upward glance*] no, not even to Father Dominic. This is far better than even our new play: this is happiness, while that is only pleasure [*she looks thoughtful, and a cloud comes over her countenance*].

FATHER DOMINIC is seen approaching with his breviary in his hand.

Agnes [*still musing*]. There is Father Dominic. I would ask him, only he is saying his office.

FATHER DOMINIC crosses the path, and, without speaking, holds out his finger, which AGNES takes, looking up in his face, and walking beside him for a few minutes in silence.

Father D. [*shuts his book and smiles gently at Agnes*]. Well, my child, what is it you are wishing to say to me?

Agnes [*aside*]. How is it he knows so well what I have in my thoughts? [*aloud*] Father, is there any harm in playing at martyrs?

Father D. You must first explain to me a little what sort of a game that is.

Agnes. We are to pretend that we are some of the holy saints who suffered martyrdom under the emperor Diocletian. Oswald is to be the pagan tyrant; the summer-house is to be the Roman temple, where Helen and myself are to refuse to offer sacrifice to Jupiter; and then we are to walk to prison and to death singing the Litanies, with make-believe palms in our hands.

Father D. And you wish to know?—

Agnes. Whether the sufferings of the saints is not too holy a subject to be turned into play?

Father D. Tell me, my child, which is the most holy occupation that children can have?

Agnes. [*after thinking a while*]. Father, you have told me that, with simplicity and obedience, every occupation is holy to a little child; so that play in play-time, is as holy as study in school-time, or even as meditation itself.

Father D. And what is it that sanctifies your meditation, your work, and your play, so as to make them equally acceptable to our Lord?

Agnes. The constant remembrance of his adorable presence.

Fahter D. Go, my child, to your play. For my part, I think it the prettiest I have heard of for many a long day, and I should like to be a little child like you for a while to join in it. Though your palms are make-believe ones, your litanies are real, and whenever you sing them your angel guardian joins his voice with yours. Who knows but that our Lord, when he sees little children amusing themselves with good dispositions, may bestow on them in reality the spirit of martyrdom!

Agnes. Do people need the spirit of martyrdom now, when there are no longer any heathen emperors? What is the spirit of martyrdom, Father?

Father D. [*sighing*]. Yes, my dear child, we want it still, and shall do so to the end of the world; but if you ask me what it is, I answer it is a gift from Heaven, to be obtained, like all other perfect gifts, by asking for it. Let this be the virtue you choose for to-day; pray for it, my dear child, and it will be given to you both to know and to practise it, whether in play-time or at any other time, should the occasion be given when you need it; and this may be sooner than you think.

Agnes. O Father, I am such a coward! I am afraid of every thing and everybody; and if ever so slightly hurt, can scarcely refrain from tears. Oswald says he would make the best martyr that ever was, for he is so brave that he does not mind pain in the least, and never cries at all. Pray for me, that I may be as brave as Oswald, before I am ever required to suffer, lest I should deny my Lord: that would be terrible!

A whistle is heard.

Agnes. Oh, listen! they are calling me already. What shall I do? what shall I do?

Oswald whistles again, and Helen calls, Agnes! Agnes! we are waiting.

Agnes [*wringing her hands*]. What must I do? I promised to go when they called, and I have not gathered my flowers.

Father D. Keep your promise, my child, at all risks: bear a disappointment rather than break a promise.

Agnes. But there are two promises, Father; and one of them must be broken. I had promised our Blessed Lady every rose in my garden for this feast, and that I would say a *Memorare* before they were gathered; and now the only time I had has slipped by. This was my first promise, and my best; I cannot break it.

They call, impatiently, Agnes! Agnes!

Father D. Give me your basket, my child. Offer to our Lord every little good action as a flower for the altar. I will gather these flowers for you, and leave them in the summer-house; while you go down the lawn, say the *Memorare*, and I will say it at the same time. Will that do?

AGNES looks gratefully at FATHER DOMINIC, kisses his hand, and walks quietly down the lawn, saying her little prayer with recollection. When it is ended, she runs towards the summer-house, clapping her hands with delight.

SCENE III.

The three children are seen coming out of the summer-house. OSWALD is dressed as a Roman lictor, bearing in his hand an axe tied in a bundle of rods. HELEN and AGNES have long white veils, and each wears a passion-flower in her bosom.

Oswald [*fiercely*]. Come on, wretches, and suffer the punishment which Cæsar so justly awards to your crimes. Thrice have you impiously refused to sacrifice, and thrice shall you be beaten with these rods before the axe closes your miserable and detestable lives. In the mean time, thrice shall you be driven through the city and round its boundaries, that every Roman may behold your ignominy, and may tremble at your fate.

He drives them before him for some time, and then stops opposite the summer-house.

Oswald to Agnes. Maiden, your tender years inspire me with some compassion for your folly: only bow as you pass that standard, and I will intercede for you with the emperor.

AGNES walks erect past the summer-house.

Oswald. Wilt thou not bend?

Agnes. No.

Helen [*pushing her*]. You do not do it properly. Make a speech, cannot you? Plain "no" sounds so stupid.

Agnes. I do not know what else to say.

Helen. You ought to make a grand speech, to defy the lictor, and abuse the emperor and the gods of Rome. You shall hear by and by how *I* will do it.

Oswald [*threatening with his rod*]. Once for all, wilt thou bow to the standard of Rome, to the royal bird of Jupiter?

Agnes. Never!

Oswald. Here then will I teach thee what it is to be obstinate. [*He strikes her somewhat harder than he intended.*]

The Angel guardian of AGNES approaches and whispers to her frequently during this scene and the rest of the drama. The words of the Angel seem to AGNES thoughts, for she does not see the Angel, but she knows he is near, and speaks to him also in thoughts.

Angel. Courage, Agnes. A flower for the altar!

Oswald to Helen. To thee also is mercy for the last time offered. Disgrace not a name held in honor throughout the world, that of a Roman matron; nor afford a pretence to thy children to desert the holy temples, where their ancestors worshipped, and forsake the protecting gods of their hearths and homes.

Helen. Your gods are but demons; and had they been mortals, they would have been, by your own account of them, a disgrace to humanity. Your temples are dens of the vilest wickedness; your emperor is a base tyrant, and deserves himself to be torn by the beasts of the circus. I defy him and you, together with all the tortures you can inflict, and desire to be led to martyrdom.

Agnes [*aside*]. Oh, how good Helen is! how noble she looks! I should never be able to say all that.

Oswald to Helen. So thou pratest, dost thou? By the emperor's command, thus will I silence thee. [*He gives her a blow with the rod.*

Helen [*angrily*]. Don't, Oswald! You hurt me.

Oswald. Hurt you? that is impossible. I hit Agnes much harder, and she only smiled. I did not hurt you, I am sure.

Helen. You did, Oswald; and I will not play with you if you do it again.

Oswald. And I will not play with you if you call me Oswald; you are breaking the rules of the game, to call me Oswald instead of lictor.

They seem about to quarrel violently.

Angel to Agnes. Make peace between them; that will be a flower for the altar.

Agnes. Dear Oswald, I think you must have hurt Helen a little more than you intended; for see, there is a blue mark on her arm. Had we not better leave off this part of the game? Suppose the lictor should suddenly be converted; and then we can all be Christians going together to martyrdom, carrying our palms and singing our hymns.

Helen. With all my heart.

Oswald. Very well, I am ready; and for a beginning I will kick down the altar of Jupiter, and throw away my fasces.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The children are walking in procession, bearing their mock palms. HELEN and AGNES have their hands bound. They sing "Ave maris Stella." A group of little villagers stand in the road, looking through the gate of the garden to listen and to watch them as they pass.

1*st Child.* Well, if that ain't beautiful? I wonder whether we could play at that, or whether it could be only for gentlefolks.

2*d Child.* Why shouldn't us? If us can sing in the church, us has as good a right as they any how and anywhere.

Angel to Agnes. Love the poor and welcome them everywhere.

Agnes. Perhaps this may be a flower for the altar.

She runs to her mother, who is sitting reading on one of the garden-seats, and asks permission for the village children to join their procession. This being granted, AGNES tells the children where to find the bundle of palms, and again takes her place behind HELEN. They walk on, singing, "Virgo, singularis, inter omnes mitis," &c., &c. KITTY OLIVER, who is weeding a flower bed, looks up when she hears their voices, and calls to the gardener.

Kitty. John, John, come here and hearken. You have heard me tell about Miss Agnes' singing. Come and listen to it yourself, and you will say with me that there is not one of them to be compared with her. Bless her little heart! she sings like an angel, as she is.

AGNES, who hears this, blushes.

Agnes to her Angel guardian. If it will be a flower for the altar to shun human praise, let me sing in my heart only, and do you sing for me.

The Angel sings, and AGNES keeps silence. They walk along the bank of the river, singing the Litany of Loretto, when the village children arrive carrying their mock palms: they follow the procession, and join in the litany.

Oswald. [*turning sharply round*]. Who is that roaring the *Ora pro nobis*, spoiling our singing?

1*st Child.* [*slinking back*]. 'Twasn't me, sir.

2*d Child.* [*pulling his forelock, and scraping a rustic bow*]. I humbly ax your pardon, sir.

3*d Child* [*grumbling*]. I don't see what harm there is, when missis gave us leave.

4*th Child.* [*sturdily*]. Mother says that the day may come when the quality of the gentlefolks will be glad enough to have the prayers of the poor.

Helen [*with a patronizing air*]. And your mother said very right, my dear; so, since mamma has given you permission, you may walk in our procession; only you must take care to keep at a respectful distance, and not to sing too loud.

The village children fall back.

Angel to Agnes. Our Lord so loved the poor, that he became one of them, and lived among them as his friends.

Agnes. Let my littleness be of itself an humble flower for our Lord. I am unworthy to be the least among the poor, since he so loved them.

She retires, and mingles with the village children. When the litanies are ended, HELEN and OSWALD stand still, and the rest await their orders.

Helen. I am tired of walking in procession and singing, are not you? What shall we do next?

One of the village children advances with a basket of roses in his hand.

Child to Oswald. If you please, sir, I found this in the summer-house, where Miss Agnes sent us for our flags and bulrushes; and thinking mayhap you wanted these roses to dress up for your procession, I made bold to bring them with me here.

Oswald. Oh, that is famous! We are now in the amphitheatre, awaiting the arrival of the emperor Diocletian, who is anxious to witness the tortures of the Christian martyrs. Somebody must represent the emperor Diocletian, and none can act that part so well as myself; because I am up in the Roman history, and understand Latin and all that. I will just go behind that arbutus to arrange my toga, and to throw away my palm; and then you, Charlie Baker, you will do for a trumpeter to announce my arrival; and all the rest, except Helen and Agnes, must cry, "Long live Cæsar! long live the immortal Diocletian!" and must strew these roses in my path when I arrive. This basket comes just in the right time.

Agnes. No, Oswald, no! Pray do not touch those roses; they were gathered from my own garden, and you know what for.

Oswald. If I choose to have them, I should like to see you prevent me! I will make you repent of it if you try.

Angel. Courage to suffer for justice' sake is a flower worthy of the altar.

Agnes. Oswald, you shall not touch one of those flowers. They are neither yours nor mine; they were given to our Blessed Lady, and she shall have them.

Oswald [*sarcastically*]. Oh, ho! Agnes turned vixen, and daring to dictate to me: that is capital! It is very remarkable that I don't feel more frightened. Never was cooler in my life, ha, ha, ha! [*He holds the basket over his head and laughs.*]

Angel. To bear affronts and mockery is a choice flower, and very dear to our Lord.

Agnes [*meekly*]. Oswald, I forgive you from my heart; but pray give me those flowers.

The poor children surround her.

Omnes. Never mind, Miss Agnes, you shall have plenty of flowers for our Lady's altar; we will all go and gather the very best we have, and will be back again in ten minutes.

They run in different directions to gather flowers for Agnes.

Oswald. There! do you hear? you will have twice as many as these in ten minutes, so don't be bothering me any more, for I mean to have them, and have them I will.

Angel to Agnes. Zeal for the house of our Lord is beautiful and fragrant to him.

Agnes. No, Oswald, no: you shall not even touch them. What is given to the Church is already holy, and I will pray that you may not have *one* of them.

Helen. For shame, Oswald! What a coward you are to take advantage of a child like Agnes! Put down the basket this instant, or I will go and tell mamma.

Oswald [*angrily*]. Go along with you then, and tell tales, and see what you will get by them. There is no use in holding out your hands, Agnes; they are tied fast enough.

He runs across the bridge pursued by HELEN. When he has reached the other side, he throws the basket into the mill-stream, and laughs scornfully. AGNES bursts into tears.

Angel. Pray for Oswald.

Agnes. And do you also pray for him as I do.

The basket is whirled round in the eddy until it is almost within reach. AGNES seizes a long stick, and approaching the edge of the river tries to draw her prize to shore; she touches it, and seems on the eve of gaining her point, but her hands being bound, she is prevented from controlling her own movements or those of the stick: she loses her footing, and falls into the river. Her Angel guardian folds her close within his wings as she is carried by the stream out of sight, round a sudden bend of the river between the bridge and the mill.

Oswald screams: Oh, the mill! the mill! My God! let me not see it! let me not *do* it! [*He covers his face with his hands, and throws himself on the ground in agony and terror.*]

Helen [*falling on her knees*]. Mother of good counsel pray for us! Refuge of sinners, pray for us! [*She turns to Oswald, takes hold of his arm, and speaks quietly but firmly.*] Oswald, we must do what we can, and not despair of the goodness of Almighty God. Untie my hands. [*Oswald obeys mechanically.*] Now run as fast as you can to the mill; take the short cut by the lane. I see Dick the miller leaning over his gate; he will know whether any thing can be done. Go, and may God speed you, while I run for Father Dominic.

HELEN flies away like lightning. OSWALD makes towards the lane, but can scarcely stagger along; his knees tremble, and he is obliged to catch at the branches of the hedge to keep himself from falling. DICK, the miller, perceives that something is wrong, and runs to meet him as quickly as his old legs will carry him.

SCENE V.

The road from the village. FATHER DOMINIC and HELEN are hurrying along. The clock strikes.

Father Dominic [*thinking aloud*]. One o'clock! All this must have happened a full hour ago; for the cottage where Helen found me is a good mile and a half from the bridge.—[*To Helen.*] I would not bid you cease to hope, my child, for with Almighty God all things are possible; but be prepared to submit in all things to his adorable will. Your little sister was ripe for heaven; and if our Lord desired to take her to himself, we have no right to murmur if he refuses to work a miracle for our sakes merely, our selfish sakes!

Helen sobs heavily from time to time, and they walk on for some way without saying another word.

Helen. Who is that coming across the field towards the road?

Father D. It is Dick the miller; he is hurrying towards us.

Dick shouts: Not that way, Father; to the house, to the house!

He takes off his broad hat, and wipes his face, which is as pale as death, and quickly joins them.

Father D. To the house, did you say?

Dick. Yes, Father; she is found and carried home.

Father D. [*aside*]. I dare not ask the particulars—I see how it is.

Helen. Oh, tell me; is she dead?

The miller looks at her sorrowfully.

Helen. Oh, let me go on by myself: I cannot wait for you: I must go and comfort mamma.

Father D. Go, my child; and may your heavenly Mother help you in your task. [*exit Helen.*] Now, tell me, I pray you, every particular. Who found her? Was life quite extinct when she was taken from the mill-wheel?

Dick. The mill-wheel! [*he shudders.*] No, thank God, we are spared that trial! Her cheek is as smooth as a lily flower, and as pale, and there is neither scratch nor stain on her little white limbs; and there she lies, with a smile on her face like an angel asleep.

Father D. God is indeed merciful in the midst of his judgments.

Dick. Here is how it was: when Master Oswald told me what had happened, away I ran at once to the mill to stop the machinery; and (God forgive my want of faith!) I said, "Of a certainty it is too late; nothing can hinder the course of a mill-stream, and we shall find her all torn and mangled among the wheels." No, sir, she had never reached the mill. Away I went up the river towards the bridge; and there, just in the bend, on the side next the mill, there she lay among the flags and sedges. The current must have carried her within reach of them, for she had caught hold of them with the clutch of death; and this it was that stopped her from being carried over the weir. She had so firm a hold of those flags that I was obliged to cut them off near the roots to disengage her; and to see her lying there, with her hands bound, and the long leaves in them that they tell me she had been playing at martyrs with, and with that heavenly smile on her countenance! I never should forget that sight if I were to live a hundred years, and a hundred more on the top of them.

Father D. That sight, Dick, will be remembered to all eternity in heaven. It is one worthy the attention of men and of angels.

Dick. Well, sir, and that was not all; for close beside her, among the rushes, lay that basket of roses that I saw you gathering this morning out of her own little garden. They say that her last words were to give them [illegible] to the Blessed Virgin.

Father D. And Oswald—how does he bear it?

Dick. Oh, sir, he is very quiet; but still I think he is clean out of his senses, for he will have it that Miss Agnes is not dead. I carried her home in my arms, and sent my wife first to prepare madam for the sorrow that was coming upon her. As for Master Oswald, he had taken the basket and had gone on too. He walked along without even so much as lifting up his eyes; but I saw him from time to time kissing the basket that he held in his hand, as if he was no worthy to carry it, until I lost sight of him altogether. I slackened my steps, sir, as I came near the house—for I had not the heart to think of the mother—and I was plotting in my head how I should behave, and what I should say, when who should I see but madam herself coming out of the gate with the servants, and walking without hurry or agitation, as collected and calm as when she goes up the aisle of a Sunday morning. She comes up to me, and takes Miss Agnes into her arms, oh, so tenderly! and walks straight up the steps, and through the porch into the church, and there she laid her at the foot of the altar, and said the Salve Regina, in which we all joined. Master Oswald had been there before us, for the basket of flowers was on our Lady's altar; but he did not come near us. He had hidden himself in some corner when we came in, for I heard him sobbing. When we left the church I followed them home. Madam carried Miss Agnes herself up-stairs, where every thing had been made ready to receive her; and when I came away, the mother and the old nurse were busy chafing the body, and using all the means possible to restore life, if such a thing were possible. When I came out of the room to go and meet you, sir, there was Master Oswald outside the door on his knees. He will not stir from that spot; but he tells everybody that goes by that his sister is not dead, and that she will not die, because then he would be a murderer. But as to that—as to any chance of that!—I carried her home in my arms, and bless your heart alive, sir!

Here DICK shakes his gray head, and the tears trickle down his cheeks.

SCENE VI.

A bedchamber. AGNES is lying pale and apparently lifeless on her little bed. Her mother and HELEN, with the nurse, are chafing her limbs and applying restoratives. No one speaks.

Enter FATHER DOMINIC.

Father D. Sweet little lamb! dear to our Lord! Your prayer of to-day went straight up to heaven; it was soon answered.

He kneels beside the bed; the others also kneel. A pause.

Father D. to the mother. Was there any thing like life? Had you, have you, any hope that life is not quite extinct?

Mother. I have fancied, from time to time, that there was a slight pulsation of the heart, but my own beats so strongly that I may easily be mistaken.

FATHER DOMINIC places his hand on the child's heart, and bending his ear down listens attentively; he then takes a glass from the table, and holds it to her mouth. The mother watches anxiously. He gives the glass to the mother.

Mother. The glass is dimmed by her breath,—she lives!

Father D. No time must now be lost in giving her the last sacrament of the Church. Perhaps it was for this great grace that this little spark of life was allowed to remain. You see she is perfectly insensible to all external things; she is evidently unconscious—her moments may be very few.

Mother. O Father, I will hope against hope! If our Lord has granted to a mother's prayer this little breath of life, how much more will he not bestow an answer to that sacrament which pleads for life in the very presence of death, and to which he has given a promise that it shall bring health to the sick, as well as forgiveness to the sinner. [*She kneels beside Agnes and whispers in her ear.*] My child, Father Dominic is here, to give you the last sacrament of the Church. If you have any consciousness, say a little prayer.

Angel whispers to Agnes: Jesus, Mary, Joseph!

SCENE VII.

The same room, darkened. **HELEN** sits watching beside the bed, and from time to time peeps between the curtains.

Helen. She still sleeps; and now she looks like herself again. How little did I think we should ever see again that pink bloom on her cheek, and those hands, which were so rigid but a few hours since, relaxed by sleep, and meekly crossed upon her bosom as usual. Oh, how delightful to sit here, if it were only to hear her breathe! even for that I could never be weary of thanking God. The last five hours seem only like so many minutes; and yet I have done nothing but sit here, and listen to the same breathing that I might have heard at any time for the last seven years. How little we think of the mercies every day bestowed upon us, just because we are never without them! The very reason that we should never be without gratitude to God! Let me offer up every breath of my life now, once for all, in grateful adoration. But see! she moves, she wakes; with her eyes still closed she makes the sign of the cross, and offers up her first thoughts to God.

Agnes. Is Oswald there?

Helen. No, sweetest, it is not. You shall not see Oswald until you wish it, [illegible]. But he is not going to tease you any more.

Agnes. Good morning, dear Helen. Give me a kiss, and then ask Oswald to come to me directly; but do not disturb mamma, for she wants rest. [*Exit Helen.*

Enter OSWALD.

Agnes. Come hither, dear; I want to speak to you.

OSWALD comes forward in tears, and buries his head in the counterpane as he kneels beside AGNES. AGNES puts her arm round him, and draws him near enough to whisper in his ear.

I know all about it, dear: I know what you are thinking of.

OSWALD beats his breast, but does not say a word.

My poor Oswald! how much you have suffered! Would you do any thing I asked you now?

OSWALD kisses her hand and sobs.

You will. Well, then, promise me that, when at any time you think of yesterday and of all that happened to us, you will think of it in this way: Once upon a time Almighty God, in his infinite mercy, preserved my little Agnes in a wonderful way, in order that she might love me and I love her, and both of us love him a thousand times more than ever we did before, or ever could have done otherwise.

Oswald. I will.

Agnes. And when you cannot help reproaching yourself, you will not do it more unkindly than you can help, but will say, "Out of this fault, with God's help, shall spring ten virtues?"

Oswald. I will.

Agnes. And now, dear Oswald, give me a drink. I am still very weak, but shall soon be well. If Helen comes in, tell her it is your turn to watch. There, put your hand under my cheek, that I may kiss it when I awake. That is nice; I can go to sleep again now. Good-night, dear. How happy we shall all be, now, if Almighty God gives us the grace of perseverance to the end!

THE END.

LBJe'19

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